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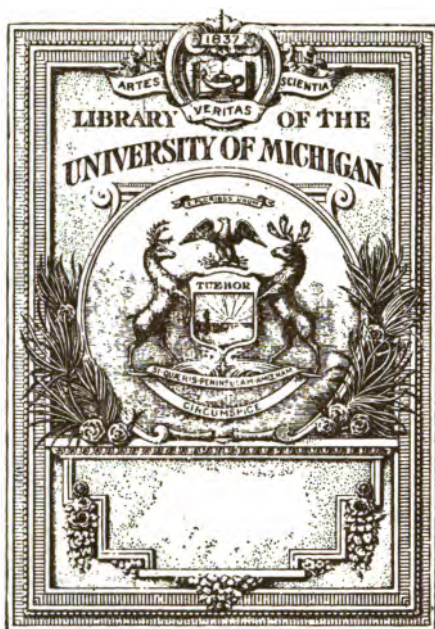
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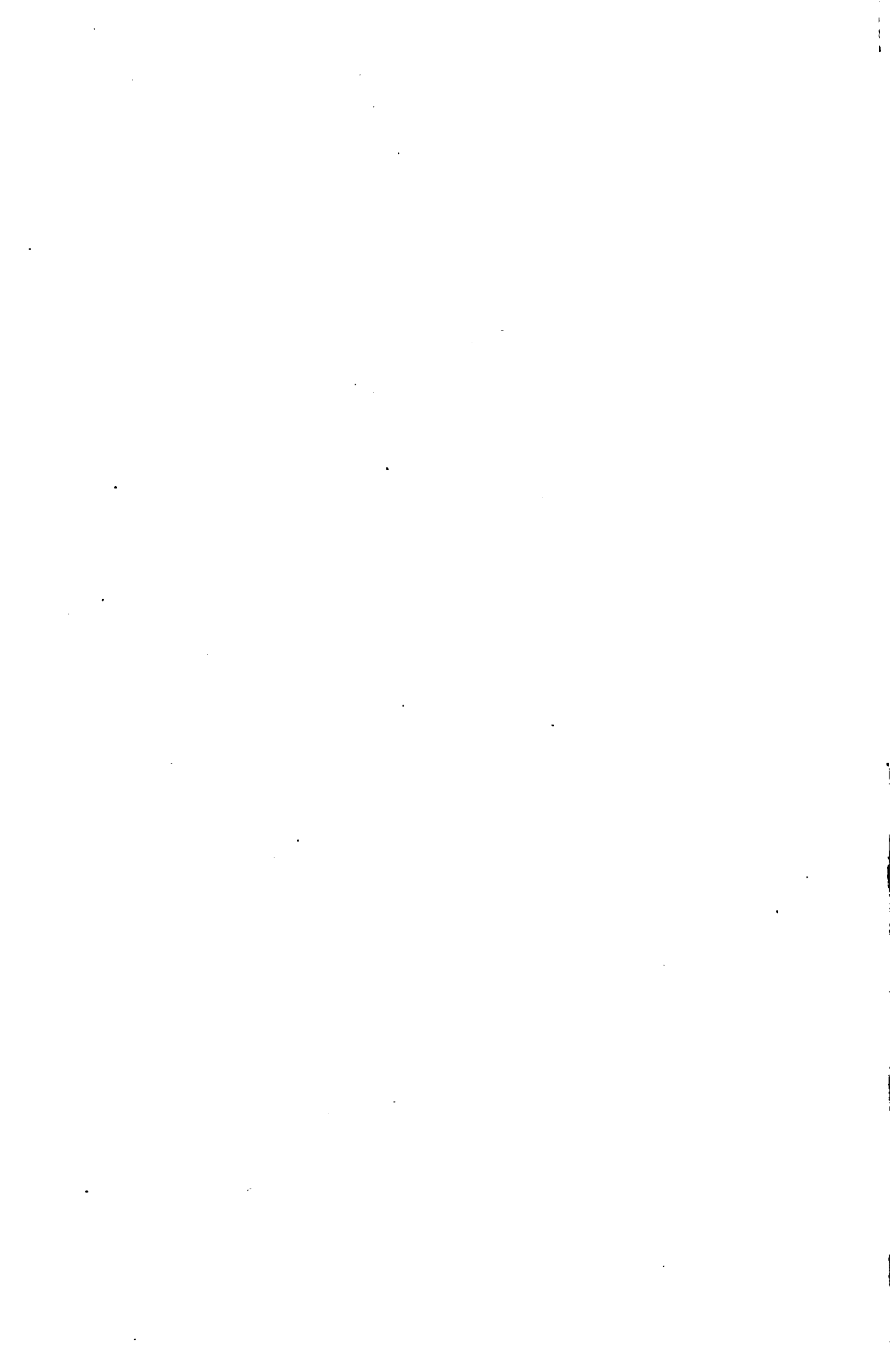
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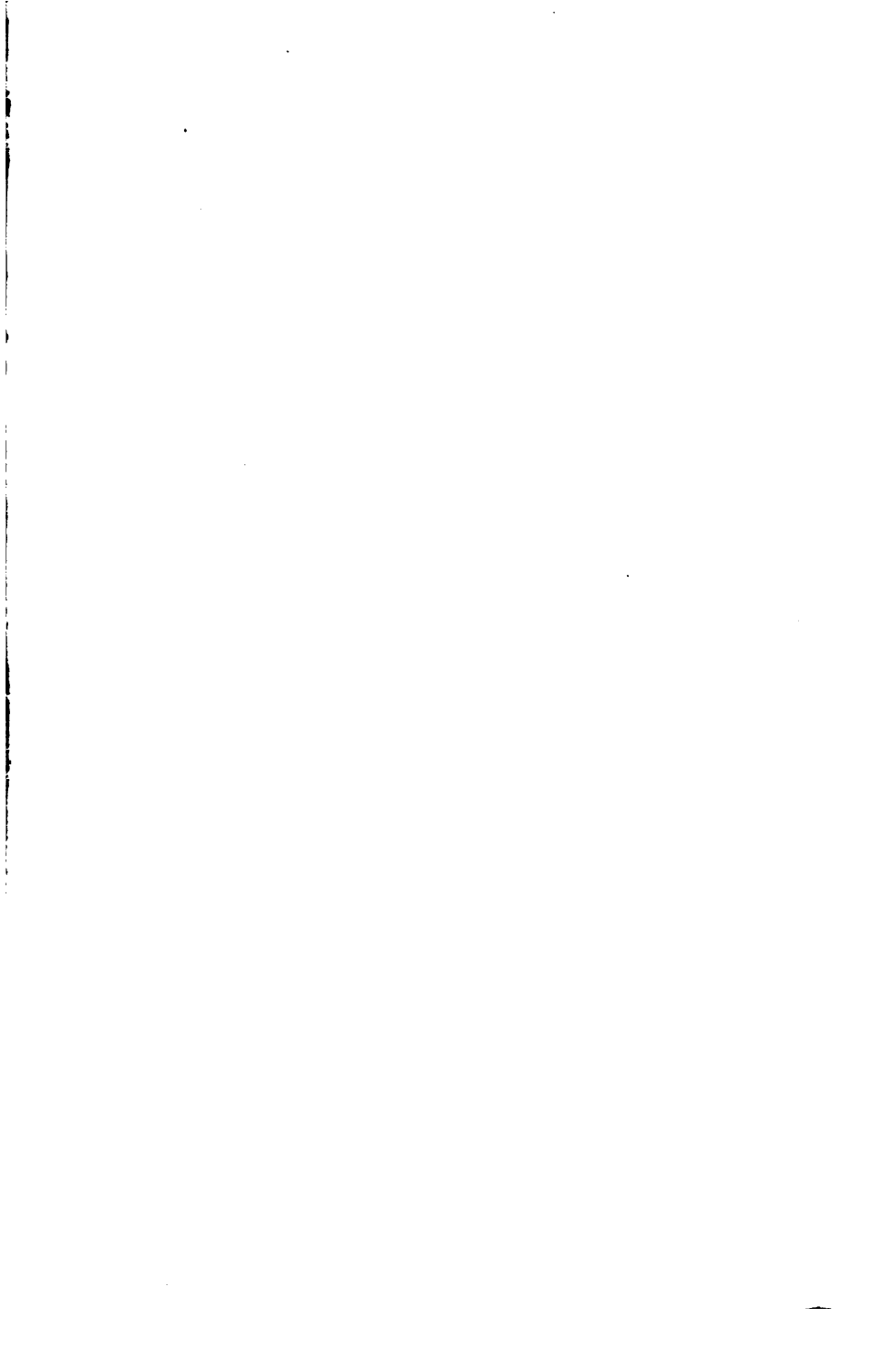
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**FLASHES
FROM THE FRONT**







CHARLES H. GRASTY

FLASHES FROM THE FRONT

BY
CHARLES H. GRASTY

ILLUSTRATED



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MESSAGE FROM GENERAL PERSHING

This great war is teaching new things every day. War on such a scale affords unprecedented opportunity for originality. While methods change, human character remains, and other things being equal, character will decide the last battle.

This war found us as a nation nakedly unprepared, but our people had the stamina, the moral sense, the instinct for the light and the right. It is a fine thing to us soldiers in the service to look toward home and see a mighty people responding to the call of idealism, turning nobly toward duty in the splendid spirit expressed in the phrase the "utmost for the highest." We may make mistakes here and there in this detail or in that, but we have the practical mind, and with each new experience we shall move to a higher level of excellence.

Of the human material that America is sending to this war I can speak with exactness. It is the best, and with enough of such material there can be no doubt of America's showing. I have always had only one opinion of American soldiers, and that opinion has been more than confirmed in France. Given the opportunity, the American Army in

x MESSAGE FROM GEN. PERSHING

France will fulfill the best that has been expected of it.

The history of this war cannot be written without the perspective that time alone can give. In the meanwhile such chronicles as the author has presented supply the public with current information and preserve a useful record for the historian. The exceptional opportunities of observation enjoyed by the author will make this volume one of the best among contemporary publications on the war.

John J. Pershing

INTRODUCTION

[I asked my friend Mr. Colvin, who is a master craftsman in editorial, or 'leader,' writing, and whose pen, as all who read the "Morning Post" know, is incapable of dullness, to make an introduction for despatches that through the generous courtesy of the "New York Times" and the venturesome enterprise of the Century Company are here published in book form. I hardly hoped for an essay in his best vein presenting his favorite doctrines for the serious consideration of America. But he has evidently seized the occasion to challenge a school of politico-economic thought in America the ideas of which were very largely drawn from the British policy upon which Mr. Colvin makes so spirited an attack. To that school of tariff reform—a term that means in America precisely the opposite of what it does in England—I myself belong. While I disagree with much that Mr. Colvin says on this head, I am glad to afford him a medium through which he may present a group of contentions constituting a protest that is likely to shake, if not to change, the existing economic order at the close of the war. The standpoint which Mr. Colvin has chosen appeals almost irresistibly to the conservative temperament, as

we have seen in America, where the protective system has long stood against attack. My good friend will find himself in highly respectable company in the United States.—C. H. G.]

Two years or so before you Americans entered this great war, my good friend Mr. Grasty used to drop into my office. It was at a time when American life seemed pretty cheap, and I'm afraid we used to chaff Mr. Grasty about the dollar value of American citizenship. "What are American lives worth to-day?" we would say, and we remarked that American honor was like American oil: it was no doubt clear and bright, but with a high flash-point. Mr. Grasty took it all in very good part. Although American citizens were having rather a rough time in Europe in those days he was always cheerful, always smiling, and always confident. "That's all right," he would say; "my country is all right. We will come in in our own time. Let them pile it up." A phrase that he used stuck in my memory: "The President is trying to get into the war with a united country behind him. He will break with Germany when he can do no otherwise."

Well, Mr. Grasty turned out to be a good prophet on his own country. He never wavered in his faith that his country would vindicate the honor of its sovereignty. He believed in the Allied cause and he believed that his fellow-citizens believed in it.

He knew that his President understood the interest and honor of America and the issues at stake in the war. And the fact that in all these things he turned out to be right is to me at least, a sufficient recommendation for this book.

Now that he has asked me to write an introduction to his little volume of Day-by-Day Despatches, I think it only right to do my best to "put you wise," as Mr. Grasty would say, on the war as we see it over here. There has been a good deal too much flattery and a good deal too much rhetoric, too many resounding phrases, too many plausible catchwords in the declarations and manifestos of the Allies. I am not one of those who believe that the war is merely a vindication of the rights of small nations or that its object is to make the world safe for democracy, or that it is going to end war, or that it is going to lead to a league of nations in which the Prussian wolf will lie down contented and happy on equal terms with the Belgian lamb. All these phrases may have their value for what you in America, I believe, call "spell-binding," but they are confusing and irritating to a plain man. Much better get right down to the bed-rock of facts!

And the bed-rock, as we now see it over here, is that the Allied nations are fighting for their existence. In the nineteenth century Germany had made herself so strong by war and by industrial

and economic organization that it seemed possible to her to conquer and possess the whole world. It was not a new idea with the German people; on the contrary, it was an idea so old that almost everybody except the Germans had forgotten all about it. But let us remember that the Germans are great students of history, and that the German idea of history is that Germany succeeded to the Holy Roman Empire. The Germans sacked Rome and set the imperial crown on the German brow. The Germans maintained that crown for many centuries. All through the Middle Ages the German princes struggled for the honor of being elected not kings of Germany, but kings of Rome. When they were elected kings of Rome by their own people they made their triumphal march over the Alps and were crowned emperors by the pope. If the pope ever quarreled with this arrangement, they carried fire and sword into the plains of Lombardy and threatened Rome itself. The pope was sometimes a prisoner of the emperor, and the papal policy was often dictated by the imperial diet.

It is interesting, also, to remember that this political supremacy of what we might call "Germanism," had its economic side. Does the American public, which, I am told, reads history a good deal, realize that all through the Middle Ages the German merchants governed the commerce of

Europe? The Hanseatic League is now only a vague name; yet at one time it exercised a real and absolute sway from Iceland to Venice, from Novgorod to London. And what was the Hanseatic League? It called itself "The Society of German Merchants of the Holy Roman Empire." The imperial eagle was quartered on its coat of arms: it was represented in the imperial diet, and its motto was a motto of world power: "*Mein Feld ist die Welt*," my field is the world.

It was an organization of some seventy German cities; Lübeck the chief, and after Lübeck, Dantzic, Hamburg, Cologne, which founded its power on the monopoly of the shipping materials of the Baltic, and the Russian trade. No ships could be built in northern Europe without the maritime stores which came from ports and territories controlled by the Hanseatic League. If the King of England wanted a fleet, he had to buy it from Lübeck, and English policy was dictated by those who ruled the sea. There was a time when the Hanseatic League virtually governed England. The extent of its power is shown by the privileges it possessed. The Germans had in their keeping one of the gates of London. They had fortified wharves on the Thames, and fortified warehouses known to medieval England as the Steelyard. They had the right to import and export goods on a special tariff not only lower than the tariff paid by all other foreign-

ers, but lower than the tariff paid by Englishmen themselves. They were free from internal taxation, and they were superior to English law. They had their own courts to try causes between them and the natives of England. As they controlled all the metals, including silver, then the currency of Europe, the kings of England were usually in their debt, and we know that the borrower is the servant of the lender. They used this supremacy to dictate the policy of England, and when their demands became too extortionate, they blockaded English ports and stopped English commerce. England at that time was a poor country exporting only wool and a rough, undressed cloth to Flanders. This foreign commerce was almost entirely in the hands of German merchants. There is in existence a letter from a representative of the Hanseatic League in London "to the Worshipful Senate of Lübeck," in which he speaks quite truly of the realm of England as "under the thumb of the Hanseatic towns."

How England freed herself from this German domination would be a long story, and it would take me beyond the scope of this introduction. I should have to tell how English merchants organized themselves on national lines, and how they established relations with Russia by way of Archangel, and how they sent out their little ships to

explore Newfoundland and Virginia for timber and turpentine and other naval stores.

You may read part of the story in Hakluyt's "Voyages." Thus, for example, Captain Christopher Carlile in his "briefs and summary discourse upon the intended voyage to the hithermost parts of America," which he wrote in April, 1583, gives as one of his reasons why the voyage should be made:

The badde dealings of the Easterlings [that is, Hanseatics] are sufficiently known to be such towards our merchants of that trade [the trade with Russia and the Baltic] as they do not only offer them many injuries over long to bee written; but doe seek all the meanes they can, to deprive them wholly of their occupying that way: and to the same purpose have of late cleane debarred them their accustomed and ancient privileges in all their great townes.¹

I should also have to tell how the Hanseatic League provided the Spanish Armada with ship's tackling and munitions of war in order to defeat the national policy of Queen Elizabeth, and reduce England to her old position of economic servitude to the German Empire; and how our English merchants helped Queen Elizabeth and our English Navy to defeat that great conspiracy. German sea power had grown great by a monopoly of the Baltic; English sea power grew great by adventur-

¹ Hakluyt's "Voyages" (1904 edition), Vol. VIII, p. 135.

ing to Newfoundland and Virginia; and in the end the Atlantic defeated the North Sea, or as it used to be called, the German Ocean.

Thus the birth of America is directly connected with this old and forgotten struggle between German and English commerce. The power and wealth drawn from the West broke the Hanseatic domination, and Germany went down in the revolution and ruin of the Thirty Years' War. For two centuries Germany hardly counted as a great power. "Germany," said Bismarck in the middle of the nineteenth century, "is only now recovering from the Thirty Years' War." And Friedrich List, whose writings are well known in America, wrote about 1840 of Germany as a country completely under the commercial domination of England. But Germany had not forgotten her history. She had not forgotten her old motto "*Mein Feld ist die Welt.*" She had not forgotten that she had once ruled England, and that England had broken her ancient power. And she had not forgotten that the strength of the Anglo-Saxon race lay as much in America as in England. It would be too long a business to trace step by step the rebirth and growth of the German Empire. After all, it is a story well enough known. Wars with Denmark, with Austria, and with France reestablished the power of the German sword. The Zollverein and the organization of great metal and electrical indus-

tries created a new Hanseatic League far more powerful than the old. He who is master of steel is master of the world if he knows how to use it; and Germany, who knew how to use it, before the war produced more steel than England, France, and Russia put together. It was not, taking their history and position into account, so unreasonable for the German to suppose that they might again live up to the old Hanseatic motto, "*Mein Feld ist die Welt.*"

It was not to be done at a stroke. France must first be knocked out as a military power. Russia must be either defeated or squared. Germany must command more ports on the North Sea. When she had established her supremacy in Europe, then was the time to deal with England and after England, America.

In the years before the war we might trace the development of this policy. Russia was pushed into a war with Japan in order to divert Russian military power from the German border to the Pacific coast, and when Russia was in difficulties, Germany took the opportunity of fixing upon her a commercial treaty that gave Germany the whole of the Russian market. In the meantime a vast network of railways was being got ready for the attack upon France, and as a preliminary, Belgium was penetrated in every direction by German agents. While Germany was building her fleet,

England was being beguiled and seduced by attentions and flatteries. Everything was done that could be done, sometimes by flatteries and sometimes by threats, to separate England from France and to secure at least English neutrality if not English friendship. Let me give one example out of many:

At the end of October, 1912, there was a well organized peace conference of Germans, Anglo-Germans, and English friends of Germany, held at the Guildhall in London. One of the principal speakers was Herr Hermann Hecht of Berlin, who delivered a lecture to prove that it was to the interest of England to throw in her lot with Germany against America. England and Germany, he said, should stand together to meet the danger that comes from the United States, whose rapidly developing industries had become a menace to both countries.

I need not disguise from you that at that time there was a party in England, as there was a party in France, which preached submission to Germany as the best and safest policy. Mr. J. A. Spender, the editor of the "Westminster Gazette," wrote a series of articles to prove that England could secure peace with Germany on certain conditions. Among these conditions were these, that England should never have a large army and that she should guarantee Germany perpetual free trade in English markets.

These conditions bring us face to face with the economic question. And the economic question is the key to the whole war. When Mr. Spender proposed that Germany should have perpetual free trade in England as a condition of peace, he proposed nothing less than the abdication of British sovereignty. He proposed that England should become an annex of Germany's industrial system, and that the British Empire itself, as far as its economic policy could be controlled by the Central Government, should also be part of the German economic power. If this design had been carried out, and it was in the way of being carried out, Germany would have based her military power on the whole wealth and resources of a British Empire enslaved to her interests, and would have become as an industrial power, the equal, if not the superior, of the United States. The Germans had already gone some way upon this road. Almost every British industry was penetrated by German influence. It was a curious swing of the pendulum. In the early part of the nineteenth century the British trade interests were supreme in almost every German city. Hamburg was a depot of the English cloth trade, and there was a quarter in Berlin called "Petty Manchester." In 1914, upon the eve of this great war, there was a quarter in Manchester which might have been called "Petty Berlin." Bradford, the center of the English

woolen trade, was full of Germans. London was so much under the thumb of German finance that when the war broke out one German magnate had to be naturalized in order to save British credit. The Deutsche Bank had an office in which it employed no less than four hundred clerks, its principal business being to secure German savings to finance German industries. Other German banks were almost as strongly represented. The metal exchange had become almost a German monopoly, Germany controlled the spelter and the copper which was mined in the British Empire. Germany was strong in the English coal trade, and had already begun to buy up Welsh coal-mines. German shipping had forced its way into the British conferences. Australia supplied Germany with her metals, South Africa with her wool, India with her hides and jute. No difference was made whether they went to Germany or England, although the Germans were almost openly using this wealth to forge a hammer with which to break the British Empire in pieces. In every British city there was an influential party, small perhaps in numbers, but strong in wealth, that was bound to German interests by something stronger than sentiment—"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

Besides the Germans themselves, naturalized and unnaturalized, who formed centers of German

propaganda, those Englishmen who lived by the German trade were blind to the German danger. They were not only blind; they considered it a benefit. An enemy who put money into their pockets was no enemy to them. They grew fat on the danger that threatened their countrymen. And they were more than reconciled, they rejoiced in the approaching supremacy of the German industrial system.

You in America do not quite understand this danger, because you are protected by a high tariff wall in which your industries grow up strong and secure. Generally speaking, the German who goes to America must become an American. He must throw in his lot with you. He cannot be merely an advance agent for a German industry. Your tariff prevents it. When he comes to you he must bring with him the sum of his energies and his capital, and he must plant his industry on American soil. In England it is different owing to our lack of protection. The German in England is the forwarding agent of Germany. He remains a German, not only a German in blood, but a German in interest. That is a difference between protection and free trade which economists have not observed. It is a vital difference nevertheless.

This German party in England had its reflection in British politics. I may say without exaggeration that it controlled the British Government in

the nine years before the war. Joseph Chamberlain in his tariff-reform movement had what was in essence a national movement to protect England against this German danger. It was never so described. Indeed, those who took part in it did not realize the object of their own crusade. Chamberlain always placed his movement on the lower ground of increasing British wealth. It might have been better if he had placed it on the higher ground of protecting British nationality. But Chamberlain had the limitations of his class and upbringing, and he was disarmed at the very beginning, or so I am told, by a telegram which he received from the German Emperor, who congratulated him on his policy and wished him success. It was a move which showed that the Germans well understood Chamberlain's friendly and unsuspecting character, and nothing could have been better calculated to take the sting and fire out of the national uprising.

But in Chamberlain's time the German danger was neither so great nor so obvious as it afterwards became. It advanced in giant strides when the Liberal party took up the German cause. I have said enough to show that the German cause in England is the cause of free trade, that is to say, a cause which is willing to acquiesce in the free entry of German manufactures while Germany maintains her tariff on British manufactures.

Why did the Liberal party take up the German cause? I am not prepared to swear. It is a matter of guess-work and suspicion. But the fact remains that they fought in the cause of Germany with an ardor and a skill which, if it had been used against Germany, would have given us the victory long ago. The common explanation is the party-fund system. Democracy is to the party system, what religion is to the average man—he worships it on Sunday and follows his own interests all the rest of the week. The chief interest of a political party is to get into power, and in England that interest cannot be served without a plentiful supply of money. It is calculated that a general election costs one million pounds sterling, a capital value which is represented in interest by the salaries of ministers and offices given to friends and a policy calculated to benefit supporters. It is obvious that a million pounds sterling does not come out of the air, and it is certain that the great German industries represented in England either by German or English men, supplied a certain proportion of this party fund. They were fairly safe in so doing, because in this country a party fund is a secret fund. It is in the hands of one man. It is never publicly audited, I believe it is not even secretly audited. There are no books kept, or at least no books open to the public. Even the political chief of the party does not know how the money comes or how it is

administered. It is considered safer and more respectable not to inquire. Thus it comes about that an English prime minister may be expansively ignorant that he is betraying his own country, and that the price of betrayal is either in his own pocket or in the pockets of his friends.

Besides the German interests in the Liberal Party, there were other British interests which supported the free trade system. The great cotton industry of Manchester considered itself fully protected by the moisture of its climate and the skill and low wages of its operators. It existed upon fine calculations, and considered that if the loaf went up a halfpenny, it might not be able to survive. Then there was the great coal industry. The English coal owner was naturally protected. No one wanted to dump coal on this country, and his whole interest lay in exporting a valuable raw material to Germany. It did not matter to him that his raw material was used by Germany as the basis of a thousand manufactures that all added to German power and helped to enslave British industry. In particular, the key industry of Germany, aniline dyes, was based largely on British coal and was an important factor in the dependence of even the British manufacturer upon the German industrial system. And there was the shipping industry, well content to make profits by carrying German manufactures. Then there was a vast vot-

ing population known vaguely to the economist as the consumers, the clerks and people with small fixed incomes who were easily persuaded that their chief interest in life lay in cheapness. These interests and this mass of population were all taught to believe that nothing mattered except our daily bread. As long as it came into their mouths there was no need to worry about the dangers of war and the menace of German domination. Indeed the politicians persuaded them that the Germans were innocent and kind people who never dreamed of killing a fly, much less of designing an injury to a friendly neighbor. As long as we did not stand in the way of Germany, as long as we gave her a free hand in Turkey and the near East and in central Africa, and as long, above all, as we maintained free trade, we might be quite sure that the German Emperor would do us no harm.

Such was the theory of the Liberal party in England. But in practice there were obstacles. There was, first of all, the awkward fact that Germany was building a very large fleet, and that her supremacy in the steel trade gave her the power to build at an ever-increasing ratio. Then, there was the awkward fact that Germany was pushing us out in many old spheres of interest, in South America, in Turkey, and in Africa. Above all, there was the awkward fact that our manufacturers who would not be soothed by any sleeping mixture, were

constantly agitating for protection. All these irritants kept England but half awake. Englishmen slumbered uneasily, despite Admiral Fisher's assurance that they might sleep safely in their beds. The little alarm-clock made in Germany was always going off. There was something wrong with the works that made it ring at all sorts of inconvenient hours. The night before the dawn of the war was a restless night for England. Even Lord Haldane confessed afterwards that his visits to Germany left him very uneasy in his mind.

While British economic policy was founded on trade, German economic policy was founded on production. There was a close alliance between the German Government and the great German manufacturers, and German foreign policy was merely the application of German economic policy to the outside world. It was inspired by two great motives,—to secure markets for German manufactures and raw materials for German industries. With this object Germany worked in South America, in Africa, in Asia Minor, in the Pacific. She extracted from Turkey and England the great concession of the Bagdad Railway. She worked for the control of a great belt of tropical territory across Africa, and inspired a campaign to secure the Belgian Congo, in which Sir Roger Casement and Mr. E. D. Horel were either consciously or unconsciously the agents. For this purpose also she

pushed Russia into a Japanese war and, when Russia was in difficulties, extracted from her a favorable commercial treaty.

And this policy inspired also her great offensive in Europe. The object of the offensive in Europe was to square Russia, destroy France, and prepare for a second offensive against the British Empire. It may be asked why Germany should bother about attacking an empire in which she enjoyed such privileges as have been described. The answer is that Germany never considered these privileges secure. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa had all with one accord protected their industries and given preference to British manufactures, despite the dissuasions and blandishments of the British free trade party. That was an evil omen. Then there was the constant threat of Chamberlain's campaign. What if it should be successful? The prospect that British industries should be placed on the same level as German industries was a thought intolerable to the German statesman. It must be placed beyond doubt, for the British Empire was vital to the German industrial system.

While there was this great economic temptation, there was also a military temptation equally great. Germany knew her own strength. She knew that steel is the master of gold and that she produced twice as much steel as any other country in Europe.

She had prepared a vast system of railways and her mobilization arrangements were so complete that she could calculate upon a start of several vital days over her enemies. She had thus in her hands, the power of surprise, the tremendous weapon of initial offensive. Her arms and munition factories were the largest in the world. Her equipment of heavy guns and machine-guns was a tactical surprise prepared for her victims. She had such a network of commercial, industrial, and official spies and agents in Russia that she thought, and rightly thought, that she could disorganize the Russian military machine. She could put sand in every cog and a spoke in every wheel. She had spared no pains to make her interests supreme in Belgium, in Holland, and in Scandinavia, and she knew French politics well enough to count upon a good deal of slackness and inefficiency in the French defensive at least in the beginning of the struggle. She thought she had sufficient interest in England to secure neutrality of the British Empire until it was too late for England to come to the assistance of France.

Such were the German calculations, and looking back upon them, we are bound to admit that they were not very far out. If they failed, it was only by a hair's breadth. None but an Englishman will ever understand the agonized suspense of the end of July, 1914, when the English Government sat

like a child blowing at the puff-ball of a dandelion and saying alternately, "I will fight, I will not fight." It was a toss-up; or if it was not a toss-up, if it was never uncertain, the underlying causes of certainty that England would enter the war were hidden from mortal eyes. It was deep in the heart and mind of the British nation, too deep for politicians and diplomats to understand.

It will not be thought that I am desecrating my own country if I exercise the privilege of every Englishman to criticize his own Government. The vices of the politician bring into higher relief the soundness of the British people. Now as always the valor of British soldiers and British sailors redeems the good name of the British nation.

A nation, when we consider it, is nothing but nature's largest animal. It acts as England did in the summer of 1914, upon instinct. The country went into the war not because the statesmen willed it, but because the nation willed it. And the nation willed it as a man puts up his fist to guard his face from a blow. It was an instinctive and involuntary movement.

Of course I shall be told that England went into the war for the neutrality of Belgium, for a punctilio of honor. Honor is to a nation what good-will and credit are to a merchant, but behind the question of honor there was nothing less than the existence of England and the British Empire.

The independence of the Netherlands and Flanders has always been the first condition of British security. Englishmen in every generation fought that Flanders might be free, not because the freedom of Flanders was an end in itself, but because on the freedom of Flanders depended the freedom of England.

But if we entered the war instinctively, our Government remained wedded to its theories and to its friends. It could not quite forget the old tender relations. It did not want to fight Germany and it did not want to knock Germany out. Prince Lichnowsky probably told the truth in his report of his parting conversation with Sir Edward Grey. England was always to be ready with her good offices to help Germany out of the war. We were sincerely sorry for Germany. She had made a sad miscalculation. She was going to receive a terrible defeat. We must not hit her too hard. She was a good friend who had suddenly gone mad. She must be kept off with the point of an umbrella until we got her into a strait-waistcoat. Then we would lock her up for six months in a pleasant private asylum, and when she had completely recovered her senses and her temper, she would return with an affectionate welcome to the bosom of the European family.

But fortunately or unfortunately for us, the German did not look at it in that way. He had taken

on more than he had meant to take on at one time, but he still thought he had a good fighting chance, and he proceeded to hit as hard and as frequently as ever he could, using not only his fists in the approved British fashion, but his head, his teeth, and his hobnailed boots.

The full meaning of these tactics was not at first realized by the British Government. We wakened up to them gradually. At first, for example, the motto of England was "Business as usual." And this motto was so assiduously followed that we neglected even to blockade Germany, and even permitted a passenger traffic in German reservists in neutral ships. There have been many explanations of the fact that at least a year after the war began there was not even a show of a blockade. The apologists of the Asquith administration are good enough to say that you Americans prevented it, that you insisted on driving your usual trade with Germany through neutral countries. I have never believed that explanation. If it were true, it would mean that Americans had forgotten their own history, that they had forgotten, above all, the teachings of their greatest naval authority, Captain Mahan. It would mean also that American foreign policy was so frivolous that in the first part of the war America could support one side and in the second part, the other side. I have not so mean an opinion of American statesmen. If they are in

the war now, they are in the war because they perceived from the beginning that Germany was a menace to the United States. But if they perceived that, from the beginning they could not have been so foolish as to prevent England from using the chief weapon in her armory. A nation would be indeed wanting in common sense if she prevented us from knocking out her enemy in order to be at the trouble and expense of knocking out the enemy herself.

And there is another flaw in this apology. In those first years of no blockade it was not only American goods that was going into Germany, but British goods. British cottons, British tea, British oil seeds and copra, British wool, were all flowing into Holland, Denmark, and Finland in such enormous quantities that every one who had any interest in the matter must have known that these goods were going not to neutral countries, but to Germany. If we were engaged in that traffic, with what face could we ask America to stop it? No; the explanation is that we were not at first thoroughly in earnest.

It is the most dangerous thing in the world to go into a fight without being in earnest especially if the other man is in earnest. It paralyzes every effort; it weakens every blow. If you are not in earnest about war, in God's name remain at peace.

That is a motto which should be written over every foreign office.

I say all this frankly and openly because we are in earnest now and because it is highly desirable that our new ally should understand the importance of being in earnest. If you are in earnest, forgive me. I only warn you because I wish you to avoid our mistakes and our misfortunes. We had the means to defeat Germany in the first two years of the war. We neglected those means, and the evil consequences of that neglect dog our footsteps to this day. We are now using every effort and calling up every man; if you hear reports to the contrary, you are not to believe them. The old country is stripped bare of men, and in every house there is mourning; every family has made its supreme sacrifice. The sacrifice is greater because it is late. In war, humanity to an enemy is cruelty to yourself. The only way of waging war is to hit as hard as ever you can so as to get the horrid business over as quickly as possible. There is another fallacy which has done us a lot of harm, that we can arrange somehow or other a draw with Germany. There are some fights in which compromise is impossible, and this is one of them. If Germany thinks she can govern the world, we must knock that idea out of her head, and it is plain that we cannot knock that idea out of her head

until she is beaten. If we cannot beat Germany, she retains that idea, and will act on it in the future, as she has acted upon it in the past. We came to a stalemate peace with Napoleon and had to fight him all over again. If we cannot defeat Germany, Germany will in the end defeat us. We must keep that proposition firmly in front of us. The truth is the best food for fighting on, and if people say we cannot defeat Germany, they show themselves the sort of people who mean to be defeated. We could have defeated Germany before now if that sort of sentiment had not prevailed in the Allied councils. We began by going all round the ring giving Germany little taps. Flanders was open to us, a place for a knock-out blow; the North Sea was under our command, a place for another knock-out blow. Instead of concentrating there, we squandered our energies on Saloniki, on Syria, on the Dardanelles, on Mesopotamia. Victory without tears was our motto; we thought we could run round a circle before Germany could run across it. The ablest politicians weakened the army in Flanders in order to strengthen the army at Saloniki. Then they blamed our generals for not pushing through. They thought it easier to skip across the Julian Alps by way of Libau to Venice than to break a German line over flat country near our base of supplies. Yet if we had concentrated all our resources that we have squandered in the

eastern adventures upon Passchendaele and Cambrai, is there any reasonable doubt that we should have beaten Germany by now? Soldiers, at least, say that there is none. If we had shut off from Germany every ton of rubber, every bale of wool and cotton, every chest of tea, every pound of tobacco, if we had prevented Denmark and Holland importing feeding stuffs to be turned into animal fats in order to feed Germany, is there any reasonable doubt that we could have defeated Germany by a blockade? Sailors, at least, will tell you that there is none. Therefore do not let us make war on the assumption that we cannot beat our enemy. It is the sort of assumption that comes true if we believe it and does not come true if we do not believe it. If we believe it, we should make peace at once. For if there is one thing certain about war, it is that the side that believes it cannot win is going to lose. There is still another fallacy that may do a deal of mischief. It is the fallacy that this war is going to end war and that mankind will be turned into lambs by fighting like tigers. It is a fallacy that has deluded every generation since the Israelites dreamed of turning swords into plowshares. This war may end war or it may not, but seeing that war has happened in every generation since the beginning of the world, it would be folly to calculate upon it as a certainty. As far as we may judge from history and experience, the only

security of a nation has been in its ability to defend itself. The means of defense are two, one your own power and the other the power of your friends.

Now we have seen that the basis of military power is economic power and that a nation can hardly be said to be strong or even independent unless it has a healthy industrial system. If England had possessed a healthy industrial system, there would be no war now. It was the dependence of England upon German industry that encouraged German statesmen to believe that England could not go to war. This dependence was the result of a policy that left English markets open to the German manufacturer, while German markets were closed to the British manufacturer. The British Samson had his hair cut while he lay asleep in the lap of free-trade Delilah, and he will be lucky if he escapes the punishment of such neglect, which is to grind corn, blind and in chains, for the bread of the Philistines. But unless British industries regain their native wealth and strength, the future of England will resemble her remote past, and she will again be the hewer of wood and the drawer of water, the annex and dependent of the German industrial and political system. The idea of a league of nations is nothing more than the old aspiration of the first German Empire, and a league of nations in which England was commercially and industrially a slave of Germany would mean the

supremacy of Germany in Europe. The United States would have to face alone a world in which Germany was the controlling influence. England is to America what Belgium was to England. It is a buffer-state. If England is destroyed, there is nothing left between America and Germany's power. The counterscarp is in the hands of the enemy, and it only remains to cross the moat. It is obviously in the American interest that the buffer-state should be strong.

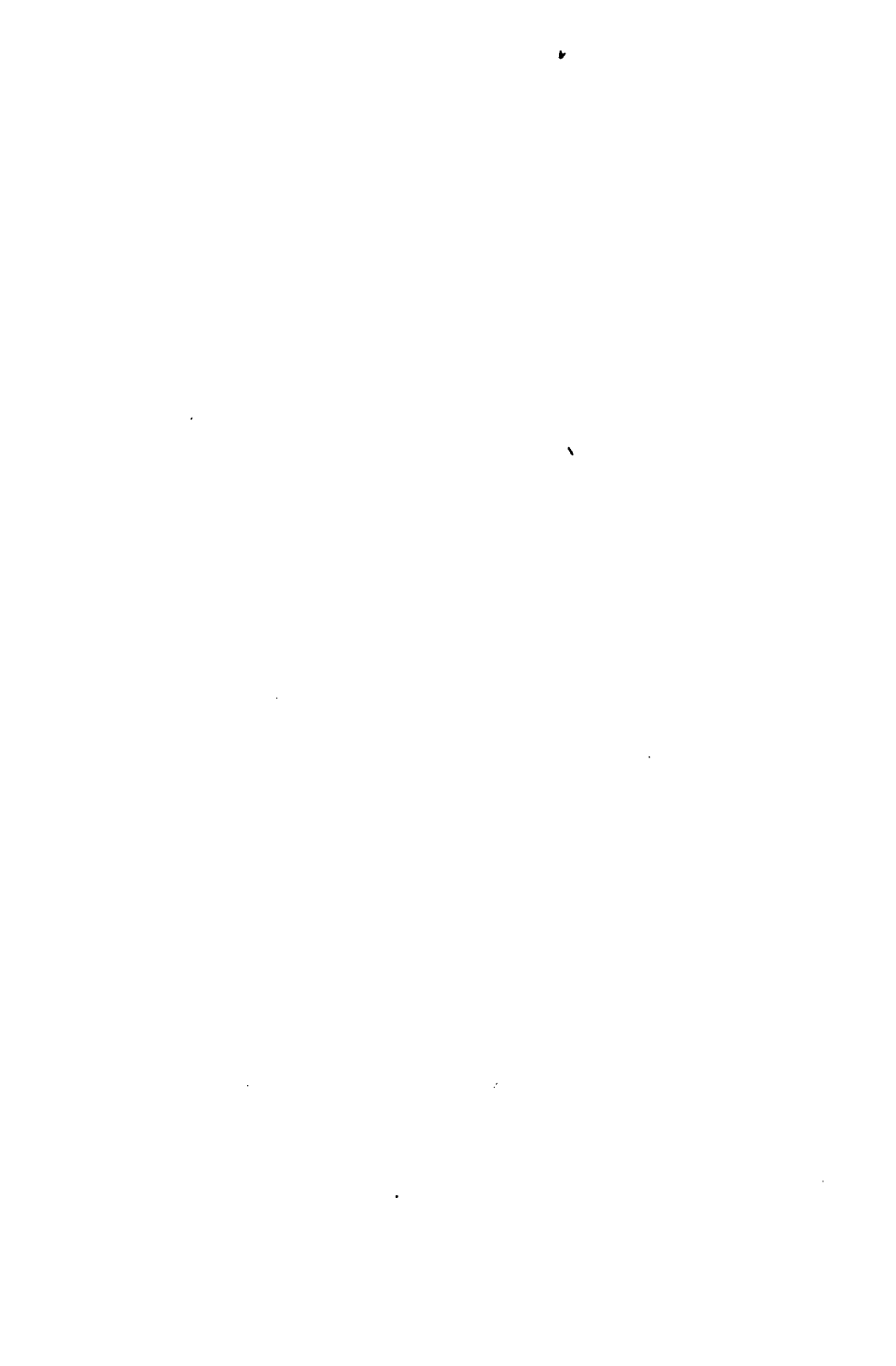
If the buffer-state is weak, as Belgium was weak, it is a poorish sort of defense. If England sinks into a dependency to the German industrial system, her value as a buffer-state disappears. I see here and there signs of a tendency in America to fall in with the German idea and work for a free-trade England. A free-trade England may give America a little more wealth, but it will not give America security. England may remain a market, but will cease to be an ally.

Adam Smith said long ago that security is more important than opulence, and that all nations should act upon that maxim. If you Americans accept it, you will hope and work not for a weak, but for a strong, England. For unless there is a strong England, there is no buffer-state between you and Germany, and there is no balance of power in Europe. It would be the worst of all possible blunders if you fell into the German trap and

helped Germany to keep open British markets for German goods after the war. The end of it would be that we should have a new war like the War of the Spanish Succession, and Americans and Germans would fight over the prostrate body of the British Empire. The best hope for the world is that a strong British Empire should ally itself with a strong America to maintain peace and the Anglo-Saxon idea of liberty.

IAN D. COLVIN.

FLASHES FROM THE FRONT



FLASHES FROM THE FRONT

CHAPTER I

EXIT ASQUITH: ENTER LLOYD GEORGE

December, 1916. The cabinet crisis has brought into the foreground a figure always interesting in America, the king.

The present king is much underrated outside of England. Physique has much to do with personality, and King George is small and delicate, as his father was robust and large. George is shy; Edward was a man of the world. But those who know the former describe him as a man of great vigor and an expert in diplomacy. He possesses a minute knowledge of international relations. For example, I am told that he knows all about and takes a keen interest in the relations between the United States and Mexico.

A democratic country entertains an unfailing curiosity about a monarch. What influence has the English king in the present situation, and what is he permitted to do? Is he a factor to be reckoned

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with? Would King Edward VII, if alive to-day, have been a real factor in the situation?

I have taken some pains to try to learn from people who ought to know what the facts are, but the simple truth is that nobody, not even King George himself, possesses accurate information. The King of England is in a twilight zone between old law and custom and new. For example, he possesses certain legal or constitutional powers of veto, but no English king has used these for four hundred years.

The king received Mr. Asquith's resignation and sent for Mr. Bonar Law to form a new ministry. When Mr. Law declined, the king sent for Mr. Lloyd George, who accepted, succeeded in the task, and, going back to the king, "kissed hands," which put the stamp of conclusion on the job.

All these proceedings were treated with the utmost seriousness by press and public, as if the king were an autocratic sovereign. The fiction of kingship is dear to the heart of this ultra-democratic country.

It is difficult to determine the precise share that the king had in forming the new Government. The authorities gave him to understand in some language intelligible to English parliaments and kings that the right thing to do was to accept Mr. Asquith's resignation and then, after calling on Mr. Bonar Law, who would probably decline, to call on Mr.

Lloyd George, who would probably accept. All this was done with an outward show of authority, as if the words "my kingdom" always used in the speech from the throne was an accurate designation.

As a matter of fact, the king does not dismiss or set up ministries, but all the same he has great power rooted in use and tradition and upheld by the respect and reverence of the people.

Public opinion in a great democracy is moving in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. It makes itself vocal raucously. *Mr. Britling's* simile is not unfitting—"A shipload of monkeys on a dark night in a rough sea." Westminster shouts, printing-presses shriek, confusion reigns, but all this may be only the barrage behind which a great democracy advances nobly to its ordeal.

The two figures that stand out to the American point of view are Asquith and Lloyd George. They are names inter-twined in a Liberal period of more than eight years. Lloyd George supplied the vision and initiative, Asquith the judgment and conciliation. The complementary qualities of these two made possible the success of a Liberal government that survived all these years without a Liberal majority behind it. Asquith's political skill and Lloyd George's constructive genius have held together a motley array of factions in Parliament representing different and at times antagonistic principles.

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But it was a combination better for peace than war. The very qualities that enabled Asquith to put parties together in a beautiful pattern of mosaic during peace have paralyzed him in war. He is essentially a prince of pacificators. He makes things comfortable; he reassures anxieties, puts the best face on difficulties as they arise, harmonizes differences, makes a fair distribution of the loaves and fishes, deals tactfully with his colleagues, meets equably every situation that arises, speaks eloquently on every subject. Even in peace such abilities would not alone bring success to the administration. That is where Lloyd George came in. He furnished what the prime minister lacked, and in normal times the two were a wonderful team.

But Asquith as a war premier never commanded entire public confidence. His formation of the coalition cabinet was a wonderful piece of political carpentry, but it was no sooner done than it became plain that it was an unworkable mechanism. When you think of Hindenburg, you think of strength, brutality, and victory, but one does not associate victory with Asquith. It has been said that temperament to an individual person is like climate to a race. It is fate. And Asquith does not possess war temperament. He cannot be rough or uncouth. He is considerate in all circumstances. Hindenburg smashed every existing plan in Germany in three weeks and brutally substituted his

own rough-hewn strategy. Asquith has taken longer than that to choose a food controller.

But the prime minister is a consummate master of practical politics, and he has been a hard man to unhorse. While he is no generator of original force, he knows how to guide the conflicting currents to his own mill-wheel. The advocates of a new régime have had him almost beaten time and again. A diplomat told me that he had gone to the House three times to see Asquith fall, but each time Asquith had fallen on his feet.

If the war had not gone ill in these last weeks, he might have stayed through. With Rumania "paying through the nose" because of somebody's failure to organize the Allied defense, Greece rewarding Allied forbearance with treachery, and the threatening development of the submarine campaign against the food supply of Britain, press opposition was able to focus an attack that Asquith with all his skill at fence could not ward off. The public lost all patience with what was pictured as ministerial procrastination and incapacity. In the pictorial language of the "Morning Post" "Asquith folds his hands; Grey wrings his hands, and the rest of the twenty-three rub their hands." The impression that is here so aptly conveyed had at last been driven home to the public by a campaign in which the major portion of the press joined.

Even so, it was necessary that Lloyd George

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should lead the revolt against his chief, and at the very last, when the card of the war minister's resignation was played, Asquith had a trump that almost took the trick. For every political and journalistic spokesman of the Government came this solemn assurance, "Labor will not support a minority headed by Lloyd George or any other man except Asquith." Without the Labor vote no Government can command a majority in the House. Without a majority there must be a general election in the very crisis of war, with all that the delay and anarchy of such an event may mean.

All the same Lloyd George stuck to his decision, and the die was cast. Lloyd George has lost the labor following because he has refused to serve any particular interest in time of war. As to his patriotism and unselfishness and sincerity, he has the confidence of the country. There exists a measure of doubt, but that is inevitable about almost any man not hitherto tried out in absolute leadership. In the best informed circles he is not regarded as an executive man in the usual sense of the term. He is almost the opposite of Asquith. His nature is emotional and imaginative. His processes are not always outwardly logical, but he has that insight that so often characterizes genius. His vision and enthusiasm generate warmth and inspiration. It is by his power of stimulation rather than by skill in organizing that he gets results.

Lord Kitchener was accounted the greatest master of detail in English public life. After he had failed to set munition-making in motion on the titanic scale required by the war, this David of Wales accomplished the task and saved England. So the instinct of the people is pointing a way to the path of salvation for England. A great democracy reaches out its hands to a great democrat in its hour of doubt and peril. Come how it may, through coalition, through one man or another's nominal headship, or what not, it is in the air that the need has at last called out the man and that in the inspired zeal of that man for the cause of liberty and free institutions, his love of his country, and his unalterable will to win, lies the hope of democracy everywhere. Whether now or a little later, Lloyd George will rule England and finish the war.

CHAPTER II

PRESIDENT WILSON'S PROPOSALS: EUROPE'S RECEPTION OF PEACE WITHOUT VICTORY

December, 1916. Democracy in England had at last shaken off its lethargy and stood organized and efficient for war. The old slack policies were cast aside, the self-sacrifice of the *levee en masse* and short rations were faced smilingly. With something very like the spirit of festival the British public from costermonger to peer were lining up behind the new Government.

Then came President Wilson into their midst. To say that it produced the effect of an apparition is to state the fact mildly. It was like a death's-head at a feast.

There was surprise, shock, consternation. Tomorrow may bring explanations, a better understanding, a truer perspective. To-day Britain almost reels as from a staggering blow.

British opinion unanimously rejects the assumption of equality of motive and aspiration among the belligerents. That is the implication that goes to the quick of British sensibilities.

Whether the President's suggestion will evoke

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a response among the always less promptly vocal working classes will require a few days to ascertain. The classes who usually speak for British public opinion have been swift to register protest and rejection.

Without the belief in the rightness of the Allies' cause by most of the hundred million English-speaking people on the other side of the Atlantic, England could not have gone on. The President's note now constitutes in some degree a withdrawal of American sympathy and moral support. That one view is uppermost to-day when the whole sky is darkened by the cloud from the West.

In this atmosphere the motive of the German proposal is judged insincere and cowardly or a trap for the unwary. Those capable of discussing the pending questions philosophically in these tense hours admit that Lloyd George did not bang and bolt the door, that the subject of peace, having been introduced by one belligerent, must be considered sooner or later by all, and that the appeal to reason, once invoked, cannot be dismissed and will ultimately prevail.

The question is whether President Wilson is the right instrumentality, whether he can come uninvited into the field of mediation, and whether he presents himself at the right time and in the right way.

To-day's signs may be only those that lie on

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the surface. From stricken Europe there may come a different answer, in which case President Wilson's "mistake" might take its place in the list of historical decisions that cut through to the heart of things.

Perhaps peace can be secured by compelling the nations to reduce their grievances and aims to the concrete and submit them to the test of publicity.

January 5, 1917. London winced to-night at reports from Washington that President Wilson had received peace terms from Germany and was meditating the sending of another note. The hope is expressed here that action will be suspended until the Entente answer to the President is presented and digested.

In Paris the last touches are being put to the reply to Wilson, to which a high degree of optimism attaches both in France and England. There is far greater interest in this note than there was in the reply to Germany. It is recognized that the impression made by it may change the whole war outlook. The world is at attention, and every word will be read and weighed.

The kaiser created the situation; President Wilson heightened the dramatic interest; the occasion was made to order for Lloyd George. He will improve it unless he has been smothered under the

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multiplicity and confusion of counsel. The effect of committee work on such a document is desicating.

There are two big objectives. Particularly aimed at first is American opinion. Nobody believed that America had reached the point where she must fight on one side or the other and that she is so indifferent which it is that it is almost a matter of flipping a penny, but President Wilson has apparently been willing to put the belligerents virtually on a parity.

The answer to him will address directly the people of America at a time when they are all listening. It will be an appeal not to identify the Allies with the Teutons, either as participants in an insane and murderous and purposeless conflict or as humanity-loving and God-fearing defenders of weak states and helpless peoples.

The Allies hope to make America feel that they are pouring out their blood and treasure in order that American democracy may live; but that if their sacrifices should be in vain and Germany should win, democracy everywhere would lose, and the United States, being the biggest democracy, would be the heaviest loser.

There is no idea in this appeal of obtaining new practical results in America. The Allies want the same good feeling they have always had there, and

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the same fair treatment. Above all, they want to be let alone to push their case against Germany for "a verdict with costs."

The second big objective is German opinion. Reasonable human beings here do not believe the German people are wicked, but that they are under an obsession, and that if a gleam of sanity and justice can be shot through the armor of Kaiserism straight to the German people, it might tend to bring them to their senses. There are not many who believe that Germany can be crushed by military force. Disillusion is the best hope of ending the war. If doubts can once be sown throughout Germany, they will spring up like mustard seed.

Germany's power has rested on the morbid faith and hysterical loyalty that the Prussian autocracy has commanded from the whole German people. They have been working in harness until they bless the yoke that galls their necks.

Whether or no the Allied reply to President Wilson can be kept from the German people or will influence their minds if it is laid before them, it is at least plain that a process of disillusionment has begun in Austria-Hungary, and the back-fire will reach Germany sooner or later. The new Emperor Charles and his advisers are evidently beginning to suspect that it is a case of "heads I win, tails you lose."

Discussion of the dismemberment of the dual

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monarchy in the event of a German victory is heard in every capital. There may be separate kings of Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia, but they will all be Kaiser Wilhelm's sons.

If Germany loses, matters will be still worse for Austria. The war is stabbing at her vitals. She feels all the pinch of it, but has none of the day-dreams. There are no Bagdad railways for Austria, no Eastern empires, no castles in the air. Hers is a drab prospect, and there is no doubt that Vienna curses that day at the end of July, 1914, when a scheming German ambassador cut off the diplomatic conversation which had already begun with St. Petersburg by sweeping all the papers into his despatch-box, putting his box under his arm, and taking the train for Berlin.

Impending events in Washington will be watched carefully by the British press and public. There are two sources of possible friction. The first, that the President may be drawn into a treaty with those elements in Congress which view the world as having been made yesterday and having nostrums for the instant cure for all human ills. The other danger arises from the red-tape artists in the British Government departments who might at any moment supply Washington with the necessary explosive.

January 14, 1917. The Allies' answer to the

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President's note still figures first as a bull argument. The *volte-face* of opinion is now complete. It is seen that the Allies had the trump cards all the time and didn't know their value. The President stood where he could see both hands before they were put on the table. With all their wincing at first, it is now recognized that the Allies have done what was best for them and what should have been done voluntarily. Even the imputing of identical motives to both belligerents is now accepted in good part. The President is thereby given a latch-string to the German door which he is free to use if the Germans should hereafter have a new conception in accord with realities.

Whether Mr. Wilson acted with calculation or whether this was one act of emotion in the course of his Presidency, the fact stands out boldly that he has scored handsomely. He took what seemed a big chance. Three weeks ago he was anathema throughout Allied Europe; to-day he is stronger and America is stronger in England and France, and they have more prestige and there is less enmity than perhaps at any time since the sinking of the *Lusitania*. America for the first time has a substantial stock of good-will in Europe, and if the advantage is followed up with well-advised international statesmanship, the United States may play a part that will write President Wilson's name large on the page of history.

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January 24, 1917. London liked neither President Wilson's note nor his speech to the United States Senate, but the disapproval manifested itself quite differently in the two cases. The note surprised and startled England; the speech to the Senate may give deeper offense and its effects may last longer, but it has caused far less consternation judging from personal comment and newspaper editorials. There is a much larger minority of opinion publicly favorable to the speech than there was to the note.

The speech seems to be regarded as a more or less internal American affair. It was not ostensibly an address to Europe, but increased importance attaches to it as a representative expression of majority opinion in America. At least, such is the belief here.

The note both wounded and offended English sensibilities. Certain passages in it were seized upon and misconstrued, and when a more just view prevailed, there was reaction. The feeling to-day seemed more that of resignation. In the comment there was a note of regretful readjustment of public opinion to the American attitude, a sort of revaluation of American friendship toward the Allies on a sliding scale downwards.

As quotations from the press will show, the offending lance was tipped with a phrase "peace without victory." In "peace without victory" the Pres-

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ident has coined a new expression that may share honors with "too proud to fight" during the rest of the war discussion on this side of the Atlantic.

Apart from the phrases to which unwarranted importance may be given, there is a deeper offense to the English in the implication that the belligerents all stand on the same footing. The vice of the whole discussion by the President from the English point of view lies in what is regarded as a complete misunderstanding of the moral objects for which the Allies are fighting. The British mind declines to entertain any consideration of the war based upon the moral equity of the Entente and the Teutons. The suggestion that the head of a great neutral country may wish to keep himself in a position to maintain friendly relations with both sides if he is to play a useful part was not favorably received when offered to-day as the possible explanation.

February 18, 1917. Within the next few days the question of whether the breach of diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany is to be followed by war will probably be brought to an issue.

Personally, I believe that great forces have been set in motion which cannot be stopped, and that these forces are certain to smash through to final-

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ities. On the one hand, Germany must use the power of the submarine to the utmost limit. There must be neither let nor hindrance. The submarine is half-blind, and must fight so, without being required to discriminate.

The German submarine sailor is ruthless or nothing. To fasten mercy upon him, to ask him to spare women and children, is to put him in a strait-jacket. The submarine, blind, cruel, and recklessly destructive, expresses the present mood of Prussianized Germany.

Neither fear of America nor regard for world conscience is likely to cheat the Prussian of this last throw in the desperate game that he has been playing since August, 1914.

The other great force is the resistance of America. What Germany must do, or else abandon her submarine stroke in the perfection of its efficiency, America must forbid or else abandon her position as a spirited and self-respecting nation.

Many will say at once that that has happened already. It is a controversial point not to be argued here. The abandonment that I have in mind is one that goes far beyond any surrender hitherto made, and one that in my opinion is even less probable than that Germany should renounce her submarine campaign. If President Wilson were the veriest weakling, the American people

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themselves would rise up in indignant protest if the sacrifice of national honor were brought home to them.

No President, however pacific, could stand up against the feeling that would be aroused at this time in the United States by an overt act of the barbarous character of the sinking of the *Lusitania* or the *Sussex*. Such sinkings are inevitable unless Germany abandons her program.

But the present chief magistrate of the American nation is no weakling. He is an intellectual; he eschews emotion; he prefers a method of calculation; but he knows neither hesitation nor fear.

At the time of the sinking of the *Lusitania* a large, perhaps it might be said the best, section of the American public would have liked to see immediate action. An emotional man like Theodore Roosevelt would have given us action. The white heat generated in the country, which Roosevelt would have used against Germany, Wilson permitted to cool. Again and again the process was repeated, and many of us felt that President Wilson was condemning the country to a permanent decline in spirit. But we saw the other day, when he broke off relations with Germany, that the American people rose as one man to his support.

It must be clear that unless the President had set a goal toward which he was moving, he would

never have broken off relations. Dealing with a man who never acts on impulse has its advantages.

With his historian's perspective, President Wilson probably realized from the beginning that the United States was sure to be drawn into the war. His responsibility was tremendous. He had to act for a hundred million people made up of many different races, ten per cent. of them of German stock. He had to use the tools in his own workshop. He was not Roosevelt, with Roosevelt's emotions and driving power: he was an analytical, patient, methodical man, with a genius for understanding the thought and feeling of the people over which he presided. He therefore adopted a policy for which he was fitted by temperament and intellectual ability, and he was careful not to strike against his own limitations. It was a triumph for that policy, that after all the serious criticism a single act, rupture with Germany, changed the tune of comment all over the world from faultfinding to approval. A single decision justified the entire course of his action; a single stroke brought all the jarring atoms into harmony.

Now at last the President finds himself master of the situation. The pause between the rupture and the overt act brings a recrudescence of pacifism, but it is of a mild form and will prove innocuous. Mr. Wilson's method insures the support of the country at par, provided always that he waits for

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the overt act. He must not fight for a negro stoker: there are at least thirteen States in the South which would go in coldly on such provocation. Such a finale, too, would not be in key with what has gone before. It would not be wise for Mr. Wilson to break the flow of his policy from the *Lusitania* onward. He and the country behind him are in perfect concord. There is no room for reaction.

When the moment of decision arrives, America will enter the war with one hundred per cent. of solidarity, with every ounce of her matchless resources, loyally following a leader who has put her into the war because he could "do no otherwise."

The American people want to be forced into this war if they must go in, and they have got a President who is going to give them their way. But both he and they, once in, will fight for all they are worth.

It is doubtful if England, so long baffled by what seemed at this distance and from an intensely interested standpoint inexplicable delay, has yet grasped the importance of American participation. The addition of resources of a hundred million live people, possessing the greatest wealth of any nation in the world, added to the superiority of the Allies, which is already overwhelming, will absolutely destroy the last chance of German success.

Scarcely less important will be the influence of

the greatest democracy when the time of settlement arrives. The entry of America into the war will make for a sounder peace and will make sure a better world.

England, August, 1917. Since coming to England on the same boat with General Pershing and his staff, I have been asked a good many questions about America. These questions probably represent the points of doubt in the Canadian and British mind, and I will try to answer them in the interest of good understanding. I believe that I can assume that such inquiries in no sense imply distrust of America's motives or methods, but rather that those making them wish to be provided with information that shall more fully establish their faith in, and gratitude to, America.

Why did America wait nearly three years to come in: and more particularly why did not the President act in the Lusitania case?

It was a matter of judgment depending upon two things: (1) The inherent justice of the matter, and (2) the attitude of the American people and the President's own feeling as well as his capacity for action in the circumstances. The President possesses certain gifts and limitations of temperament and intellect. He is unemotional and analytical, and it may be assumed that from the beginning he took careful stock of all the assets and

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liabilities from a war point of view, including his own capacity for leadership. A different type of man—let us say Colonel Roosevelt—might have been successful in making the sinking of the *Lusitania* the occasion of going to war.

The big element in the consideration of whether and when to go to war was the country itself. First, there was the geographical extent of the States stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. Naturally, it was difficult to acquaint the inhabitants of this great area with the truth about the war, to bring it home to them as a matter of actual and personal concern. A people springing from diverse racial sources, occupying forty-eight separate States and enjoying a prosperous peace, educated from time immemorial to the idea of keeping aloof and remote from European affairs, were not easily interested and made sympathetic.

Was the German propaganda in any way responsible for the delay; and did Count von Bernstorff have any influence at the White House?

No man could have been less amenable to outside influence than President Wilson. His conclusions were reached by a process of cold reasoning. Bernstorff was less than nothing, a minus quantity. Indeed, the whole elaborate German mechanism for propaganda in the United States was worse than a failure. The clumsy effort to falsify facts and

influence judgment had the effect of destroying the original German position at the bar of American opinion. There was never any need of English propaganda. Bernstorff and Co. did the work for England. At every stage American opinion was ninety per cent., or more, pro-Ally, and this in the face of the large percentage of German stock and the immemorial prejudice against the British arising out of war grievances and Irish prejudice.

Are the American people deeply and sincerely for the war?

Not all of them fully realize what war means. They have taken the resolution without working out in their own minds its ultimate meaning; but they know enough of the situation and their part in it to make them realize the fullness and finality of their committal. Events will bring home to them the duties, sacrifices, and misery of war.

When will the American Army of one million men—the number reckoned by the military authorities as constituting an effective factor—be in the field?

Such an army can be recruited in only a few weeks. The soldiers will require, say, three months and a half's training, most of which should preferably be in Europe. The only element of doubt is the question of transportation for the men and supplies. It all comes back to the big matter in this war, the submarine. An American Army of one

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million men might have been put into the trenches by January in time for the Spring fighting in 1918 if ships could have been found and protection from the submarine provided. The prime minister speaks confidently about the submarine, but other authorities seem to be far less sure.

Is America doing all that she can?

Nobody ever is, but in my opinion America's effort must be rated as satisfactory, humanly speaking. In two particulars her effort has been monumental, in adopting compulsory military service and in voting money. The latter has already prevented a condition rapidly nearing collapse in European finance. It was specially timely in saving England, whose back was fairly breaking under the load. America is now working out many big problems for the Allies, which include: enlisting and training an army of a million that will be increased to two million sometime in 1918; coöperating against the submarine by furnishing fighting ships and constructing new shipping; building aëroplanes in tremendous number; coöperating in industrial and economic measures to increase Allied resources for fighting the enemy. Our taking our stand beside the Allies at a time of collapse in Russia makes hopeful a situation that would otherwise be desperate.

CHAPTER III

A LINCOLN-DAY MESSAGE TO AMERICA FROM THE RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

The following message was given by Mr. Lloyd George to Mr. Charles H. Grasty in answer to a request for a tribute to Abraham Lincoln for publication in the United States on Lincoln Day (February 12, 1917), the anniversary of his birth.

I am very glad to respond to your request for a message for publication on Lincoln day. I am glad because to my mind Abraham Lincoln was one of the very first of the world's statesmen, because I believe that the battle which we have been fighting is at bottom the same battle which your countrymen fought under Lincoln's leadership more than fifty years ago, and most of all, perhaps, because I desire to say how much I welcome the proof which the last few days have afforded that the American people are coming to realize this too.

Lincoln's life was devoted to the cause of human freedom. From the day when he first recognized what slavery meant he bent all his energies to its eradication from American soil. Yet after years of patient effort he was driven to realize that it was

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not a mere question of abolishing slavery in the Southern States, but that bound up with it was a larger issue, that unless the Union abolished slavery, slavery would break up the Union. Faced by this alternative, he did not shrink, after every other method had failed, from vindicating both the Union and freedom by the terrible instrument of war. Nor after the die for war had been cast did he hesitate to call upon his countrymen to make sacrifice upon sacrifice, to submit to limitation upon limitation of their personal freedom, until, in his own words, there was a new birth of freedom in your land.

The American people under Lincoln fought not a war of conquest, but a war of liberation. We to-day are fighting not a war of conquest, but a war of liberation, a liberation not of ourselves alone, but of all the world, from that body of barbarous doctrine and inhuman practice which has estranged nations, has held back the unity and progress of the world, and has stood revealed in all its deadly iniquity in the course of this war. In such wars for liberty there can be no compromise. They are either won or lost. In your case it was freedom and unity or slavery and separation. In our case military power tyrannously used will have succeeded in tearing up treaties and trampling on the rights of others, or liberty and public right will have prevailed. Therefore, we believe that the war must

be fought out to a finish, for on such an issue there can be no such thing as a drawn war.

In holding this conviction we have been inspired and strengthened beyond measure by the example and the words of your great President. Once the conflict had been joined, he did not shrink from bloodshed. I have often been struck by the growth of both tenderness and stern determination in the face of Lincoln as shown in his photographs as the war went on. Despite his abhorrence of all that war entailed, he persisted in it because he knew that he was sparing life by losing it, that, if he agreed to compromise, the blood that had been shed on a hundred fields would have been shed in vain, that the task of creating a united nation of free men would only have to be undertaken again at even greater cost at some later day.

It would, indeed, be impossible to state our faith more clearly than Lincoln stated it himself at the end of 1864.

On careful consideration of all the evidence, it seems to me that no attempt at any negotiation with the insurgent leader could result in any good. He would accept nothing short of severance of the Union—precisely what we will not and cannot give. His declarations to this effect are explicit and oft repeated. He does not deceive us. He affords us no excuse to deceive ourselves. . . . Between him and us the issue is distinct, simple, and inflexible. It is an issue which can only be tried by war and decided by victory.

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That was the judgment of the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century during the last great war for human liberty. It is the judgment of this nation and of its fellow-nations overseas to-day. "Our armies," said Lincoln, "are ministers of good, not of evil." So do we believe. And through all the carnage and suffering and conflicting motives of the Civil War, Lincoln held steadfastly to the belief that it was the freedom of the people to govern themselves which was the fundamental issue at stake.

So do we hold to-day. For when the people of central Europe accept the peace which is offered them by the Allies not only will the Allied peoples be free as they have never been free before, but the German people, too, will find that in losing their dream of an empire over others they have found self-government for themselves.

CHAPTER IV

GLIMPSES AT THE FRONT

March 6, 1917. When I joined the Berlin contingent at Madrid, I brought the optimism of a recent visit to the British front with me. I felt sure that with the advance of the season the nibbling would develop until a battle should rage along the whole line from the channel to Switzerland. I found among the Berlin crowd men who had been on the German front a few yards to the eastward of where I had been on the British lines, not for a few days, but for weeks. They spoke with knowledge and authority, and they said that the optimism of the English was the optimism of the amateur. The Germans were dug in and concreted; their subterranean fastnesses were channeled and connected; they had communication and transport and every facility for beating off an attack. I confess that I was, and am, somewhat staggered by what comes to me with such authority.

But the news wirelessly to the *Infanta Isabel* these past few days indicates that the British confidence may not be misplaced. Eleven miles by two deep with three lines of trenches looks like business.

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"Let us wait and hear the cost," say the men who know Germany's strength. "In the thirty kilometers between the present English line and Cambrai there are seventeen lines of defense, with three trenches to each, or fifty-one trenches, all with dug-outs, subways, and transportation. If the English take this area, the cost will make it a losing operation. They will be making with the Germans a ruinous swap of irreplaceable life for valueless land." We shall see.

When all the careful preliminaries have been attended to and when the coveted white pass has arrived from general headquarters in France, which alone has authority to select those who are to visit the front, the person so favored is told what train to catch at Charing Cross, what boat to take at Folkestone, and what officer to be on the lookout for at Boulogne.

My train was the 11:15 A. M. Three minutes before train time a guard yanked my hand luggage out of the compartment, which a prudent punctuality had preëmpted, informing me that as the train had been canceled, there would be no channel crossing, owing to the fog. A different train was leaving on another track, and being an American and alive to possibilities I boarded that and went to Folkestone, anyway. It was a tight squeeze to get in at the hotel; at the office they strongly advised my returning to London; there had been no channel

crossing for four days. Meanwhile the Germans, according to the gossip, had undoubtedly sown the channel thick with mines, and there would be no crossing for several days after the fog lifted, to give the mine sweepers a chance to clear the lane. As a fact, three days' extra leave had been given to soldiers waiting at Boulogne, which tended to bear out the foregoing.

All the same, I stayed. The next morning, when I came down at 9:15, as a chance shot I asked the lift boy if there would be a boat that day, and the reply came back, "Yes, sir, at a quarter to ten." I did n't stop for breakfast, but packed up, and made a rush for the boat.

The *Onward*, which I recognized as an old friend of peace time, was packed with soldiers, who came marching aboard to the popular airs played by their bands. The first thing every one did was to put on a life-preserver. In twenty-odd Atlantic crossings I had never before made the acquaintance of one. I got a jolly good breakfast of cold meats and coffee in the *Onward's* restaurant, and sharp at ten we steamed out.

The sweepers had been at work two abreast. We had all kinds of craft as escort. Every one knew that danger lurked about. It was a thrilling passage. I did n't sit down once; I could n't, for there was no place to sit, but it never occurred to me to be tired, there was so much to see. I

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moved about among the men, talking with them and getting their point of view as far as I could. But the most interesting thing of all was the convoy. The destroyers threshed about, zigzagging like drunken men on a sidewalk. All the boats moved swiftly, the destroyers each leaving a boiling wake and carrying a "bone in their teeth." Two other boats, packed to the gunwales, followed the *Onward*, taking advantage of the same escort.

We backed in to the familiar dock at Boulogne, and there an army captain met me in a limousine, and drove me to general headquarters.

It is difficult to know precisely what to tell of a visit of this kind, without violating hospitality. Besides, there is nothing that I could describe that has not already been better described by the splendid fellows who from day to day, at great sacrifice and often with much danger to themselves, are writing the story of this war. My story, in so far as it is a story, is that of a new pair of eyes barely glimpsing scenes long since made familiar to newspaper readers all over the world.

I wanted to pick out something that was of particular interest on our side of the water and that had not been done to death; so I asked to be taken to that part of the front occupied by the Fourth Canadian Division. I knew something of the general in command of this division. In the first place, he was a newspaper proprietor. His paper is

"The Quebec Daily Chronicle." At the outbreak of the war, Lieutenant-Colonel D. Watson, he was taking quite an interest, mainly civic, in what in Canada corresponds to our militia. With his battalion, he sailed immediately for England, arriving there in September, 1914.

These men had been playing at soldiering, but they knew virtually nothing about it expertly. After six months' training they went to France. In April, 1915, they were blooded on Hill 60 near Ypres, when they relieved the French, who, brave as they were, turned away from the first experience of poisoned gas and stumbled to the rear. The epic of the Canadian stand at Hill 60 was written by Max Aitken, who the other day became Lord Beaverbrook in the English peerage. That stand will live in history with the charge of the six hundred. It required quite as much courage and a good deal more presence of mind. Watson got a brigade after Ypres. A year later he became a major-general. When I arrived at his headquarters I was interested to notice that at the entrance to the typical, small French villa there hung an instrument labeled "gas alarm." Three miles back of the first-line trenches it is necessary to have this protection against surprise. Colonel Ironside, a Highlander from the very top of Rosshire, showed me up to the general, from whom I got a genuine American welcome. I found later that the general

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maintains his Americanism to the extent that he has not learned to join in the tea-drinking. I knew then that he was sincere in what he told me, as we sat out this function, about his fellow-feeling for Americans.

After we had talked a while, General Watson and one of his aides drove me out to the front, and under his personal escort I made a visit to the trenches. It was like a visit to America, for the general had easy, personal relations with all his men, and American was the language of those trenches. There was none of the stiffness which belongs to the European system. We passed the cemetery of Carency, where many French lie buried. That was the bill for the French capture of the sector landmarked by the Lorette ridge and the Souchez sugar refinery, near which our walk through the trenches took us.

It was a dull day. There was a desultory firing back and forth, and shells were whistling over and bursting around us. The "whizz-bangs" impressed me most, although it was difficult to believe that there were possibilities of personal damage in any of them. Now and then a section of trench had been obliterated by shell fire, and you had to crawl through a sea of fresh-made mire, which sucked the top-boots off your feet. The trenches were waist-deep in watery mud. The general raced along, sure-footed as a cat on the back fence, while I

slipped and slid on the lattice-work which formed the foot-path, a misstep from which meant a bath in the trench soup.

A walk back through a mile or two of communication trench rejoicing in the name of Cabaret, brought us out on a road at a point which seemed to me well back on the lines. I was frankly relieved in body and spirit to reach the open ground again and said to the general that this was probably safe country. "Oh, yes," he replied cheerfully, "but when I came out here yesterday at this very point, there lay a soldier freshly dead. A shell had caught him as he walked along this road."

"What you have seen will doubtless make you think that the life of a soldier, specially during the spring thaw, is an intolerable one, but men accustom themselves to it," said General Watson, who is a philosopher as well as a soldier. "Human beings in youth put off and on habits of body and mind as readily as they do a suit of clothes. In the conditions you have been seeing there is a return to the elemental. Men do not think of danger or death, or even for a moment of home and loved ones. Food and rest become the subjects upon which the thoughts dwell."

As General Watson made these observations he maintained a kind of dog-trot a few paces ahead of me. I could only keep up by breaking into a run now and then, specially as my steel helmet,

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worn as a protection from shells, gave me some trouble, and it was necessary to slow up now and then to readjust the chinstrap. The general's gait reminded me of the wolf's as I had seen it on the Texas prairies. He did n't seem to be going fast, and it added to my difficulties that the walk had rather winded me. He proposed an extension of our promenade to another part of the front; but I did n't want to overtax his hospitality.

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you what I'll do. We've got a raid on for to-night, and I'll let you go out in the rear of it, as it will give you a chance to see something real." I thanked him, but replied that Times Square "looked pretty good" to me, and that, as a matter of fact, I was n't so young as I looked.

Well, when we got back to the car, I climbed in a bit stiff; to sit down had never before seemed such a luxury. After a few restful moments I regained the courage of my curiosity. I asked the general about his soldiers.

"When we got here," said he, "maybe we were n't much good, but we were as good as anybody else. War was a new game; even the trained men had to begin again and learn their A. B. C.'s. There was the equality and fraternity of ignorance."

"Who are the best of the soldiers now?" I asked.

There was a lurking smile in his quiet, gray eyes,

and I imagined that he was thinking of the kilted men of his motherland or of his own brave Canadians, but this is what he said:

"The bravest soldier in the world is the English officer. I salute him. There is none other like him. He does n't need to lash himself into a passion to get out one hundred per cent. of his courage. He will walk right up to death twirling his cane.

"The fact is," continued the general, again dropping into the philosophical vein, "that men of our race, whether in England, Canada, or the United States, while equal to any other in patriotism, are dominated by the spirit of adventure. It is what is sometimes called sporting instinct that brings us across the seas to the scene of danger."

When in the evening I told the English officers of the Canadian's tribute to them, they almost violated the rule of a lifetime, that every show of feeling must be sternly repressed.

General Watson was strong on two things; that Fritz had lost his morale, and that the British forces had just begun to develop their full fighting spirit. He was serenely sure of his Canadians, and his eyes danced as they surveyed on the map the two thousand yards of front that had been turned over to three Canadian divisions on the firing line, the very hottest corner that could be picked out and, therefore, just to their liking.

I honestly believe that those sports of England

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and Canada would be tremendously disappointed if the Germans on their own should pick up and move back thirty miles without a struggle. They want to dig Fritz out of his hole. They want to have a go at the chemical attack. They have a theory that the much vaunted dug-out where Fritz has hid himself and planted his guns is precisely the trap in which the English hunter can run his quarry to earth. They are bursting with the spirit of novelty in regard to their new five-inch and seventeen-inch guns. They want to try out Fritz a bit more at the point of the bayonet.

We went back to headquarters, where the others drank tea while General Watson and I talked war and journalism. He asked me about newspaper conditions and for the first time learned the price of print paper in America. He had literally not had time or heart to acquaint himself with matters of such vital personal importance. I hated to leave this gallant gentleman of my own craft. His fellowship and sympathy brought home to me more than ever before that on these bloody fields our own battle for liberty, our habits of thought and speech, our kind of honor and manhood, was being fought for.¹ Watson cheerily assured me as we drove away to G. H. Q. that he would see me in Times Square within a year or so.

¹ Something like this actually happened only a few days later.

That same evening I went with Captain Fowler to the château in the neighborhood, where the intelligence department is established under the capable superintendence of Colonel Wilson. Here live the seven newspaper men who tell the world about the war. After a merry dinner I had a chance of making the further acquaintance of these war correspondents. Two of them, Small of the Associated Press, and Sims of the United Press, are from Atlanta. I was much interested, of course, in Philip Gibbs, the brilliant correspondent with whose descriptions the "Times" readers are familiar. His genius is recognized by all his colleagues. Another interesting fellow is Montague of the "Manchester Guardian," who overcame the age disqualification for service by painting his white hair raven black. He has just been promoted to a captaincy. Russell is the Reuter man, while Filson Young looks after the Northcliffe interests, and Tomlinson represents "The London Daily News." Cars are furnished to these men by the Government, but they pay for the upkeep. The correspondents are constantly on the front, and the press is most fortunate to have such capable representation.

I thought I had already seen mountains of munititions, miles of lorries, countless marching soldiers, but it was only when I went to the Somme front proper that I saw the real thing. From Albert

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to Pozières and thence to Contralmaison, Montauban, Mametz, and Trone Wood, the scenes witnessed on February 24 would have challenged description by Sir Walter Scott. The day was not one for either air-planes or guns, and the trenches were comparatively quiet. It was just as foggy as it could be to be so rainy, and raining as hard as it could be to be so foggy. On the tops of the hills the roads were knee-deep in mud and water, but the macadam was hard underneath it all, and through the muck there swarmed such a press of men and machinery as perhaps had never been seen before in all the history of the world.

Through the mire, rain, and fog, in as desolate a picture as lust of power ever drew, the fresh men marched blithely to their stations in the trenches. The contrast between the soldier who came out and the one going in was vivid. You could get a smile, by giving him one, from every man marching to certain distress and suffering and possible death; but the men coming back thought only of rest and very little of that, for they were dead on their feet.

The impression that I got from these scenes was that the late general, who remarked that "war was hell" was just talking through his hat. He did n't know anything about it. Only around Bapaume and places like it, in this nineteen hundred and seventeenth year of the Christian era, has the devil staged his real show on this planet, and if I may

enlarge the metaphor, it is not alone the kaisers who have been the advance agents and managers. They would have been powerless without the unconscious coöperation of the spuriously pious, like the Haldanes and Ramsay MacDonalds of England. The same breed are working overtime to help open the doors of America to the hell of war by weakening our manhood and thus rendering us helpless.

July 17, 1917. Not far from Étaples are located several American hospitals that have rendered exceptional service to the British forces. The group includes the Northwestern University unit, with two thousand beds; Harvard, with two thousand, four hundred and Base Unit No. 5, with eighteen hundred. The latter is the one with which Dr. Harvey Cushing of Harvard, among others, is identified. There are ten thousand beds altogether in these hospitals. Major Clark Collins of the United States Army is in general charge. Considering the conditions, the hospitals are run splendidly. Though they have no sewer system, they are kept fresh as paint and thoroughly sanitary. Each hospital is receiving a daily average of about one hundred new patients. Trench fever comes next to wounds in supplying cases. Trench foot, which used to be so troublesome, has been overcome by preventive treatment.

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We had a peep into a machine-gun school, where the advantages of the various guns were explained. The Lewis gun is in high favor owing to its light weight, about twenty-five pounds. It fires forty-eight bullets and is most effective at five hundred yards, though it will carry one thousand. The Vickers is much heavier, but does its work at a range of twenty-eight hundred yards and fires two hundred and fifty cartridges. Machine-guns now furnish part of the barrage-fire.

A tank school was one of the show things, and one of the much described monsters was in action, greatly to the wonder and amusement of the visitors. A fine body of troops marched past; they were tank men. Our captain said that theirs was the most heroic service, as death by burning was their almost inevitable fate. When I mentioned this to an infantry lieutenant he smiled in a superior way.

VICTORY SPIRIT ON BRITISH FRONT

Saturday, September 29, 1917. Never before have I found conditions so favorable on the British front as they appeared this week. A fortnight ago London began to show restlessness at the suspended movement east of Ypres, and a portion of the press was demanding an explanation from Field-Marshal Haig. He gave it in the action that began on the Menin Road on the twentieth.

The effect of that and other favorable developments turned London optimistic, but on the battle-front there is a quiet solid confidence that will not be changed by the ups and downs of the British offensive. There is no under-estimation of the German Army, but among officers and men alike exists the calm assurance that the enemy calls arrogance. They feel that they have Fritz's measure at last, that they have learned all his tricks and adapted the best of them to their own use. Before they go into action nowadays every detail is rehearsed over and over again. Not only every squad, but every man knows exactly what to do. The barrage is timed to the minute, and they make the fullest use of its protection with minimum danger to themselves.

I saw a division headquarters field war vaudeville including the following features:

Almost immediately overhead captive balloons were observing the Boche lines, about four miles distant. The German guns were firing at the balloons, and black splotches left by the bursting shells were always visible, while the sound of shrapnel falling to the earth was plainly audible. A German air-plane suddenly came out of the northeast and attacked one balloon with a machine-gun, bringing it down, the pilot dropping in a parachute and escaping unhurt. The British anti-aircraft-guns opened fire promptly, but the German got away.

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It was Saturday afternoon and sports, including polo and base-ball were in full swing; they were not interrupted. To-day a short distance behind the hottest portions of the line thousands of men who may take part in to-morrow's attack at dawn, and who know it, enjoy the Saturday sports as light-heartedly as if this were an old-time London weekend. And, indeed, the war has settled down into an immense business. The novelties and surprises have all been exploited or exploded; the inequalities of military expertness have been evened up, and the war changes are now measured by weights. By the inexorable test of numbers and machinery the German Army faces defeat in Flanders, and British confidence in the sure result gives a peculiar zest to to-day's sports on the divisional fields.

PILL-BOX SMASHING, JOY TO CANADIANS

I am just back from the British front. I did n't see a single long face there. Even among the Tommies, who on previous visits seemed to show traces of trench fatigue and hardship, I saw only contentment and expectancy. It may have been partly the weather, which was fine, or because I was thrown mostly with the cheery Canadians. In the main, however, I think the greatly improved tone was due to the solid improvement in the position at the front. A great confidence has spread among all troops since the solving of the riddle of

the pill-boxes. Everybody believes now that even if the cunning Boche should put out something new, there would be again a solution.

After three or four visits to the Lens neighborhood I am beginning to feel very much at home there. One of the most historic areas of the whole war is that through which flows the small stream dignified by the name of Souchez River. For the comparatively small territory drained by this spring branch, as we would call it in the South, the Allies have paid a price of hundreds of thousands of lives. As I stood near the ruins of the Souchez sugar refinery I had a broadside view of the ridge of Notre Dame de Lorette, taken by the French from the Germans—who had it thoroughly intrenched and gunned—with only the rifle and bayonet. It was costly, but it had to be done. Turning to the east, one sees within a mile the slope of the famous Vimy Ridge, where the best blood of Canada was spilled to drive the Germans out of a key position. A mile or two beyond the summit are the Labyrinth, Neuville St. Vaast, and to the northeast is Vimy village. The environs of Lens are also visible. The famous Souchez Wood, which consists only of dead trees and stumps, was filled with soldiers cutting and sawing wood for winter use. They told me that the tree-trunks and limbs were so full of shrapnel that it often broke the saw teeth.

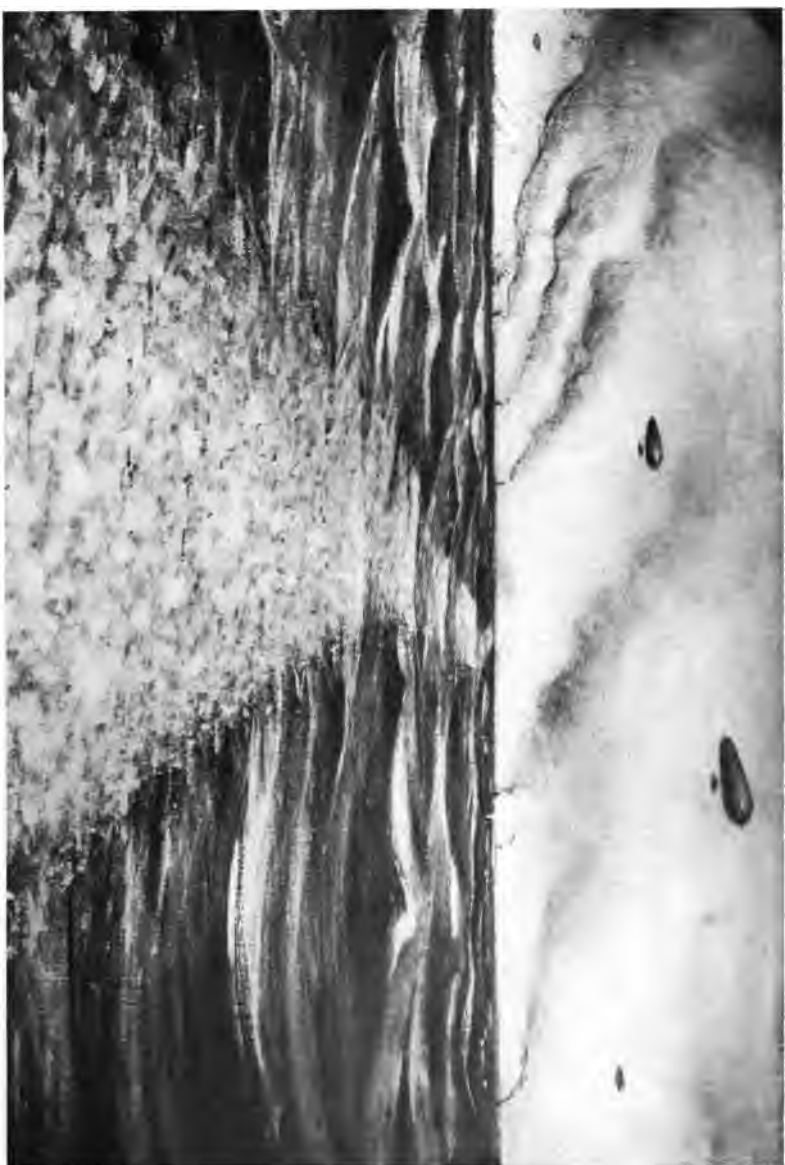
This part is teeming with Canadian soldiery.

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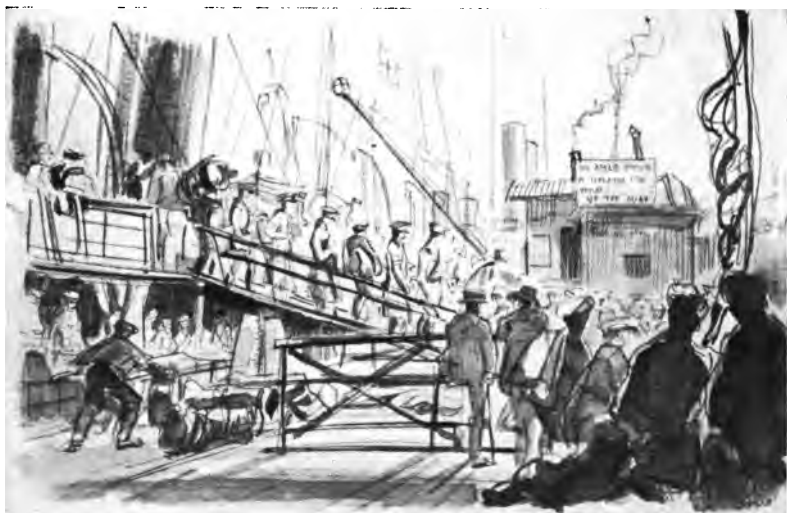
Day and night it is raucous with the sounds of war. Enemy shells are shrieking through the air and bursting at uncomfortable distances, and the Allied cannon reply with sharper reports. Nobody pays any attention. War is a settled business, and every one is too much absorbed in the routine of it to think about personal danger.

I spent a good bit of an afternoon walking about on the top of Vimy Ridge. Taking it from the Germans was a wonderful—on the face of it, an impossible—feat. The general who had me in tow said: "I never could understand why the Boche let us push him off this ridge. It never seemed to me that he had to."

The hill ends in an abrupt slope to the northeast, affording perhaps the best observation point between Arras and Kimmel Hill, at Messines. We stood and watched the show—a very little one from the military standpoint, but indescribably wonderful measured by what we used to think in peace days—for almost an hour. The whole Lens landscape lay before us, the enemy front-line trenches within two miles of us. The electric station and the slag heaps, which have been fought over so fiercely, were well within view. The enemy was keeping up an energetic fire on the Canadian trenches in front of us and the observation balloons behind us. We counted a hundred shellbursts in and about Vimy, about a mile from



CROSSING THE CHANNEL



BRITISH TROOPS DISEMBARKING AT A FRENCH PORT



ARRIVAL OF GENERAL PERSHING AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER

us, at the foot of the ridge. There must have been thirty shots at the observation balloons, whose task of watching him seemed to infuriate Fritz. A squadron of English planes of Gotha type flew over us at an altitude of about twelve thousand feet and looking like white pigeons.

One balloon was the object of concentrated attack, and the observer was compelled to take to his parachute, as the Germans seemed to have the range, and shrapnel was bursting all around. We were at least two miles nearer the German guns than were the balloons, and we could hear the shrapnel falling all around, with an occasional shell-burst in the vicinity to make us understand that we were technically "under fire."

They told me in Northern France that a census of horses and mules in the British Army would show at least half a million head. Three inferences seemed to me to be clear. The first was that the motor has n't driven out horseflesh by any means; the second was that cavalry is coming back to some extent—which was confirmed by streams of it seen on the roads,—and the third was as to the size of the British Army in France. If any one knows the figures he declines to tell; so a guess from the number of horses—a very rough process, one must confess—is about as good as any other.

The increasing number of women employed back of the front is worthy of remark. One sees scores

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of women in uniform driving ambulances, and they seem to be doing it cleverly. They certainly look smart as they flash by. I spoke of that to the Tommy who was driving me. He snarled back that every one of these female drivers had to be helped by a male mechanician.

CHAPTER V

THE FLIGHT FROM BERLIN HOME WITH GERARD

To reach home in comparative safety James W. Gerard, the former United States Ambassador to Germany, was compelled, in sailorman phrase, to fetch a wide compass. When he landed at Havana to-day he had traveled fifty-seven hundred miles from Berlin, and before New York is reached his journey will have been longer than the voyage from Shanghai to San Francisco.

Germany has been a beleaguered city under the strictest martial law, and only since the Americans' departure from Berlin has the world been informed correctly of inside conditions.

Mr. Gerard has preserved all his public records and documents. His general knowledge of Germany is drawn from the best sources. He has a retentive memory, a special talent for narrative, and a nice sense of humor. His purpose is to bring his book out promptly while the matters treated are fresh and public interest is keen.

Mr. Gerard is very matter-of-fact and would be the last man to parade a pious purpose, but I think that his chief motive is to enlighten America on the

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European situation and help to make the United States a nation instead of a mumbo-jumbo of sections, States, and races without national consciousness or purpose.

It has been stated in an American magazine that the sea currents attract most of the loose mines from the west of England, the channel, and the French coast, and assemble them just off the northwest tip of Spain. It was precisely over this spot that the Spanish liner, the *Infanta Isabel*, plowed her way around Cape Finisterre to the Atlantic Ocean on the night of February 27.

Mr. Gerard has been through an ordeal in Berlin almost unexampled in diplomatic history. Friends in Berlin, who were in a position to have real information, had given him a *Lusitania*-like warning against sailing from Spain. There were known to be spies at his heels in Madrid, and on board the ship were special suspects, but as he sat with me after dinner that evening off Cape Finisterre Mr. Gerard, with the quiet smile that his friends all know, talked of the floating mine-field as if it were miles away.

All the same, the former ambassador was near the end of his rope when he disembarked at Corunna. There is a limit to human endurance, and he had reached it. Mrs. Gerard was very anxious to have him get complete rest on the voyage, and under her skilful management each day had shown an

improvement in the envoy's mental and physical state. Mrs. Gerard herself has stood the strain in a way that only women can, but she will be glad to get back to the rest and relaxation of home.

Mr. Gerard is a natural diplomat, with manner considerate and habits democratic. Each day *en voyage* he gathered the correspondents and translated the Marconi messages received by the ship. He is a good linguist. When he went to Berlin he realized that he must learn German and French and diligently took up the study of these languages, acquiring sufficient facility in both to hold conversations and read newspapers, a very un-American thing to do, but most useful in enabling the ambassador to hold real intercourse with his fellows and keep himself posted on German conditions through the newspapers. On shipboard he has carried about a Spanish grammar and dictionary, putting in his spare moments in polishing up his Spanish partly learned years ago in Mexico.

Mr. Gerard neither drinks nor smokes, and spends any idle time in picking up information on any subject coming within his orbit, a practice that in the long run accumulates a big stock of general information. At fifty years he has a boy's interest in everything that passes. His mental methods are very precise, and he never wanders from his point. Such a man ought to go far.

The ambassador returns home without any per-

manent plans. Either law or his Mexican interests might receive his attention, but he will have no heart for private matters until his duties as an American citizen have been fully discharged. He has no solemnity and does not take himself over-seriously, but if I judge him rightly, the facts stored up in his mind are going to be made fully available for the guidance of the United States before Mr. Gerard will consider himself free for private activities. There will be no grand-stand methods, but when he finishes, I predict that many of the present uncertainties will vanish.

Much as Mr. Gerard was honored in Switzerland, France, and Spain, his real ovation would have been in England, but his decision not to visit London at this time did credit to his judgment and taste.

Barring the subconscious sense of risk and adventure, the voyage from Corunna to Havana was without incident. The *Infanta Isabel* is a steamship of ten thousand tons. She is owned in Cádiz, and is usually in the South American trade, but she is now engaged chiefly in bringing immigrants from Galicia in northwest Spain to Cuba, which explains the call at Corunna. These immigrants are called "Swallows" here, because they return home in the autumn after enjoying remunerative employment.

The *Infanta Isabel* seemed the best and safest ship available when Mr. Gerard got ready to leave. The Spanish may be slow in some things, but this

company saw a profit-making opportunity in transporting the Gerard party, and went to it like a fire department to a general alarm. The fares averaged about three hundred dollars a berth. Sixteen hundred and sixty immigrants pay sixty-six dollars a head. They belong to Galicia, the only Spanish province where willingness to work is general among the population.

When we boarded the *Infanta Isabel* we found that she carried seventeen life-boats rated by the Company as capable of carrying fifty each, or a total of eight hundred and fifty. As the total number of persons aboard was two thousand, at the very best over eleven hundred persons would have had to be abandoned in case of accident.

Optimism and geniality prevailed in the saloon, but there was some anxiety at the back of everybody's head. Fritz is a crazy fellow on the sea, and there was no knowing what might happen if war were declared on the voyage.

One day a rumor spread that the course of the ship had been suddenly altered to avoid a raider, the new *Moewe*, reported near by a passing steamer. Discussion brought out the fact that several Americans on board the ship knew the commander of the *Moewe*, Count Dohna, personally. They had a high regard for him, and believed that he would behave gallantly if we fell in with him.

One vexation of the voyage was the unsatis-

factory wireless news. We were left absolutely in the dark as to the extent of the loss of life on the *Laconia* and whether the sinking constituted a *casus belli*.

The adjournment of Congress was reported, but there was nothing definite about any delegation of power to the President.

The German scheming to entangle Mexico, which was apparently tantamount to a declaration of war against America by Germany, got us excited.

After discussing the situation in Germany for eleven days, my conclusion is that the shortage of food is more serious than has been believed outside. The present condition is not one of actual starvation, but there is much suffering in spots, and Germany faces a crisis between now and harvest. Unless the submarine war prospers, Germany can hardly escape an upheaval.

One doctor on board the ship tells me that even with his unusual facilities he was much reduced by the lack of fats, and when he reached Zurich he was so ravenous that he made himself ill by devouring everything greasy. Lack of fats caused an incessant gnawing, and nothing would "stick to his ribs." His stomach had no food reserve, and intestinal digestion was suspended.

The misery resulting from the food conditions is observable in every face. The Government took all possible precautions, but while sixty per cent.

turnips could make bulk, it could n't make nutriment. A thick soup of cabbage and turnips, a bit of meat, and a trace of grease could be bought at the community kitchens in the cities for six cents (thirty pfennigs) and bread at one cent a slice, but thirty minutes after eating one was hungry again.

The diet gave no power of resistance to the cold. The Americans who serve as prison inspectors say that even with huge furs they almost froze this winter.

Mothers and babies are without milk, and the suffering is great. While the effect of the food conditions on the public morale is temporarily offset by hysterical loyalty, in the end physical causes must prevail over psychological.

The present semistarvation contrasts with what the Americans would consider gluttony before the war, when it was not unusual for a prosperous German to eat seven meals a day. The full stomach was regarded as the sovereign remedy for all ills. The early stages of reduced diet benefited some people, but that point has long been passed.

Throughout these trying times the German women have been showing splendid nerve. They are taking men's places at manual labor. Many assure me that if the women are called, they will respond in tremendous numbers, game to perform many trench tasks if they do not actually do full military duty.

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The moral and social conditions are entirely unlike old Germany. In high society spying and intrigue prevail. Nobody trusts anybody, and conversation is all insincerity and deception. While the unwritten law still holds among the nobility, the laws regulating divorce are a dead letter.

Soldiers at the front and wives at home are freed from marital restraints. Illegitimate births now reach twenty-five per cent. in Berlin, and even more in Bavaria, and the percentage is increasing.

Popular taste on the stage calls for a murder in every act, and the big theatrical successes reek with morbid details.

The tendencies in Germany to rule womankind with a rod of iron have been emphasized by the war. Men use women roughly and punish them physically for trifling faults. Women are treated as recognized inferiors, and they don't resent it.

Such are some of the effects of baffled militarism upon the Germans. They went into this war expecting a three months' picnic. The resistance, followed by a threatened defeat, has produced a perversity that breaks out as described.

This is not to say that Germany is all bad. I have heard stories of some splendid self-sacrifice in all circles. Some of the aristocracy voluntarily adopt short commons, and potato rations are passed to guests in palatial houses by liveried servants.

German heroism in the army and navy is just as

fine as in any countries, but the curse of centuries of militarism is heavy upon the people. Napoleon said that "Prussia was hatched from a cannon ball," and she is paying the price for what she has inflicted upon Europe not only by punishment in battle, but in the recoil upon herself of her own savage force.

One point absolutely free from contradiction among the American refugees is Germany's entire faith in the submarine. Differences on the subject have disappeared, and the people all want the campaign pressed home regardless of consequences. There is not the slightest doubt in Germany that within three or four months England will be starved into submission.

The situation in regard to America is very simple. The result of the submarine war will be so conclusive, it is argued, that America will not matter. Germany does not believe in America's fighting inclination or ability. The rupture with the United States came as a complete surprise. She has always thought that President Wilson was bluffing, and that America was afflicted with some sort of disability on the fighting side. Never since Mr. Bryan assured Ambassador Dumba that the militant tone in the early notes was for effect in America has Berlin believed that President Wilson fully meant what he said or would in any circumstances go to war.

Our conduct towards Mexico has tended to con-

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firm the German theory. The way we handled military activities allayed any German fear of America as a military opponent. As one correspondent put it, "When America waited a week for Pullmans to send the militia to Mexico, Germany stopped fighting one whole day to have a loud laugh." Germany is glad to get freight-cars with straw in the bottom for transporting soldiers.

The particular American thing that Wilhelmstrasse worries about is money. She can get along without it by swapping jack-knives with herself, but a few billions mean much to England and France just at this time.

Then there are those ten million persons of German stock whom Germany is just beginning to rate accurately as Americans instead of Germans. When the hysterics over submarines permit the thought, Germany cannot help recalling that the United States is terribly big with its one hundred and ten million population; that it has a useful navy; that in ingenuity and industry it leads the world; and that, finally, its action will have a potent influence on Entente morale.

For all this Germany had a clever little scheme if only a cog had n't slipped. It was to give America something to think about on the Pacific. The Berlin contingent had previous knowledge of this Mexico-Japanese conspiracy, and were keen for details when the wireless brought the bare announce-

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ment. As one journalist put it at the time, instead of really meaning peace when proposing it, "Bethmann's design was a rainbow painted on a drop scene which was meant to rise again on a very ugly tableau."

There is an agreement of opinion on this steamship that if war breaks out, America should make war from the word "Go." Germany relies upon American indecision, procrastination, and general amateurishness, and will herself cover her preparations for the most cruel blow by an outward show of reluctance. It is felt that "Hit quick and hard" should be the motto. War with Spain and Mexico furnishes no basis of comparison for action against a power that knows the war game backwards.

Everybody who has seen Germany is praying for President Wilson to throw personal and political considerations to the winds, open a new book of war policy, and, irrespective of party, write in it the names of the best men in America to help the President to use America's vast resources against the enemy. To fight Germany with Algers and Shafter's because such men are friends of the administration or because their dismissal would give pain is looked upon by Americans returning from the European theater as unthinkable.

England has just dismissed Asquith for waiting, and France has relieved glorious old Papa Joffre because he was willing to give ground at Verdun

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if necessary to save precious French lives. Let America, say returning citizens, begin at the point reached by these countries, instead of incurring huge costs in time, money, and men by learning by actual experience. At such a time party lines mean no more "than boundary lines in Noah's flood."

CHAPTER VI

AMERICAN MEN OF THE WAR

GENERAL PERSHING

August 14, 1917. It is doubtful if any other man has been more in the public eye of Europe these last few weeks than General John J. Pershing. The English and French public have watched General Pershing with the interest that centers in the head of one of the greatest movements the world has ever seen.

General John Pershing has been a leader all his life. He took charge of his father's farm in Missouri at fourteen years of age, and taught country school for three years. He wanted to be a lawyer, and refused an appointment to the naval academy at Annapolis. At seventeen, while attending the State normal school, he determined to enter for the examination for West Point. He won against sixteen other contestants. He was cadet captain and was, and is still, captain of his class. This combination is still a unique distinction.

Pershing has constructive abilities of a high order as was shown by his work in the Philippines. He is

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a field soldier, a fighting man with an acknowledged superiority for training soldiers.

Pershing is deeply optimistic. Neither middle age nor trial has narrowed or embittered him. He has the rare combination of optimism and dignity and restraint. One feels his warmth and sympathy at the first contact, and the effect is enhanced by a certain shyness of manner. He impresses you as much by what he refrains from saying as by what he says. You feel that he is a man who will not "spare his stroke" in action, but will never offend good taste. He has that nice balance that is sometimes more than mental, a combination of good sense and right feeling.

He is a very sincere man. Every officer associated with him swears by his sterling quality. He has what is commonly called magnetism. One will not often meet a man with more of it than belongs to the commander of the American expeditionary force.

Pershing is a name to conjure with in Paris just now. To mention the fact of having come over in the same ship with him is enough to attract a crowd. In a fruit-store where I was buying some cherries the proprietress, detecting that I was an American, said triumphantly, "Oh, I have seen your general!" I told her I had sailed across the ocean with him. Her face expanded into a smile, and she emitted a long "A-h-h-h-h!" Then she tried to per-

suade me to accept the cherries as a token of her regard for General Pershing in particular and America in general.

General Pershing has a pretty good knowledge of French, enough to read the French papers without difficulty. He is naturally a bit timid about trying to speak in French, but I suspect that he is taking lessons and will soon get back what he has forgotten and add some more. He has enough French to enable him to take advantage of diplomatic opportunities as they present themselves. For example at the Opéra Comique last night, when in the intermission a toast was offered "*A l'Amerique*," he promptly came back with "*A notre France*." It was an instantaneous hit to "make a marriage," as the French say, between the two countries.

His diplomacy is remarkable. It rests largely on a sincere heart and a fine presence. He feels just what he acts, and he acts with a natural sense of the fitness of things. Another factor in the wonderful impression made here is a certain gift of soldier-like speech possessed by Pershing. The other night at M. Painlevé's dinner after the host had spoken the diners all looked toward the guest of honor. The general turned to Ambassador Sharp and said, "Am I expected to say something?" M. Painlevé heard the question and answered it with "Oui, oui." General Pershing rose and spoke

a few sentences. They were entirely extemporaneous; he never prepares anything. His words have been quoted everywhere in private conversation and have had a fine effect on the French public.

As a diplomat, I doubt if he is surpassed in the service of any country. He begins with the advantage of looks, though he has none of the drawbacks of masculine pulchritude. If a sculptor were commissioned to make a heroic statue to represent West Point, he could n't do better than take General Pershing as his model. Nor is he merely a military figure. His personality is equally typical of the best American strength and manhood.

These personal attractions and graces are used with a naturalness that won Paris instantly. I doubt if there is another man of any race who at this moment could bring to bear a greater influence on a Paris crowd if occasion should demand it. It may be set down as a certainty that in all dealings with the French public and in his relations with the statesmen and generals the American commander will "do his country proud."

No less promising are what may be called his business methods. He is devoted to his work. He never tires of the routine and he never worries. He is a perfectly healthy, normal man. There is not an iota of morbidity in his composition.

During the period of misunderstanding and miscarriage in the censorship I had frequent occasion

to talk to him and must have expressed my sense of grievance with considerable emphasis. He encouraged me to do so. One day I said to him:

"General, you have enough responsibilities; I am not going to worry you with faultfinding about the censorship."

"Well, if you are letting that idea trouble you, dismiss it," he replied with a smile. "I don't let anything worry me. I try to do a good day's work, and when it is finished, I go to bed. And what is more, I go to sleep."

A wonderful doctrine if a man can only live up to it! And General Pershing does absolutely. Perhaps it is largely a matter of sound health. This is his one sensitive point; he would rather be accused of dereliction than be thought ill.

Perhaps that is a survival of the farmer boy's pride of strength. The farmer boy is always bobbing up in Pershing. Linn County, Missouri, would be proud to see the evidences of her early imprint on the man whose farming now consists in an occasional look from the window or porch at the most beautiful garden in all Paris, for such is the garden of the great house that Ogden Mills has lent the general. This is a garden, Linn County must know, not for vegetables, but for flowers, trees, and green grass. It is behind the rue de Varenne, in the very middle of Paris.

General Pershing's don't worry policy is part of

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a philosophy that he has worked out and that he practises in his daily life. He believes in difficulty as the very staff of opportunity. A man that could chase Villa while enduring Carranza and still keep his temper and serenity has a right to be considered a seasoned optimist. Even war-worn Europe seems pretty good after Mexico, of which it has been sung:

More rivers and less water,
More cows and less milk,
Further to look and less to see,

than any other country in the world.

General Pershing has a right to his view of the relation between difficulty and opportunity. If he should become a great general, a co-deliverer of civilization from the onset of Hun barbarism, history would put him alongside Lincoln and Grant in respect to early hardships and their influence on his development.

When the President's address of April 2 reached Mexico and was read by General Pershing at his headquarters, he could n't restrain his enthusiasm. There was no self-seeking in his feeling. He had n't then the faintest idea of commanding the European forces. He was deeply stirred by the great address when he read its pregnant and eloquent sentences, and jumping to his feet, gave his feelings full vent in the presence of the soldiers

and newspaper correspondents who happened to be in his headquarters.

"I'd rather live to-day and have some part in these great things," he said, "than to have lived and occupied the highest station at any previous time in history. We are going to establish democratic institutions in the world for all time, and every man who can have a share, however small, in the work may be proud."

Such is the type of man. Whether he possesses the diversified abilities, whether he can be the many different kinds of man necessary for carrying on to the end, remains to be seen. But he has the gifts of diplomacy and organization.

General Pershing is cautious and considerate. He has a good heart and an abundant sense of humor. Marshal Joffre said to me: "General Pershing will never do anything rash. He will consider first and act afterward." You can put this over against what an English statesman with American associations said to me the other day about a great executive position, "We want a man for that job who is willing to take a chance of spilling the beans."

COLONEL HOUSE

Colonel House is the son of an Englishman who settled in Texas about the middle of the last century. Contrary to the general idea, House is not cold and reserved, but unusually emotional. The

secret of his success is his self-discipline. He controls his temper, knows how to wait for things to come about of themselves, and brings to the carrying out of all his schemes a persistency as amiable as it is tenacious. The colonel has learned in business and politics that it pays to let the other fellow live. Instead of stamping all over him and taking his self-respect away, he ministers delicately to his vanity. In fact, the colonel is a shrewd student of human nature, and it is largely through the use of that knowledge that he wins his successes.

As is well-known, Colonel House is slight of stature and very unpretending. Those seeing him for the first time are not very deeply impressed. He is fond of telling stories illustrating his own unimpressiveness. And, by the way, a more frank, genial companion, it would be hard to find.

I rather imagine that he sees the humorous side of his own importance and immense activities and mentally harks back to the good old days in little old Austin. His rule of life would not permit him to experience the slightest sense of self-importance as the result of the unique rôle that he is playing. That would spoil the game as he desires to play it. He practises such rigid simplicity that it almost amounts to affectation. What other men commonly do to push themselves to the front he studiously avoids. If he can dodge an ambassadorial dinner, he counts it a point won in his little game.

"Mrs. House comes along to attend the lunches and dinners that I am obliged to miss," he said the other day. The colonel would much prefer dining alone with an old friend and talking about amusing experiences and old times in Texas.

The other night, referring to a cablegram that we were discussing, he asked me if I expected to send it. I replied in the southern lingo that we both know: "I done sent it." At that a broad smile lit up his gentle face, and he told the story of an encounter between old Bill McDonald and Bat Masterson.

"There were some preliminary proceedings of a hostile character between the two famous desperados, and Bat said to Bill, 'Are you trying to pick a row with me?' 'I done picked it,' replied Bill, his pistol leveled at Bat about three paces away." The colonel might himself have been one of those mild men who so often were the quickest with their guns in the palmy days of the Texas ranger.

Colonel House has always been rather ostentatious in his avoidance of oratory. In fact, if he should get on his feet without a manuscript in his hand, his tongue would probably cleave to the roof of his mouth. He dodged the spectacular meeting in the cabinet room at No. 10 Downing Street probably because he thought it would be incumbent upon him, if present, to act as Lloyd George's oratorical "opposite."

In Paris, however, the time came when a speech was required of him by the proprieties. The occasion was the final meeting of the conference. He had the speech type-written in his pocket, and he must have delivered it with some effort at declamation, for when he walked into the Hôtel de Crillon with his son-in-law and secretary, Gordon Auchincloss, the latter remarked, "The colonel has at last broken into the oratory class," whereat the colonel blushed.

Colonel House occupied the rooms in the Crillon known as the Thomas F. Ryan suite. It is in these rooms that the well-known New Yorker always lives in Paris. Adjoining is a smaller suite that was assigned to Lloyd George. From the prime minister's privacy every one was rigidly excluded, even his private secretary sitting in the outside hall. Contrariwise, Colonel House's reception-rooms were overrun with visitors of all kinds including representatives of the press. These latter got very little except courtesy. The colonel received his company in an inner reception-room well guarded by secretaries. Mr. Auchincloss was the head of the secretarial staff. To use a "darkey" expression conveying much, this young man has got "a heap of sense." The colonel leans on him and Auchincloss is an ever-present help. Like his distinguished father-in-law, he does not take himself too seriously, and sees the humor in everything.

Mrs. House goes along with the expedition quietly and helpfully. She is never in the way, although Colonel House takes her everywhere with him. On the journey to the American camp not only Mrs. House, but Mrs. and Miss Sharp, as well as the colonel's secretary, Miss Denman, were of the party. While at American G.H.Q. an officer came up with a spiked helmet left by a German officer on the battle-field of the Marne, and presented it to Mrs. House. It must have been a souvenir that she had wanted very much, for she thanked the officer again and again. While inspecting the training-camp, Colonel House was given a rifle, and fired several shots like an expert.

At the Crillon, as at other hotels, they give employment to wounded soldiers. One, whose business is to stand in front and open carriage-doors, has a very pleasing personality. He wears on his breast several military medals won in the trenches. One day when Mrs. House came out she noticed the decorations on this gallant fellow now serving in a humble capacity, and immediately stopped and came to a salute in front of him. He immediately returned the salute and the two stood facing each other for a few seconds before Mrs. House entered her car. It was a pretty incident, specially as Mrs. House thought there were no witnesses.

December 1, 1917. Lord Northcliffe to-day re-

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ferred in glowing terms to the American mission to the Allied conference and its worth, repeating what he said a few days ago about Colonel House's wisdom. Concerning the junior members he remarked:

"The American mission is suffering from the right kind of disease, youth. I dare say that there are those who would like to see their places filled by lean and slippered pantaloons, with long beards, but I like youngsters best for results. I have been in daily contact with them at the conference, and those I deal with are live wires, fully charged.

"Colonel House has reduced the vast assemblage of Allied nations to a series of small business committees, and thus hot air was entirely eliminated from the start. I cannot reveal the conference secrets, but when I looked at the gilded chamber where it first met, and realized that every man was loaded with a speech, my heart went out in gratitude to the wise colonel who had dammed the flood. As it was, Clemenceau in his opening remarks took less than two minutes, and soon our meeting broke up, and everybody settled to work."

NEWTON D. BAKER

Secretary Newton D. Baker has created a generally good impression among army people, and in all circles abroad the talk about him is favorable.

His association with Tom Johnson in Cleveland, his supposed pacifism, and an unfortunate slip in a campaign speech combined to start a kind of hue and cry against him. Parenthetically, that is a kind of American specialty. We laud a public man to the skies or sending him hurtling in the other direction largely as our mood moves us. Over here I find much optimism about Baker. He is regarded as a "comer." His background of radicalism, his imagination, his intellectual quality, and his open-mindedness line him up with men who are doing things on this side like Lloyd George and Painlevé. Incidentally, I have heard from more than one source that whatever Secretary Baker's bent of mind may have been with regard to the war back in Cleveland, in Washington and in new conditions he is a war man to the hilt.

From the political point of view his natural bias towards liberalism puts him in tune with the prevailing spirit of the time, and he may cut a good deal of figure in public affairs before the war and its various consequences pass away. The Bolshevik storm now raging over Russia will take its course, like all other world movements, westward. Such men as Mr. Baker, whose convictions are rooted in temperament, and who are, therefore, deeply sincere and unchangeable and, while sympathetic with the masses, have intellectual training

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and social stability, will be fit interpreters of popular instincts and aspirations if the movement referred to should sweep to America.

CHAPTER VII

FRENCH MEN OF THE WAR

MARSHAL JOFFRE

May, 1917. I doubt if I would have gone to the city hall but for one thing. I wanted to see what manner of man Marshal Joffre was. His photographs and the accompanying descriptions have caused most of us to visualize a jovial, rotund man. I saw a man very different from that, and yet I would not be able to point out the difference point by point. I think it is mostly a matter of eyes. A photograph cannot convey subtleties of expression, specially those of the eye, and yet they make all the difference.

A tremendous and spontaneous outburst signaled the arrival of the distinguished visitors. I was near the rostrum and had a good view. Joffre seemed to me to walk with a side-wheel motion, but his step was firm and brisk. All the delegation took their places standing at the back of the platform, the marshal at the left, or north end, of the line. I thought I could see him breathing a bit hard from the exertion in mounting the outside steps, but if he should deny it, I should n't press the point. He

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saluted in acknowledgment of the applause, and at once began to survey the crowd with keen analytical eyes. He held his red cap with gold embroidery in a gloved left hand. I noted at once that he looked somewhat younger than I had fancied him. He appeared to take careful stock of the audience up-stairs and down. When his glance encountered General Leonard Wood, his face softened into a smile, but I saw no salutation.

He has a head that suggests squareness in shape, large but hardly massive. I should say that he wore a seven-and-one-half hat. He had on the usual blue jacket and red trousers, with tan leggings and tan shoes—Bluchers, if I may be allowed the word. His hands and feet were appropriate to his size and weight. I should guess him at two hundred and twenty pounds, and five feet eleven inches in height. He stands up straight and keeps his body still. I did n't see him move his feet or legs in the course of the whole hour or more, but his eyes were restless, and he often wet his lips. He showed no embarrassment: he was as unconcerned as if he had been under fire on a battle-field, and his smile was not as much in evidence as I expected. The waves of cheering made him rather shut his lips tighter. When Mayor Mitchel enumerated the list of prominent people who had assembled, the marshal knitted his brows as if slightly puzzled.

He has the poise of a great soldier. He stood for minutes together with his cap held behind him in his left hand and his right hanging at his side. His face is less heavy than it has been pictured. He has still enough hair to save him from baldness. He has rather deep-set gray eyes, and seems to have a slight defect in one of them. It is a droop of the lids. Instead of detracting, it adds to his impressiveness. I was reminded of Henry Watterston, who, to my way of thinking, is the noblest figure that has appeared on the platform in America in my time. There is a noticeable resemblance between the two men. Both have the leonine quality. Joffre's complexion suggests the wine of the country in moderation.

He will go down in history as "Papa" Joffre, but I should say that gravity and authority are stronger than tenderness in the paternal character for which he is famous.

Next to me stood a famous business man who has been prominently connected with certain phases of the war. I asked him for the reason of Joffre's popularity in America. "Foreigner that he is, he is almost the idol of the American people," he replied. "The people of the country appreciate the fact that at the Marne Joffre saved civilization." My neighbor has stated the simple fact. I began to study the figure in front of me with a fresh interest. He is precisely a man that should have been

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the hero of the Marne, the greatest battle in its relation to man's permanent interests that the world has ever seen.

At the moment of greatest peril to the greatest number in the history of this planet it was a man of Latin race—a man probably without a drop of any but Latin blood in him, and yet the very embodiment of sturdiness and poise—who stood forth as the leader. For the emergency the man had been raised up. The army and the nation rallied to him, and a new France was born.

He did his work, and when the time came to give way to those who had not spent themselves, he answered the call quietly, as he had done that other call in August, 1914.

And now in obedience to the will of the country that he has served so well he comes on this far mission. No other man in the world would be quite so welcome as he in this country.

He could scarcely have aroused greater interest and emotion if he had still been in active command of the French armies. To the American mind the prefix "ex" usually conveys disillusion, but Joffre has sunk deep into the American consciousness, and vicissitudes of rank do not affect the glamor that surrounds his name.

Such a man as Joffre must be appraised by history and posterity. His merit on the technical side only soldiers can determine. It is in point of

character and citizenship that he seems to me to merit the greatest measure of esteem and gratitude. I was in Europe when the war broke out, and knew of the poignant anxiety that came home to Allied countries after the battle of Mons. All who were informed as to the facts realized that the Germans possessed the only military machine in existence. After the sudden fall of Namur it realized that nothing short of a miracle could save Paris and the channel ports. The English could and did put into the field eight divisions of good, seasoned troops. The French had a serviceable army in point of numbers, and there were generals who knew strategy and tactics. The great question was whether there was a Man with a capital M among them.

The French are wonderfully responsive to leadership, and the inquiry in everybody's mind during those days of August and September was whether the emergency would produce the leader. Out of the doubt, the darkness, and the terror of that period came Joffre, and the thing about Joffre that stood out from the very first was not his generalship about which a layman could know little or nothing, but his character. He was so different from what we had conceived to be the French temperament.

When we thought of the French we thought of grace, power of expression, art, volatility, yes, grandiloquence. We believed that glory, or its de-

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lusion, was more to them than truth. We expected to hear from Paris a story of the defeat of Charleroi in poesy and martial music, and after the Marne we feared a sudden tumble following the usual self-glorification.

Suddenly in front of France there stood this man whom we have been seeing in America. To see him, in my opinion, is almost the greatest privilege and distinction we have enjoyed since Lincoln's day. With beetling brow and keen eye he surveyed the scene, saw the realities, arranged an ordered plan, put an end to mental confusion, exorcised the devil of hysteria, and got down to a basis of common honesty and common sense as far as the army was concerned.

I remember that after Charleroi or Mons Joffre was asked why he suffered defeat there, and by a second question he was encouraged to say that the English failed. "The English to blame?" he replied in effect. "Not at all. They did splendidly, giving us much more help on the short notice than we had any right to expect."

"What was the trouble then?"

"My own generals. They were inexperienced, inefficient. We could n't stand against the superior expertness of the enemy."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I have already acted. I've put those officers out and put new ones in."

And he had.

That candor and honesty and utter freedom from buncombe in a French general were like a rainbow of hope and promise.

From the beginning to the end of Joffre's command there was not, so far as I could observe, a single word or act that did not contribute to stabilizing France on the new plane. Though he is all a Frenchman, his traditions and methods are more like those we have immemorially associated with the British. Not a single exaggerated statement has ever come from him. His record has been a constant and stern reproof to political levity in Paris, and an example to those who would be honest and faithful.

It may almost be said that there is no such thing as a fact in this war. Censorships have thrown a curtain over it all, and it is doubtful if history will rescue the whole truth about the war from the caves of mystification and contradiction. The most prevalent story about Joffre's retirement is that he wanted to give ground at Verdun in order to save French man power, which had reached exhaustion point. They thought that the suggestion sounded as if he might be getting old and so promoted him to Paris. As a matter of fact they but followed his own policy. Men are like electric batteries; use pulls the "juice" out of them.

Not one additional fact about the war is needed

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to assure to Marshal Joffre first place. He not only saved civilization, but he remade a nation. Joffre is the Father of France in that he instituted and established the habit of mind and force of character which have raised that country to sublime heights of consecration and sacrifice.

MARSHAL JOFFRE IN PARIS

July 8, 1917. Marshal Joffre did me the honor to receive me to-day at his office in the Ecole Supérieure de Guerre. The interview was a personal one, granted me largely on the score of my being an American.

When I suggested making some extracts from the conversation for publication in "The Times," the Marshal consented reluctantly and only on my plea that their publication might tend toward strengthening the ties between our countries.

Marshal Joffre is an interesting study here as he was in America. In his own setting he is an even nobler figure than as I saw him at the City Hall reception in New York. Yet somehow he seems to be apart from the French type as we conceive that type. I talked with him through Lieutenant de Tessan, who kindly acted as interpreter, and I had a chance to observe him closely for nearly an hour, sitting vis-à-vis to him at his flat-topped desk.

I wish I could give my impressions without either

adjectives or superlatives, to which his moderate and thoughtful personality administers silent reproof. He scarcely made a gesture. There was none of the changes in tone used with such effect by the French to give emphasis and significance to the spoken word. There was always the same restrained use of a very gentle voice. Every one in America noted that the marshal often half-closed his eyes. That must have been an effort to focus as against a defect of far sight. I saw the half-closed eyes only once to-day, and that was at the suggestion of using the talk as an interview.

Our appointment was at eleven o'clock, and the marshal did not keep me waiting a single minute, a promptness unusual in European officialdom. He met me with quiet cordiality. When I began to ask questions through Lieutenant de Tessen, the Marshal was somewhat alarmed and said that we could have a much more interesting conversation if it was understood that there was to be no interview. Above all, he would shrink from being put in an attitude of telling America what to do or of speaking a single word that might be mistaken for criticism.

Knowing that he and General Pershing had formed a friendship, I introduced our commander's name. Marshal Joffre replied:

"I met General Pershing in America and was at once struck by his poise. My acquaintance with

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him here has confirmed my early impression. Forethought and steadiness seem characteristic of him. I do not think he would act hastily or rashly. He weighs his actions carefully. Of course he is a fine soldier with admirable training. In my judgment America could not have placed command of an expeditionary force in better hands. As America has put so much of her resources into this enterprise and as she is going to be all-powerful in finishing this war, she is particularly fortunate in securing a leader who thinks before he acts. We have talked much together, and I like his ideas on military matters as much as I admire his fine personality.

"The arrival of General Pershing and his staff made an impression in France of the seriousness and strength of America. Now that the troops have landed, the impression is renewed and strengthened. It shows that you are setting to work in good earnest.

"It is a fine beginning. I can only say, keep it up, increase the speed, and never stop until you have accomplished what you set out to accomplish. The arrival of American troops on time and without a mishap reflects credit on your Government, and encourages the belief that the submarine does not present a barrier to the transport of troops across the ocean which cannot be overcome by the organization and utilization of your resources.

"All that has happened confirms my judgment of America as formed before and during my visit. I was very much impressed by the rapidity with which Americans make up their minds and still more by their quickness of action afterward. What I want to see, what I expect to see, is continuity of action on a rising scale, no let up for a single moment. The way to win the war quickly is to bring to bear every ounce on and behind the fighting line. Peace will come through the hardest possible fighting at the earliest possible moment. With her resources of men and finance America will strike the finishing blow that will bring an end of hostilities.

"I came back from America convinced of what that country was doing and could do. What I saw there I repeat now. Bring men here; bring them as fast as possible. Train them in trench and other European methods here within the influence of actual war. That is the one school for a soldier. We want men, men, men not only for actual fighting, but for work of all kinds. It is natural that the ranks of labor should have suffered depletion in these three years. We need men to work on roads, men to build and repair railroads, men for the telegraph and telephone, men for lumbering, men for every sort of labor—not all of it necessarily military or militarized, but all contributing as truly and honorably to winning the war as the fighting itself."

The marshal made these points with quiet earnestness. When he had finished, I asked him what had struck him most forcibly in his travels through America. He considered a moment and then replied:

"The deepest impression, perhaps, was that of the combination of the two contrasting qualities in the American character. Although the people are great in their material interests and achievements, they have lofty and noble ideals. I mention two proofs. America comes into this war without a shadow of direct material interest, purely to secure and establish the independence of nations. The second proof is the veneration in which those who have striven for high ideals are held by the people. The names of Lincoln, Washington, Grant, and Lafayette are universally revered."

The marshal showed deep feeling in referring to this characteristic of ours that we ourselves take much as a matter of course.

"How do the crowds of New York compare with those of Paris, the welcome to you there and that to Pershing here?" I asked.

"They are difficult to compare, they are so different," said the marshal. "The New York crowd can make a greater volume of sound because it is bigger. We have been cut down by war. But I do not concede that any crowd could feel a deeper

enthusiasm than ours on June 13 felt for General Pershing."

I assured the marshal that America would look forward to another visit from him.

"Yes; I want very much to go back after the war and take Mme. Joffre with me," he replied.

At the end the marshal tried out his English vocabulary on me.

"Good-by," he said, with a hearty handshake.

I went out through two spacious anterooms, the first tenanted by Colonel Fabry, "the blue-devil of France," who gave me a cordial, American-like greeting. In the second I stopped at a window that commands a close view of the Ferris Wheel and the Eiffel Tower, and tried to fix in my mind a firm impression of Marshal Joffre's personality while it was fresh and in some terms familiar.

The rule that no painting can take its place among the immortals of the Louvre until the artist is dead applies also to men. History will give Marshal Joffre his rating. He seems to me a great historic figure, less perhaps for his technical military genius than for his moral and temperamental leadership.

His example and influence set France on quiet ways that led to her successful resistance of Germany's onset. This quietness, bigness, and steadiness are his outstanding characteristics. He has

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not an iota of self-consciousness or personal vanity. The great moral quality in him is enhanced by a certain effect of sadness that seems to hover about his personality.

PÉTAIN

August, 1917. On the tablelands constituting the divide between the waters that flow to Havre by the Marne and the Seine on the west and those that seek the sea by the Meuse, past Verdun and Liège, great leaders have trained their armies for thousands of years. It was here that Cæsar's legions were encamped. There is a long hill, with a broad flat back, commanding a wide view in every direction, that appeals to both the utilitarian and artistic sense of the French, and it was here that Pétain came, bringing Pershing with him, to review the famous Alpine Chasseurs Division.

After the European fashion of weather it was a glorious morning. A few fleecy clouds tempered the heat of the summer sun and staged the stunts of an aviator who brought a brand-new car of a chic pattern to put the very last touch of modernity on the scene.

I had not come for the beautiful work of the crack division, the perfect marching of the infantry, the fine horsemanship of the cavalry, the smooth handling of the artillery, the inspiring music of the regimental bands, or even the presentation of hon-

ors to the heroes, who had earned their laurel wreath over and over again. I was interested in General Pétain and in the comparison between him and the other great leaders of the war who had come under my observation: Woodrow Wilson, Lloyd George, and Joffre. For it must be remembered that Pétain is not only a soldier. There may be men upon whom are conferred reserve powers greater than his, President Wilson, David Lloyd George, perhaps. But in actual power daily and hourly called upon, possibly Pétain does lead all others, for he is the commander-in-chief of the army in the country where the war is being fought.

He was distributing medals when I first saw him. A line of men about twelve in number was advanced in front of the division formation. A space separated them into two groups. An officer read out an account of the service to be rewarded in a loud voice. General Pétain advanced briskly, pinned on the medal of the Legion of Honor, or Croix de Guerre, touched with alternate cheek the lips of the candidate, receiving two hearty kisses audible fifty feet away.

There was a pretty incident in the general's selection, in pursuance of a right accorded him, of one of the candidates for the Legion of Honor. It was an extemporaneous judgment based on the record read aloud in detail. The recipient was a wiry, handsome young sergeant, and the incident

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spread a wave of pleasure over the whole division.

My first impression of General Pétain was tinged with a little shade of disappointment. Men, however great, are not gods, once you scrutinize them narrowly. Pétain might be a business man, a lawyer, or a village doctor. I remember having had much the same impression of the late E. H. Harriman. I could name half a dozen men who would make up acceptably for the part of General Pétain, and have points of resemblance with him—Frank P. Glass, for example, if he were a few inches taller, or Frank A. Munsey if he were forty pounds heavier.

General Pétain in some ways suggests General Leonard Wood. He has ceaseless energy, but is neither hurried nor strenuous. He has n't a particle of military consciousness. He is one size smaller than General Pershing, a shade less erect, and immensely less suggestive of military starch. Pershing stands like a statue, but Pétain is just an ordinary, erect, middle-aged man. He has no studied or fixed pose, but he is a soldier from the ground up.

He wore the plainest kind of gray uniform, riding-breeches, and tan puttees, with three tiny stars on each sleeve near the wristband, and a large silver medal pinned on his tunic below the left handkerchief pocket.

He has a good, wholesome face. Yet I think

it must have been there that I met with the disappointment referred to. I had pictured him as thin-visaged and frowning, with a downward look. His face is much plumper than his pictures indicate. The prominent nose seems not unlike General Pershing's, though there the facial resemblance stops. General Pétain's chin gives no line to his character, as chins are often supposed to do, and his head is of average size and shape. His cheeks have color, and his brownish eyes are kindly. He means well to you, but you must take no liberties. You tell that at a glance. He wore brown chamois gloves. His hands were frequently in action, but there is no extravagance or affectation of gesture.

I speculated that here was a man that had reached middle life without disclosing any kind of greatness. He was a colonel, and a lecturer at the war college, a good one, no more. The war came and smote deep into his nature. It started the springs of greatness, which flowed outward in the channels that opportunity opened. But all his habits had been formed by patterns of mediocrity. There were no characteristics struck out by that indulgence of the ego, that self-development which genius is privileged to practise from boyhood.

It therefore happens that Pétain is actually as plain as an old shoe. He does n't play to the galleries. You are sure that he is not thinking of himself, not even glimmeringly. His mind is on his

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number, and it is n't number one. In fact, the impression he gives is always that of sincerity in what he is doing. He does n't do one thing and think of another. He is on the job, so to say, every minute. If he is pinning on a medal, he is looking at it and thinking about that particular medal; and so when he is kissing. I observed that he was careful to take the kiss on the cheek. Remember, by the way, that this is a French ceremonial kiss and does n't mean the same as a kiss does with us.

Now the military business is over, or at least there is an interval between the first and second parts, the latter the review proper. What does the general do? Go off and take a rest or talk to the American generals? Not at all. There are a lot of French spectators, some who have suffered recent losses, and others just villagers, or farmers, and their families from the country-side. General Pétain makes the round of them. And let me say right here that I never saw anybody meet people better, not even the late President McKinley, whose genuine love for his fellow-man made him sincere in his human contact and therefore a good "mixer." General Pétain must like it or he could n't do it so well as he does. You must always, here in France, remember that there is more of a certain kind of democratic feeling than with us. There was no sense in this crowd that they were enjoying condescension from a great military

grandee, as equally, of course, there was not a shadow of thought of its bestowal. Pétain kissed the babies and shook hands with the grown-ups as if he had been brought up to this business instead of to soldiering.

I happened to be among the crowd as the general came along. He stopped, shook hands with me, and passed the time of day, displaying a lively interest when I mentioned the name of my paper. And I may tell you that he securely fixed my vote for any office for which he ever stands when, hours later at another place, he remembered me, stepped out of the military circle, gave me a real handshake, and an "Au revoir."

General Pétain is without a certain mystery and magnetism that characterize Joffre; nor has he the avoirdupois. No one else can speak in that soft monotone of Joffre's, a tone in which one might read a psalm. Pétain has fixed his place as a soldier. He took over the command in most extraordinary circumstances of difficulty and splendidly has he made good.

Such was the commander-in-chief of the French as he went about his appointed tasks on the day before the latest Verdun attack. Perhaps his review was in connection with that big offensive. If it was, General Pétain had gone through all the great planning without the effort's having left any mark of strain. There was no sign of excitement.

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Here is a man who will attend to all that has got to be done, big and little, and then have time and energy left over for the unexpected. My guess would be that his work is never in arrears. There is no feverish haste and, therefore, no lost motion, but he is hard at it all the time. At the need of France came Joffre, and then Pétain.

PAINLEVÉ

June, 1917. Before going to see the minister of war I had formed the impression that M. Painlevé was that rarity in the ranks of science, a great mathematician whose genius was not an excrescence, but an integral part, of an all-round, great man. When I met him in his office I found him unexpectedly young not only in appearance, but also in his unjaded outlook on life and war. One could not imagine him as the war minister under Napoleon, but he fits into the picture of a period that, though entirely lacking in supermen, can lay claim to supermankind.

In the anteroom of M. Painlevé, the minister of war, there is a billiard-table and a rack of cues. I did n't learn whether M. Painlevé is himself a player or whether the outfit belonged to one of his predecessors. To see the billiard-table all ready for play in that anteroom gave a human touch to the picture. But I could n't help thinking what would happen in our Puritanical America if a

Secretary Daniels or Secretary Baker should instal cow-boy pool in his anteroom. And yet, if they took the time for a little "cow-boy pool" or some other game every day, might they not do better work on their big problems?

When I saw M. Painlevé, he wore a black cut-away coat, a gray cravat with a jeweled pin, grayish trousers with gray gaiters made into his shoes, and purple socks. An impression of plain utilitarian tastes was conveyed by the detachable cuffs, which suggested to me that when at work in the closet of science he removes them and his coat, and hangs them on a convenient peg.

The minister is delightfully agreeable and frank. He is of medium size; his eyes are blue; and his hair is brown without suspicion of gray. His nose is retroussé, like Yvette Guilbert's, and his complexion, fresh. He is strikingly boyish for a man who has led such a strenuous life in two departments, politics and science.

Painlevé is himself a Socialist. He has been regarded for some time as a coming man in French politics. In a general way he belongs to President Wilson's school, that of the scholar in politics. As is well-known, he is a great mathematician. His scientific point of view gives him detachment, for he looks at the world in a state of war with the philosophic calm of one who knows that this planet is almost the smallest of its kind in one of the

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hundreds of millions of solar systems. On the other side, he knows that, turning from the telescope that makes these bodies visible and taking up the modern microscope, he can look at the smooth surface of his cuff button and see trees growing thereon, yea, even worms gnawing at the roots of those trees. So why get excited?

Painlevé runs as coolly as a fine high-speed engine. He accomplishes much, but does n't seem in a hurry. When I interviewed him there was none of the affectation of haste with which an official usually attempts to overawe the representative of the press. "How much time can you give me, Mr. Minister?" I inquired at the outset. "All that you want," was the amiable reply. His is a delightful personality.

While waiting for M. Painlevé to return from an unexpected conference, I had had a chance to look about under the guidance of Sub-Chief Major Herscher, and to learn something about the spirit and methods of the war office. Under the new war administration, as reorganized by M. Painlevé and M. Ribot, military economics and financial and political powers necessary for the conduct of the war are reserved to the Government itself. The powers relating exclusively to the army are put in the form of military orders by the general chief of staff, who is the medium of communication between the minister of war and the commander-in-

chief and the minister's coadjutor in the execution of military matters. Thus militarized, they pass into two separate channels, one to General Pétain for the western front, and the other to General Sarraill for the eastern front, these two being entirely separate.

M. Painlevé, who has already made a deep impression in America as he has throughout Europe, is a Socialist Republican. He is not, and never has been, an International, that is a socialist who puts socialism above his country. He had always foreseen a long war and has been a convinced *jusqu' à-bout-ist*. He is an idealist who realizes his ideals. This has been shown by his quick action in Greece,—and notably, later, in his action in sending French troops to Italy—where with Ribot and Lloyd George he grasped the nettle of intrigue and treachery.

The first word the war minister spoke to me was of President Wilson. He said that the head of the American Republic had the enduring esteem, affection, and confidence of the French people. No one else had put the case for humanity so strongly, and action had followed words, though there had been a patience and restraint that in retrospect of what had passed emphasized Wilson's sincerity.

“Out of all this terrible slaughter there may come at least a pacified humanity sated with the

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war spirit," said M. Painlevé, dwelling on the note so often struck in the President's messages.

"One of the most popular questions in France," he continued, "is the restitution of Alsace and Lorraine. They had always been properly French territory, an integral part of France, one with us geographically and in feeling, but one hundred and thirty years ago these provinces gave themselves formally and irrevocably to France. They are ours, and they must come back to us. These provinces stand morally on a level with northern France and Belgium, where Germany's acts were not those of war. Germany stole from factories property that belonged to private citizens. Such theft does not come in the categories of things for which one asks indemnity. It is a matter of restoring stolen property, and on that we shall insist.

"There can be no compromise on the outrages committed at Lille, Roubaix, and Tourcoing. And the deportations are crimes that can never be expiated."

Then we took up the subject that lies at the bottom of every discussion of American coöperation, the manufacture of air-planes and the furnishing of aviators. M. Painlevé thought this subject one of overshadowing importance, although he, in common with every one else, shows the liveliest enthusiasm when the talk is of American soldiers for the French trenches.

Two phases upon which we dwelt were standardisation and the coördination of American with French activities. Parts of air-planes, he said, should be manufactured and shipped to central plants in France just as Ford makes parts in Detroit and ships them to Long Island City and Boston to be erected into cars. In addition, he thought there should be factories for making parts in France. The minister believed that the practical men associated with the government commissions in Washington would see right through this enormous problem and bring it to a prompt solution. His interest in the matter is intense, but it is on the battle front rather than in coping with submarines that M. Painlevé sees the surest utility for aviation.

"It enables you," he said epigrammatically, "to have eyes yourself, to put out your enemy's eyes, and to deal destruction at points not otherwise reachable. Time is the essence of this matter. England, America, and France must work together here and not lose a moment."

M. Painlevé is a pioneer in the field of aviation, and he looks forward after the war to an enormous development of air transport that will include passenger traffic and light freight, such as mail, which he expects to be air-borne from Europe to America, and from France to all her colonies.

He was one of the first passengers in an air-

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plane, having gone up with Wilbur Wright at Auxerre in 1908, and momentarily held both time and distance records. He lectured at Commander Roch's school on the mechanics of aviation, and in the Chamber of Deputies obtained the first credit for that service. In 1910 he recommended to the minister of war the creation of a flotilla of a thousand air-planes in five years, which was thought then to be chimerical. He is convinced that America can accomplish wonders in this field, but deprecates figures that could only be made good by a miracle.

"We do not expect impossibilities even from America," said the minister.

When asked why Paris enjoyed immunity from air raids, a question asked frequently in America, M. Painlevé suggested the obvious fact that over the battle lines the French and English air-craft form an almost impassable barrier. German cities, for the most part, were similarly protected, and reprisal on Germany for raiding England was thereby rendered very difficult. I was reminded of what M. Reinbach told me, that England's reprisals were "bosh in two senses."

When I asked for a pronouncement on the Russian situation, M. Painlevé said:

"The news now coming from Russia through M. Albert Thomas and Mr. Root may be regarded

as favorable, and encourages the optimism I have felt on the subject."

M. Painlevé having answered all my questions, I asked if there was not some message peculiarly his own that he could give me for America.

"Yes," he promptly replied. "At the beginning something was said here that touches the sensitiveness of Americans. The remark was that when you came in we could send back the old classes from the trenches. It touched the American spirit, and from some quarters there was a response, 'What! are we just to fill up the gap made by the withdrawal of old men?'"

"Let me say that if in the course of five or six months you gave us one hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, what number you will, of splendid American soldiers, we would withdraw from military service such men as could be spared and would cost us the least sacrifice of strength there, and restore them to the economic life of France wherein age does not carry with it a corresponding degree of deterioration. We should thus derive the greatest possible net gain from the generous aid of our American ally: and a gain for one is a gain for all.

"Another matter I will touch on is the value of your aid in reconstructing our railroads. This help is in no sense less valuable than that in the trenches,

and those who work on our transportation lines serve France and the Allied cause. We hope for American speed and efficiency in this reconstruction, and if it would appeal to your pride of superiority in railroad building, we would be glad to set aside a particular railroad for American engineers and workers.

"One word more," said M. Painlevé, his face growing grave. "In the name of France I want to thank the American nation for those who came to us in advance of any declaration—doctors, nurses, aviators, soldiers, and ambulance men, many of whom have given their lives."

CHAPTER VIII

BRITISH MEN OF THE WAR

THE RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

January, 1917. I say at the start that this is neither a character sketch of the prime minister nor a report of the big meeting held at the beautiful and historic Guildhall.

Mr. Lloyd George took his welcome very quietly, showing but a trace of response as he stood at the rail of the platform. The crowd sang "For he's a jolly good fellow," but the song limped, and the performance was more spiritless than the same thing would have been in New York. Then Mr. Lloyd George sat down next to his little daughter, a pink-cheeked girl, who had come with Mrs. Lloyd George a few minutes before. The wife of the prime minister wore a black hat, with a plume and a gold buckle, and a velvet wrap trimmed with fur, and a collar of muskrat. She had on a dark silk frock and white gloves with black stripes. She is a large, wholesome-looking motherly woman.

When the prime minister took his seat he surveyed the crowd and twirled his watch-chain, after first putting his right ankle on his left knee, where it stayed during about twenty minutes of Mr.

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Bonar Law's speech. From time to time he took his gold *pince-nez* into the hand that was not busy with his watch-chain. After looking straight out into his audience for a while, his eyes sought the vaulted ceiling of the Guildhall. I could observe that he was not studying Gothic architecture, but was further preparing himself for the speech he was to make later.

Some men have hands larger than their feet, and some have it the other way round. Mr. Lloyd George's feet are small, and he seemed to have taken considerable pains over his boots. His hands are large and strong. He wore a standing collar with wings upon which his double chin rested comfortably. He is much cleaner-cut than his pictures represent him. He would seem to have a greater degree of health and less spiritual quality than I had supposed.

His eyes looked brown or black, but the man next to me said that they were in fact dark blue. One expects large eyes in such a man, but the prime minister's seemed smallish. He has a very merry twinkle in them, and that is one of his most marked characteristics. You feel that here is a reformer, but one who does not take himself too seriously. He is not so terribly in earnest as to fall over his own feet. I should say that he had taken to himself the wisdom of Plato's counsel: "The best is frequently the enemy of the good."

Mr. Lloyd George whispered something to his daughter and smiled, and it gave me a chance to note that his face is built along curved lines. If I may speak so of so great a statesman, his mouth has a cupid bow effect. He has a small nose and delicate nostrils. While his color only comes when he exerts himself in speaking, he is not pallid, and there is not the slightest suspicion of weariness about him.

The lord mayor introduced the prime minister, and I noticed with interest that he dropped the "g" as in reading, which made me feel quite at home. When Lloyd George arose I got a new impression of him. He was quite free from self-consciousness when the great audience gave him its ovation. As he stood up with his hands on the rail, I noticed the depth of his chest, and how flat and straight his back was. He was dressed in a cut-away coat, quite in the prevailing style of exaggerated tail. He wore a black four-in-hand, with a very small diamond pin in it. But for his hair of black and white in the proportion of fifty-five, and worn long and brushed back, Lloyd George would be quite the conventional type of professional man.

There is just a suggestion of Bob Ingersoll and W. J. Bryan in his appearance. In a general way he belongs to the breed of statesmen who react sensitively to the aspirations, needs, and wrongs of

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the masses: but he is a very high type, and whatever visionary qualities he may have started with have been pretty well knocked out of him by his experience in the stand-up and knock-down fighting of parliamentary government. A man cannot get very gay with the hard facts if he is subject to the hazing that is the principal sport in the House of Commons. Lloyd George is very careful not to get on a high key, but he possesses a dramatic quality that he sometimes calls into use.

Except at these rare moments the coming and going of reporters and stenographers, who made a confusion between the speaker and his audience, had no psychological effect upon the impression he was producing. He was not seeking for rapt attention. A phrase that occurred now and again throughout his remarks was, "You may depend upon it." If he had it in mind to convey a strong impression of dependability he succeeded admirably.

When cameras were fired at him early in his speech and clouds of smoke floated over him, he was not in the least disconcerted; nor did it spoil the effect of his opening. When he touched a high point—for example, after his allusion to rebuilding on the rock of vindicated justice—he seemed to make a point of putting on his glasses and consulting his notes, as if to keep himself from any flow of eloquence. He got home splendidly with the

impression of dependability when he said that he had just returned from a meeting where there had been no delusion about the magnitude of the Allies' task and no doubt about the result, that they had met like a lot of business men, looked facts in the face, and made arrangements to deal with them.

In this passage, as in others, there was no flight of oratory to fall from, and only enough spirit to prevent any impression of deadness. Like so many English speakers, he makes you feel the power of his reserve. He looks very strong physically, but he has n't a big voice, and after a few minutes to-day it broke just a little into hoarseness.

One is struck with a sense of the harmony of the whole Lloyd George, head, body, and intellectual personality. There is n't the slightest suspicion of age or waning powers. He is evidently a careful liver and keeps himself well in hand.

He made his points very telling with what we in America would regard as a minimum of effort. His allusions to the Russians who have stood with bared breasts against the Germans, his assurance that no matter how great the debt the added wealth would be much greater, his picture of England struggling before the war under a running mortgage of menace from Germany, and his statement that the nations would band together after the war to punish the first peace-breaker, were among the high points touched by him, with his feet firmly

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on the ground. While he used accent and intonation much more freely than did Bonar Law, he had a measured manner of speech that was the opposite of spellbinding.

Only at the very end did he put dramatic quality into it. He threw his notes down on the table with a gesture of having finished that chapter; then he put his hand on the red, cloth-covered rail, and spoke his last four or five sentences as Forbes-Robertson might have done with an appearance of restrained passion.

After the voting of the usual resolution those on the platform and in the audience rose and sang "God save the King." Lloyd George stood up very straight, and sang with a will. The crowd then filed out.

I fell in with Lord Claud Hamilton, and we walked over the wet glistening street to Cheapside. Lord Claud has been a Conservative member of the House of Commons nearly the whole time for fifty-one years. He and his family and his class have stood for different things than those represented by Lloyd George. I was very much interested in what Lord Claud thought about the meeting.

"I have attended a great many meetings in the Guildhall," he said, "but this was the largest I have ever seen. Lloyd George and Bonar Law

presented the matter most forcibly, and the loan will be a success."

September, 1917. A few short weeks ago many had begun to wonder if the prime minister of England had not exhausted his inner resources, and his enemies were somewhat gleefully re-examining old leadership material. Meanwhile Mr. Lloyd George, it now appears, was getting measured for a new suit of political clothes several sizes larger. They have been finished; he has discarded the old suit and put on the new. The fit seems to be an excellent one.

The men who grow are the men who become great in public life. Mr. Lloyd George may be said to have reached the pinnacle of his power and renown, but he is still a statesman in the making. No matter how big he may have been, the emergency is bigger, and to be equal to it, he must grow, grow, grow. His growth is a series of adventures. With each fresh one he acquires more sureness; with each increase in sureness he goes with a steadier step to a new success. And so the metaphor-maker, the half-baked thinker, the immature-minded visionary of a decade ago, grasps with an ever-strengthening hand the helm of world destiny.

It seems only yesterday, as I look back, that I

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saw him coming and going at the golf-club, and the Conservative breed with whom I foregathered over the whiskey and soda on the veranda scorned to turn a head toward the man who even then had put an impudent spoon into the parliamentary dish. He was to them a mountebank and a hypocrite. I recall one mighty argument that turned on the sincerity of a man who, while waxing eloquent on the grievances and sufferings of the poor, was willing always to have the best of everything for himself.

Even as late as last December, when he became premier, the average high-life opinion was skeptical of his ability to carry on. He was able to form a Government through the unexpected acceptance of the labor party of the promises he made them. Their exactions were great, but his promises jumped with them. He never was modest as a promiser. But, as in other things, Lloyd George had prescience as to what labor was prepared to do to help on the war and the new concessions that public opinion would admit in return therefor. His premiership had the distinct weakness of owing its existence and maintenance to an unsympathetic and unfriendly element in the House of Commons.

At this stage of Mr. Lloyd George's progress from demagogy to statesmanship, thanks partly to his shrewd tact and partly to the good record that

he had made in war conditions, first, as chancellor of the exchequer and, second, as minister of munitions, there rallied to his support a majority of the Tory party. People of that ilk may be lacking in imagination, their patriotism may be tinctured by self-interest or self-importance, but they are a good crowd to have behind you. They generate a comfortable warmth; their manners are good, and they stick. Their support put backbone into the Lloyd George movement. For his Government was then hardly to be regarded as a consummation; it was rather an experiment.

Lloyd George made them a handsome return in kind for their confidence. Earl Curzon, leader of the Lords, Bonar Law, leader of the Commons, Mr. Balfour, Sir Edward Carson, and Lord Derby are five of the more prominent Conservatives who share the responsibilities of the Government. Thus it was that the Tories on one side and labor on the other joined hands and made a saddle upon which Lloyd George was carried to the heights of secure power.

The Liberals were always looking about, but the more they looked the less they saw. There was no place for them to go. When Asquith fell, they were sure that the country was lost unless he came back soon to power. Out of power and not charged with the responsibility for action and results, he was a tremendous asset to the Liberal party. He

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has the gifts, without the defects, of pointed and eloquent speech. No man, not even the premier, can present the heart of the matter with greater clarity or happiness. But he was out, while his rival was in. And the premier was making hay while the sun shone. Every day, every hour, he was going over the heads of parties and their leaders to the sovereign people of Britain. Little by little he established the direct relation firmly, until at last his unfailing sense of public thought and feeling told him that when the proper moment came he could strike from his hands the shackles of party control and make them his slaves who had been his masters, the leaders of the several parties in Parliament.

I hazard the guess, and not without some little foundation for it, that during this formative period Mr. George has taken Abraham Lincoln as his model. There is a parallel in a large way between the two experiences and the two wars. I know that Mr. George has always ranked Lincoln almost first among English-speaking statesmen of all time. And I know that the life-long reading and study of Lincoln by the premier have within a few months been resumed with fresh assiduity. In the course of his eight-months' administration there has cropped out a constant analogy of policy. For example, Mr. George's ignoring of previous personal associations, his obliteration of every line of

social caste and political party, and his insistent search everywhere for ability and fitness recall the noble sacrifices of self made by the martyred President in his yearning to gain the best service for his imperiled country.

The English premier has not been called upon to endure alone and in silence the misunderstandings that were Lincoln's reward for his self-sacrifice, but he has had a terrible load to carry, and he has carried it cheerfully and bravely. There has never been a trace of melancholy in the prime minister's life. He is not sensitive. He has had more of the rough and tumble of politics than Mr. Lincoln. He has less of the meditative side. He is a "scrapper" and a practical politician. He used to fight for everything he got. In the last year or two he has been learning to rely more for his results on the play of great forces. But it was good for him that he got his training by lifting dead weights. His early experiences and hard knocks gave him toughness and made him dangerous in scrimmage, but they also prevented his acquiring for his armory that serene confidence without which absolute mastery in action can be only in the nature of a fluke.

And that is the premier's new weapon. He has won confidence in himself in full measure and has been using it like a master these last few weeks. At first his every act was introduced by a gesture

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of deference in this or that direction. It seemed to me that I could point to the precise week-end when fear ceased to exist as an element in the premier's policy.

It was on the occasion a few weeks ago of the marshaling of all the hostile forces of the press and the House of Commons, and a formidable array it was. The premier must have had private intimation in advance of others that he had the enemy beaten. He made a speech at Queen's Hall on a Saturday, and went off to Paris on a Sunday, leaving many of his friends dubious about the result of a vote in the House of Commons on the Monday, which, if adverse, would have sent the Government to the country in a general election. It was an opportunity for all those who were disaffected on various grounds, such as Winston Churchill's appointment, the Mesopotamia exposure, and Lord Hardinge's retention, the choice of Mr. Montagu for a cabinet position,—recalling unpleasant matters of the past,—the air raids, the Irish question, Lord Northcliffe, to move on Lloyd George behind a masked battery. This latter was the labor fight to increase the minimum pay for laborers in the Agricultural bill from twenty-five to thirty shillings a week.

What happened is history. The great vote of confidence that this fight resulted in undoubtedly emboldened the premier to strike for complete

emancipation from labor dictation when Mr. Henderson made the opportunity a few weeks later. Mr. George showed in that affair the quickness of action and thorough preparedness that go with deliberate planning. He won, and he is for the moment free. He is in the saddle, and on a horse bridle-wise to him and not tricky to secret signs from the labor hostler.

The premier has apparently lost little in the ranks of labor, while his gain by his audacity had been immense in other directions. Only that portion of labor capable of sacrificing the narrow interest for the broader one of country has been sincerely friendly, and that portion he still holds. Almost every other element, except the spoils-hunting among the Liberals, is marshaled in support of the Government. England to-day shows a more solid front than at any previous time. Lloyd George's well aimed blows have backed his enemies off the boards, and those who are against him now are down-and-outers and tainted with treasonable pacifism.

Yet with all the fine developing to which reference has been made there is still a certain narrowness about Lloyd George. In a limited number of things he thinks in terms of politics. He has defied parliamentary enemies, outskemed and outfought them. But, as I read him, he is still an opportunist. He would n't go against the popular

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mood, however uninformed and misled. He keeps his ear rather close to the ground.

I was discussing Mr. George, his services to his country and humanity, at an officers' mess at the American headquarters recently. The talk was in regard to a policy of absolute and public frankness about sinkings by the U-boat. An army doctor, evidently sharp on psychology, spoke in effect as follows:

"The present policy of soft-pedaling on submarine news is precisely the reverse of what is good for us and bad for Germany. We ought to put it out at its blackest. Fill Germany full of optimistic 'dope.' Let her get good and drunk on it. Then will come the inevitable disappointment. After that there will be a recovery. Give the same treatment again. Get them up as high as possible. Then will come a fall. Keep it going on these lines, and Germany will crack. There is no fortitude that can withstand that process. On the other side, looking at the facts squarely will give us an intelligent and reasoned courage and stimulate our effort. Mark my words, the war will be won by those with strength enough to face the truth at every stage and lost by those who bemuse themselves with ill-timed optimism."

BALFOUR

Every one said that after the reception to Joffre and his French colleagues there would be an anticlimax when the English came. It was certain that there could be no higher pitch of enthusiasm; any change must be downward. Perhaps Mr. Balfour himself expected an anticlimax. Possibly the greeting that New York gave him penetrated his traditional reserve; for he was visibly affected when he stood before the audience at the City Hall yesterday afternoon.

No public man in England, unless it be Mr. Bonar Law, is more coldly self-restrained than Mr. Balfour, but those who were there yesterday had the rare opportunity of seeing an Englishman, perhaps the greatest and certainly the most typical and representative Englishman, under the influence of his emotions.

Mr. Balfour is an old campaigner. He was born in 1848 and was a member of the House of Commons at twenty-six. At thirty-one he wrote a book, "A Defense of Philosophic Doubt," and from that time on has never been too busy in practical politics to disport himself in academic backwaters. He was prime minister at fifty-four, and for a number of years he was a vibrating hyphen between two elements in his own party, representing the extremes of tariff policy. He was the captain of the St.

Andrew's Royal and Ancient Golf Club; he is a cultivated musician; in his seventh decade he played in doubles of the open tennis tournament with the world's champion, Tony Wilding, since killed in action, as his partner. To top it all, Lord Northcliffe has made two campaigns against him, one when he was at the admiralty, and the other since he was transferred to the Foreign Office.

It is n't on record that Mr. Balfour ever turned a hair. But yesterday in the City Hall he was clearly embarrassed, and in a way that went to the heart of his auditors. No eloquence could have been as moving as the slight breakdown in self-control of this great kinsman from across the sea.

When Mr. Balfour came in with the mayor and his party he had a cordial reception, but less fervid and tumultuous than that accorded Joffre and Viviani. As he mounted the rostrum he applied to his mouth and face a handkerchief that he held in his right hand. He smiled pleasantly and showed a set of even white teeth. He has a fine head, fresh pink skin, a manly handsomeness of features that commands instant good-will and confidence.

By their contrast his eyes remind me of General Joffre's. His had mystery in them; they inspired me with awe; they gave him a soldier's severe mien. He bent their glance on you searchingly, almost

with menace. Mr. Balfour's eyes are blue and frankly amiable.

As a fact, many people have tackled Mr. Balfour in the last forty-five years, thinking, because of his gentleness of nature or his urbanity of manner, that fighting quality was lacking in him. They have "caught a Tartar." This impression of harmlessness was borne out in his early years by frail health and a certain dilettantism. But when Balfour has been stirred up he has always surprised his enemies by his pugnacity and staying power. His temperament is not unlike President Wilson's. Both are intellectuals, and Diderot's paradox, which has been applied to the President, fits Mr. Balfour. In some of the great crises in which he has figured he has been "a centre of human agitation in which he himself took no emotional part, though he was its intellectual prime mover."

When the question of a new Ambassador to the United States was under discussion a few months ago, I heard Mr. Balfour's name mentioned in that connection in Downing Street circles, and the intellectual congeniality of the foreign secretary and the President was remarked by men who knew both personally.

While Lieutenant-General Bridges, the very picture of a soldier, stood motionless on the left, Mr. Balfour showed restlessness. He put his *pince-nez*

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glasses on and then took them off; he folded his left arm across his chest, rested his right elbow on it, and put his chin in his right hand; he felt his cravat, put both hands behind his back, then again clasped them. This went on all through the preliminary speaking. During most of this time Mr. Balfour's lips were parted in a pleasant smile, for the mayor was saying mighty nice things about him.

When the crowd had a chance to revise its impression, it noted that all Englishmen of the party were very like men of the same sort in this country, and the similarity conveyed vastly more sense of compliment than it would have done a few short months ago. The crowd saw, too, with a certain pride of race, that the foreign secretary was the pattern of an English gentleman.

He is six feet and over, with a fine, well set-up frame. He wore a Prince Albert coat with a low turn-down collar. His shoes were calfskin and British in a certain affectation of heaviness.

I could n't help feeling that Mr. Balfour was a good deal dressed up. I have often seen him in the dining-room of a club in London where I am in the habit of lunching in the summer, and he would wear tweeds and rubber-soled shoes. He would come in very quietly, usually with a book in his hand, and nobody would notice him much, for they don't lionize their lions much in England—a good habit we ought to learn from our cousins,

now that we are brothers-in-arms. I had the impression from seeing Mr. Balfour thus that he had a contempt for dress. But of course conventionality called for a certain costume for the head of the commission; Mr. Balfour wore it, and it was becoming to him.

I could n't repress a feeling of pride in this great gentleman as he stood there, and I believe that the same feeling was general in the audience. The best thing, perhaps, about family and position is that it confers the right not to think too much about it. Mr. Balfour is one of the best-born men in England, but there is n't a trace of the kind of consciousness that sometimes goes with position. He has had in his hands the power to create peers; he could himself have had any kind of peerage. His transfer to the House of Lords would have conferred distinction upon that body. He has preferred to remain Mr. Balfour.

His mother belonged to the great house of Cecil, and the representative of the house in the last generation, the third Marquis of Salisbury, gave his nephew his schooling in politics. While the Cecils are aristocrats of aristocrats, they owe their ennobling to a sturdy and strenuous business man who a few centuries ago rendered his country a signal service and one that was, in a way, prophetic of the present mighty struggle. The original Cecil, from whom the race may well get its moral and

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intellectual vigor, was a certain Burghley who helped to organise the Merchant Adventurers' Association of London. Through the bold work of this organization London and England threw off the commercial slavery of the Hanseatic League, which had controlled the country by corrupting the court.

The first sound from Mr. Balfour's lips was when he gave the British "Hear, hear" to express his approval of the mayor's allusion to the common cause of England and America. There was what is to us a new and very pleasant mannerism in his turning to the admiral and smiling quite frankly at the reference to the service rendered by the British Navy. An American would have indicated his notice and approval much more furtively. When the mayor alluded to victory in the trenches, Mr. Balfour's hand went to his heart. It was done absently, and may have been accidental.

The mayor's introduction of Mr. Choate was followed by a beautiful incident. Mr. Choate stood on a lower level about fifteen feet away. At the mayor's mention of "New York's foremost citizen," Mr. Balfour turned to Mr. Choate with an affectionate and smiling regard. He hesitated, took a short step or two, and then went forward with outstretched hand to the American whom he had known so well and had learned to respect and love when he was Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. The

incident was free from the least tinge of the theatrical. It was characterized by such sincerity and good taste that it aroused the kind of feeling that is not spent by making a show.

Mr. Choate's allusion to Mr. Balfour's lifelong friendship for America recalled to many the Venezuelan trouble, which once brought America and England apparently so near war. It was during the Marquis of Salisbury's premiership, and it was Mr. Balfour who, as leader in the House of Commons, announced that his Government would give way virtually on the broad ground that there must never be a war between the two branches of the English-speaking race.

The English are very sensitive to heat, and Lord Cunliffe must have suffered intensely with his overcoat on. General Bridges was a military statue through it all, but the foreign secretary was perspiring freely. The room was stifling by the time Mr. Balfour's turn came. The introduction was the signal for a silk-hat salute and a general outburst that made me doubt whether even the hero of the Marne had called forth greater enthusiasm.

It was wonderful to see an American audience with a considerable portion of Irish and German Americans giving such a royal welcome to an Englishman. A neighbor at my elbow recalled with appropriate paraphrase Tennyson's lines on the welcome to Queen Alexandra,

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"Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome to thee."

Mr. Balfour took the welcome with that charm of simplicity and naturalness that is characteristic, but it could be seen that he was touched to his very center. There was not the customary sparing of gesture. On the contrary, the hands were in constant action, and his words did n't flow. But it was exactly the speech to sink deepest. He couldn't have produced a better or deeper impression by delivering an eloquent oration. As he proceeded, the applause increased, and there was a big outburst when he spoke of America's coming to England's assistance and "sharing our triumphs." He spoke with scarcely a trace of what we are pleased to call the English accent.

When he described the reception at the landing and in the street he was so affected that he had to pause for the simplest words. In telling of the shouts of welcome he said that they came "from every—every—every window, every house—" and later he began a new passage with "Ladies—"

Those of us who went out together were agreed in the view, that the occasion could hardly have been more successful in its creation of genuine goodwill, and that Mr. Balfour had produced by his simplicity and even by his halting and embarrassment, if such it was, an effect of sincerity that no rhetorical

art could have given. I think we were agreed in allotting Arthur James Balfour first place in English public life, though we all admitted Lloyd George's superior fitness for war leadership. Certainly in our little discussion Mr. Balfour was accorded first rank in all England as a simple, great-hearted gentleman.

"For he has worn without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

December 11, 1917. Lord Northcliffe has been a conspicuous figure at the Paris conference. He has been more than that, for next to the premiers and Colonel House he has been the most active man.

"We could not have accomplished what we did without him," the colonel remarked. Northcliffe has more steam than any other man in England, and I cannot recall his equal in that respect in America. His enemies say that he acts first and thinks afterwards, if at all. The truth is that Northcliffe has a wonderfully quick mind in which he maintains a most precise order. In his mental housekeeping he is assisted by one of the best memories I have ever known. He does n't know what fear is; his enemies call this lack of sensibility."

A surface judgment would be that he is literally made of indiscretion, but those who watch him

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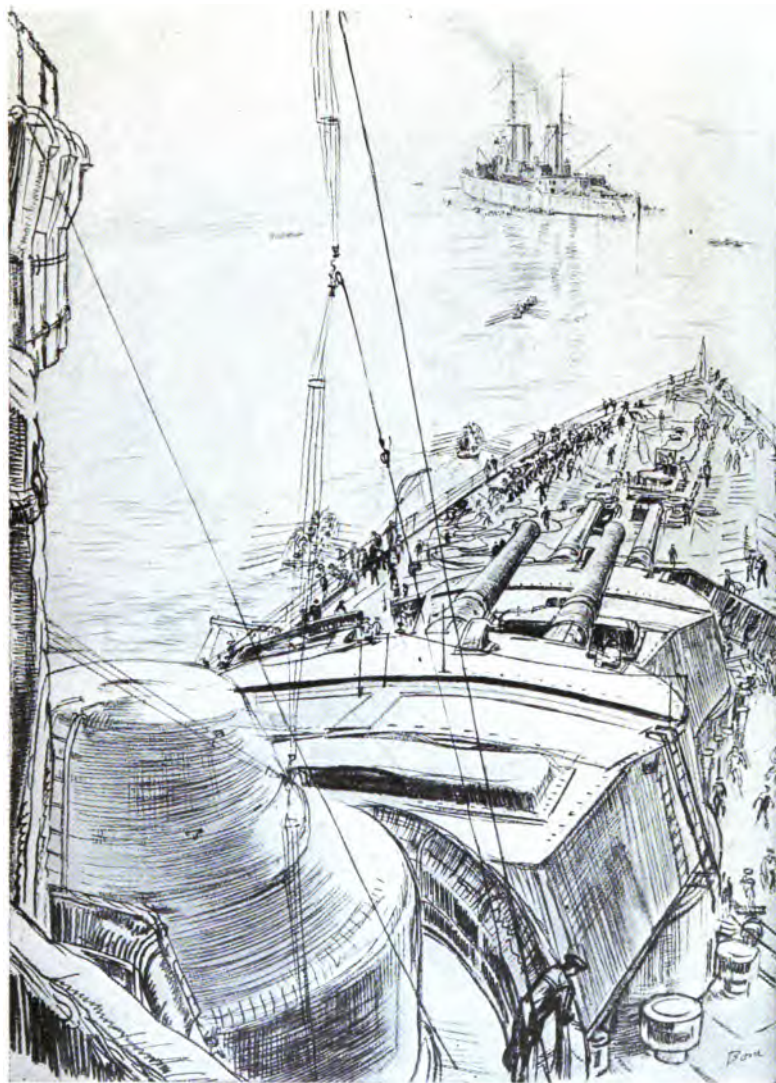
closely will not fail to notice that he always sets a mark for himself and is moving toward it even when he appears to be running wild.

He unquestionably has more to do with directing British opinion than any other man, and yet, in all except his bulldog tenacity, he is more of a new-country man than a Britisher.

The love of form and established habit that is characteristically British Lord Northcliffe has no time whatever. Prudence and tact are also left out of his vocabulary.

I could not help wondering at him the other day when he dictated for publication in "The New York Times," the statement that, of the British cabinet, Lloyd George, Milner, and Smuts were capable, with the implication, at least, that the rest were "shirt-fronts" and "rubber-stamps." Other men may achieve greatness by the toilsome methods of conciliation, but whatever Northcliffe wins will be by using both fists and a pair of stout English boots.

Wherever Lord Northcliffe is, it pleases him most to be head of the newspaper tribe. If the nobility are on one side of the road and the journalistic profession on the other, give Lord Northcliffe a chance to choose between them and he will always herd with those who have been his life-long associates, with whom he retains sympathy and affinity, and whose ability he rates higher than ability in any other line of human endeavor.



THE FO'C'SLE OF A BRITISH BATTLESHIP



A BRITISH BATTLESHIP TAKING IN OIL FUEL AT SEA

He is quick-tempered, but good-hearted to the core, and no fellow-journalist ever applies to him in vain for legitimate assistance in his work. He is never ashamed, but always proud of his profession and willing in any company to stand up and be counted a reporter.

On the morning that the Supreme War Council was to meet at Versailles, a little woman reporter met him at the door of the Hôtel de Crillon. She wanted an interview with Lloyd George, which was ridiculously impossible at such a time. Northcliffe had known her and regarded her highly, and he was at once keen to help her get what she wanted.

The prime minister, late as usual, for it wanted but a few minutes of the hour appointed to leave the hotel, was holding a conference with Balfour, Milner, and Reading. Lord Northcliffe went in and when he came out he said, "I interrupted them in an important meeting, but I apologised." On the way from the room to the carriage the woman reporter, through Northcliffe's good offices, had a chat with the prime minister and got a story that went all over the world from the "Petit Parisien."

Lord Northcliffe was here, there, and everywhere, for and with the American Mission. Since its departure I happen to know that he has been working day and night "buttoning up" work necessarily left uncompleted by them.

If there were such an office as general manager

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of the details of war, it would be difficult at this time to find any man better suited for that job. Another man who gives the same impression of hustling efficiency is Sir Eric Geddes, who, it seems to me, should have been included with the "capables" in the Lloyd George cabinet.

London, December 7, 1917. I have had an interview at "The London Times" office, in Printing House Square, with Lord Northcliffe, who is the storm center of the present political crisis. The fall of the Asquith Government follows on the continued hammering of the Northcliffe press, and Lord Northcliffe is blamed or praised according to the point of view.

"The whole country has risen to the leadership of Lloyd George," said Lord Northcliffe. "The English spirit responds to his will and determination.

"He has summoned to his council the best business brains of the country, an element that has been entirely neglected by the politicians of the late Government.

"The English are not an emotional people, but the crowds, which gathered in such numbers and with such enthusiasm at the war office to-day, showed that the English people wanted a man and they have got a man.

"I think that Americans will welcome the Lloyd

George ministry. There are likely to be two men in the new cabinet peculiarly acceptable to the United States, one of them in the foreign office, which has to deal with all the questions arising between the two nations."

Lord Northcliffe was confident of the present crisis working out in such a way as thoroughly to energize the conduct of the war. When asked whether he would enter the Government or take any active personal part in politics, Lord Northcliffe said:

"To a newspaper like 'The New York Times,' which puts into practice on a very large scale and with marked success the doctrine of promoting its own welfare by working along thoroughly impersonal and independent lines for the welfare of country and humanity, the course of the newspapers under my management needs no explanation. Throughout all these critical times the so called Northcliffe press has sought nothing for its controlling head, and for a reason that may be referred to selfish motives, if only those who examine the motives do so with an informed mind.

"Newspapers can succeed only when they are newspapers and nothing else, that is to say, when they print the news fully and fairly on the one hand and on the other comment on it, having only the public interest at heart. No purse would be equal to the strain of running a newspaper as a personal

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or political organ to promote the fortunes of its owner. Nor could such a paper ever appeal to a public broad enough to form a base on which to build a real newspaper success.

“For proof of the fatuity of journalistic endeavor in the form of the party organ a glimpse at the London field is quite sufficient. In nearly every case the abuse of the Northcliffe press comes from some pitiful failure of a newspaper that is a personal or political affair and extra-journalistic in its aims. Such journalism is a fragile mushroom and is bound to perish. To the discriminating eye the criticism indulged in by such newspapers is an unwarranted tribute to power that does not exist or at least not in the form that they apprehend. The Northcliffe press gets no power from and gives none to its director except in so far as he directs it for the good of the nation and in accordance with the demands of public opinion.

“It is true that an intelligently conducted newspaper can inform and guide public opinion, but this is done more through publishing the news than by the dictum of the editorial. ‘Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free’ must be the underlying principles of journalism in a democracy.

“To go back to the truth-telling which set the face of England toward real preparedness in this war: We were up against the condition of the Ger-

man machine-gun being equal in fighting power to one thousand English soldiers, and we were shooting shrapnel at the trenches when in the spring of 1915 the 'Times' succeeded in penetrating through the censorship with a statement of the facts as they existed in France. Coincidentally with the publication of the news 'The Daily Mail' brought home the responsibility to the war office in a series of editorials that may be described as brutally frank.

"Now nine out of ten of the unthinking blamed the director of the Northcliffe press at that time. A wave of indignation swept over the country. Charges were sprung by the privately owned and politically controlled organs. It was charged, perhaps with a color of truth, that the Northcliffe press had been largely responsible for the appointment of Lord Kitchener originally. It never occurred to these unjournalistic minds that the responsibility imposed continuing responsibility or the proper conduct of the war office.

"The advocacy of Lord Kitchener's appointment had been for public, not private reasons. It was not because he was a personal friend but because he seemed to be the man best fitted for the work. He proved his fitness except in certain particulars, and his deficiencies in those, when they became apparent, laid upon the newspaper, which had been instrumental in turning him back from Egypt to the war office, a peculiar obligation of frank criticism.

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"Its duty was to the nation when Lord Kitchener was appointed. Its duty remained to the nation when the time came to choose between duty to the nation and blind support of the war office.

"No pride of authorship, no fear of consequences, restrained the Northcliffe press when the hour arrived to save England through bringing out ugly and terrible facts. There was n't a single subscriber or line of advertising or any other immediate journalistic advantage to be gained by it. There were friends to be lost. There was misunderstanding hard to bear and not to be cleared away in a life-time. But things had to be done or all the foundation stones upon which had been built the work of a lifetime had to be uprooted and cast aside. And far beyond all that the country would continue to suffer from unrectified error.

"The criticism of the Asquith Government has been precisely the same. The charges against the Northcliffe interests of personal ambition and conspiracy and all the rest have come from imaginations fed by superabundant ignorance on the subject of independent journalism.

"Neither friendship nor enmity has had the least part in shaping the policy of our newspapers. Mr. Asquith and Mr. George would be supported and opposed if their places were exchanged. We have tried to sweep the horizon telescopically to find the strong spots for the Allied defense. We have stud-

ied the situation agonizingly for men to lead, above all, for the man who could rise to an emergency.

"The man whose development in the war conditions was the best and biggest did not happen to be in our own political camp. He was on the opposite side. His whole ante-bellum career was antagonistic to the political principles to which we adhered. That mattered not one jot. There were neither political nor personal considerations where the country was at stake.

"It is not only because of Lloyd George's record that he has the support of the Northcliffe press, but his selection has been come at by a process of elimination. He is not a man of detail, but perhaps it is better that his outlook on this great war should be unfettered by so much detail. He has great vision. He will penetrate to the realities. Things the seeing and doing of which in season would have won this war can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Not seeing a thousand unessentials is a help in seeing the ten essentials.

"Lloyd George has an enthusiasm that is in itself genius. He infects others with it, and thus they are made to put forth their best effort. His unselfishness, his sincerity, his sympathy for the common man, his pure patriotism, his insight, his boundless energy, and his power to preach to the nation the uncompromising faith in victory which animates his whole being will bring success to his leadership.

"We shall see the war stride at last. The machine will be geared to run at high speed. The unalterable resolve of this people to put forth every ounce, the very last agony of effort, will find expression in a human being responsive to that supreme will.

"And permit me to add, the leadership of the greatest democrat in the world, the most true and tried upholder of free institutions, and the most sincere champion of common people should renew and make vital and living the bonds which bind us to the hundred millions across water who enjoy the same liberty and who are of our tongue and blood."

As I was leaving Lord Northcliffe, he called me back and asked me to include the following in what I cabled to the "Times":

"A letter has been quoted here as having been received in America from a man named Trevelyan, who writes 'M. P.' after his name, and purports to put forward peace aspirations on behalf of a body of sentiment in this country. He may be a member of Parliament, (there are 670 of them,) but if he is, I never heard of him."

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

If I were asked to mention the Britisher who, I think, is most familiar and sympathetic with America and her institutions and traditions, Sir Horace Plunkett would come first into my mind.

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I have happened to see something of him on both sides of the ocean, and he seems to me to be equally at home in Washington and London. He is a friend of President Wilson and an intimate of both Colonel House and Colonel Roosevelt. The latter found in him a most helpful adviser on agricultural and conservation subjects, which he made important concerns of his administration. When recovering from the injuries received in the Irish rebellion a year ago, Sir Horace went to a sanitarium in Michigan for the period of his convalescence, and he has but recently returned.

Sir Horace belongs to the family of which Lord Dunsany is the head. I believe that his father, the late baron, had some cattle interests in America. At all events, the present Sir Horace, a younger son, went to Wyoming in 1879 and remained in America ten years. Wherever he goes he makes friends through his gentle optimism and sturdy character, "the synthesis of the ideal and the practical," and when he came home to Ireland he left behind him associations that he has continued to cherish.

His unanimous selection as chairman of the Irish Convention was a unique tribute. Amid all the conflict of opinion the presidency went to Plunkett by common consent. He is certainly entitled to regard his choice as the crowning honor of a life

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devoted to Ireland. For British patriot that he is, he is an Irishman to his heart's core.

His life has been a labor of love for Ireland. It was one of those rare instances in which high motive and practical success were combined. He came back from America in 1889, thirty-five years of age, with an irrepressible enthusiasm that has been molded into a grand purpose, to redeem Ireland from poverty to prosperity. With the pure zeal of a crusader he went about preaching coöperation, coöperation, coöperation, coöperation for the purchase of seed, so as to buy the best at the cheapest price, for the purchase of fertilizer, and for the marketing of the crop. All of this Pat had previously done in the happy-go-lucky way of his race.

The work went slowly at first; only a pure zealot would have held on. Having finally made a start in building a coöperative machine, Plunkett went after legislation, and at last secured the passage of laws that gave tenants right of purchase on favorable terms.

To-day the Ireland that groaned under its hardships thirty years ago is one of the most prosperous sections of Great Britain. It is said that while in politics representatives of the different Irish sections will beat each other's brains out with shillalahs on sight, the same representatives will sit down to-

gether in amity in one of Sir Horace Plunkett's agricultural meetings.

These facts will give some idea of the fitness of Sir Horace for the post to which he has been called and the momentum that his selection imparts to the cause of a pacified and united Ireland. In the first flush of enthusiasm that this act of the convention has generated there are new and strong hopes of settling the problems hitherto regarded as insoluble. It is difficult to imagine any source more prolific of encouragement for the Allied cause than such a settlement. Every influence in America that can be brought to bear ought to be counted on, for the United States is now irrevocably committed to this war, and it is a case of "one for all, and all for one."

Incidentally it may be mentioned that one of Sir Horace Plunkett's cherished ambitions has been to serve America in respect to her agricultural interests. The subject is one about which he has written, and I know that he stood ready to give some such personal leadership as he gave to Ireland, if desired. In the last year, he has not been robust, and in such a cause as Irish reconciliation he will put out the last ounce of his strength. May success bring him rejuvenation instead of exhaustion.

MAJOR ASTOR

In the appointment of his parliamentary secretaries Lloyd George once again illustrates the happy faculty possessed by the prime minister of drawing upon the entire civilization for public service. His hunt for available material is not limited by faction, party, or social caste. Of lively interest to America is the drafting of Major Waldorf Astor as one of the secretaries.

Major Astor is the Conservative M. P. for Plymouth, and the eldest son and heir of Lord (William Waldorf) Astor. He is a Conservative in politics, and by wealth and position is associated with the upper class, and the prime minister in his wide search for Government servants who can serve, singled him out. To-day Major Astor was already at work superintending the erection of huts which are to house the prime minister's staff, in the garden, or what we call the backyard, of No. 10 Downing Street. For Major Astor himself, Mrs. Lloyd George has given up two rooms that belonged to the residential part of the premier's headquarters, so great is the press for accommodation for the enlarged official staff made necessary by the strenuous war program.

When I saw Major Astor to-day I could appreciate the reasons for Lloyd George's choice. He has the ease and kindness which make friends in-

stantly. If I had not known who he was I should have been doubtful from his manner and speech as to whether he was American or English.

As is well known, Major and Mrs. Astor, formerly Miss Langhorne of Virginia, are warmly American in sympathy and take a lively interest in all that goes on across the Atlantic. At Cliveden, their place on the Thames, they have made room for the famous Canadian Hospital, with its one thousand beds, where everything from toothbrush to cot is made in Canada. Mrs. Astor devotes herself to this hospital, and it is not too much to say that no woman has given herself more completely to the work of caring for the wounded and helping the permanently incapacitated.

Major Astor has treated the war as an opportunity for intensive effort. His political affiliations as a Tory have interfered in no wise with his willingness to accept service, however offered, and it happened that circumstances some time ago brought him within the orbit of the present prime minister. It speaks well for the breadth of both that they found the association congenial from the first, and now the prime minister has called the young politician to his side in delicate and important work.

At the risk of violating the modesty of Major Astor I am going to gratify the interest of America by dwelling somewhat upon his personality. There are few young men in either the political or social

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life of the country more popular or more trusted. If fate had cast his lot in the United States, it would have been the same. His talents and engaging qualities lie deeper than conventionality. If he were in New York he would make a live man to run for mayor and a good official after he was elected, and perhaps he would be more popular on the east side than on Fifth Avenue.

Major Astor among other activities has belonged to a coterie that backed and edited the "Round Table," a publication a good deal like our own "New Republic." The chief editor of the "Round Table," Philip Kerr, is to be another secretary to Mr. Lloyd George. The "Round Table" circle is composed of live-wire Conservatives, men of high social position who set no store by that, but who put themselves above caste by rendering real service of any kind.

CHAPTER IX

TO EUROPE WITH PERSHING

May 28—June 7, 1917. We got under way about five o'clock on May 28. As far as we could ascertain there was no convoy and we had the fog-horn going nearly all night.

My seat was at the captain's table with some English officers, one of whom, Colonel Puckle, had been with the Balfour party. General Pershing and his personal staff, constituting a party of eight or ten, had a table to themselves. The civilians, or reserves, all wore uniform, while the regular officers were in mufti. Soldiers—except the staff—had their meals an hour earlier than passengers.

In the afternoon all the military on board were ordered to appear before the medical staff for vaccination against smallpox, typhoid, and paratyphoid, and about two hundred injections were given. The technic was extremely good, a fresh sterile needle being used each time and the skin cleaned up with an iodine pad applied for smallpox vaccination. Most of the men were good-humored, and joked while the operation was going on.

The wonderful health record made in the army

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and the absolute suppression of typhoid has made every one a willing victim to the medical men.

The captain stays on the bridge pretty steadily. He is the captain who went down with the *Arabic*. That ship sunk eleven minutes after being hit. We have life-boats, rafts, and belts in profusion, fully four to one of the requirements, to say nothing of our non-sinkable captain. All the officers are busy studying French, and are much interested. Classes have been organized by Major Robert Bacon, Captain Gustave Porges, Major Bayne, and the staff of interpreters. The American officers are profiting greatly by lectures given by experienced English officers aboard, and military conferences are going on among the officers. The ship is somewhat shy on social life, as there are only about twelve women and one child in the first saloon. We are proceeding at less than full speed.

We had a very simple drill for the purpose of showing the passengers the way to their boats. Although not told to do so, most of the passengers wore life-belts to the drill. I found myself in boat No. 7 with three ladies and nine men.

The method of assignment was to put the military together and then divide the rest alphabetically according to the passenger list. It was remarked that only high officers were together in one boat, which savored too much of putting all your eggs into one basket. Fifteen passengers were allotted to each

boat, the full capacity of which was sixty. All the boats were swung out on the davits outside the rail on deck.

Purser Thaw made a short address at luncheon, advising warm clothes in case of an emergency, and also advising sleeping in one's clothes.

The usual concert for seamen's orphans netted over three hundred dollars, a record for the number of passengers. There were readings by Lyn Harding; Frederick Palmer spoke, and Miss Jutta sang.

I was asked to make an appeal for the children's claims, which I did in part as follows:

"We make our appeal to-night for the sailorman of the merchant ship—the man who has won for the world, but lost for himself. He has always been even in peace times a modest and nameless hero. Since the war it has seemed to me that of all those who served his country, his service has been most truly and most deeply noble. For he has had no country in the sense of its having furnished him with luxury or comfort. Often he has been obliged to leave wife and children ill-clad and poorly fed. He has gone out to sea and storm, usually without protection of guns or gunners, to meet eye to eye the stealthy and deadly submarine, has met it, been cruelly used by it, and then, perhaps, has gone again and still again. We might have lost without the merchant ship and its gallant crew, these men

who have served without reward; who were free to refuse, but who volunteered their services; who braved unseen dangers; filled unnamed graves, and left their children to an uncertain and absent-minded charity. We who are more fortunate, we who go down to the sea in ships and know its dangers and its terrors, yes, who even now stand in the shadow of them, we should feel it a privilege to give—give to the children of those who have died in a service to which we owe our freedom and life itself.”

But the big feature was the first public appearance of General Pershing, who made a fine, soldier-like impression. Colonel Alvord presided, and the occasion was altogether successful.

On Sunday Lyn Harding and Dr. Beaumont conducted the Episcopal service, and passengers who failed to attend requested another service, which was held in the evening. In the afternoon Major Hugh Young delivered an interesting address to a large audience.

At dawn on June 6 destroyers wheeled into line with us about half a mile off our forward quarters, the Stars and Stripes flying blithely from their mizzens. As the day wore on and the ship's company assembled on deck, there was no demonstration or ceremony, but there was general satisfaction. The destroyers frisked about like squirrels, speeding up, slowing down, crossing our bows,

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circling round the ship, and otherwise disporting themselves after the fashion of a four-funneled high-speed war craft ready to dash at any sea monster that might appear. How inspiring it is to see the bright blue banner of freedom fluttering at their mastheads! Every passenger has a sense of elation; his stride on deck becomes more elastic, and light-hearted laughter rings out from the saloons. Men and women stand at the rail for hours on end watching the destroyers' manœuvres.

We did not know it, but we had all been suffering from a subconscious nervous strain. Now it is lifted. Uncle Sam has come to Europe with his own fighting machines.

There is something of a national drama in this voyage for freedom. It is the return of the *Mayflower*, armed.

ARRIVAL IN PARIS

The special train bearing General Pershing and his party to Paris arrived at the Gare du Nord. I happened to be where I had a close view of the details of his reception. General Pershing appeared in the doorway of the car: immediately in front of him was the guard of honor in gray uniforms, and at the left the band of the Garde Republicaine. The general filled the small door of the car as he stood erect, motionless, and expressionless, his eyes fixed above the heads of the reception

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party, which occupied the clear space of the platform. The band immediately struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner." His right hand was instantly at salute and remained so until our national air and "La Marseillaise" were finished. There he stood, a statuesque figure, the very impersonation and incarnation of West Point training and tradition, as fine a specimen of American-style, physical manhood as could be found in a month's search from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

When the music stopped, General Pershing stepped swiftly down the car steps to the platform. Ambassador Sharp introduced himself and welcomed him; then came Viviani. After the latter's effusive welcome Pershing turned a little to the right, and there stood "Papa" Joffre. I never want to see anything finer than the meeting of those two. Involuntarily, each stretched out both hands to the other. They stood face to face without a word. I have never seen such a smile as wreathed the face of the great marshal. It did not change in the course of the salutation. His eyes were so fixed in their gaze on the American general that they looked almost blind. There was no need for a word from Joffre. What he would have said was as plain as if he were shouting it: "You have come, God bless you! a splendid soldier from a people unconquerable in their greatness, to help save France—my France! I know your country

and I know you, and the salvation of France is sure." After that the hand-shaking with Painlevé, with the representatives from the Elysées, and even with Foch, seemed perfunctory.

As the party moved toward the gate there was a shout—a real rebel yell. It had not only the volume, but the tang in it; it smote one's tympanum. It took me back to New York and the shouting for Joffre that rocked the Woolworth Tower. This rebel yell was repeated over and over again. It was even more tremendous when the party reached the street, and it was taken up and spread as by an electric current from square to square until it became faint in the distance.

I was able to get a taxi and rode down the rue de Lafayette behind the military party. I have often seen Paris in a gala mood before, but to-day it was an entirely different Paris. The people on the street were either old or very young. The women greatly outnumbered the men. Every face wore a smile, not the happy, care-free smile of the old fête-days, but a smile that clearly came from a suffering heart, a heart that feels the world had turned so bad that hope has almost died, that the only good thing left is to meet whatever befalls with patience and courage. Then suddenly comes proof that there is good in the world after all; there are chivalrous hearts, generous impulses; there is kinship among men. For succor had come

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from far off, beautiful America. Here were the actual soldiers who were to be followed by hundreds of thousands of others, bringing not weapons only, but warm flesh and blood to help France.

IN PARIS

The American contingent has encountered in Paris a spell of weather that is homelike in its heat. Last night at the Hôtel de Crillon I found that the orderlies who keep General Pershing's door were fairly panting. As I came out one of them said, "Would you mind using your influence with these hotel people to get us some ice-water?" I went to the office at once and made the request, which was promptly complied with. I followed it up to see that the thirsty dough-boys got the real thing, and I had the satisfaction of hearing the ice-water hiss as it went down their throats from an upturned carafe.

Speaking of private soldiers, some of those who have come in with the suddenness of patriotic impulse are feeling a bit of the sting of distinction of rank. There is no place quite so unsafe for democracy as an army. On the ship it did n't make much difference. Those who had social position at home were able to maintain a certain equality. Now that distinctions of rank are necessary in dealing with the French Army, privates are privates; they cannot break through by virtue of some non-

military influence. In some cases the result has been just a little mortifying. Men of breeding and education who serve as interpreters, clerks, etc., are excluded from association with officers. This is not by any wish of the officers; it is simply military practice. Deviation is impossible.

A burning question has been raised. By what name shall the American private be called? The Englishman is a Tommy, the Frenchman a *Poilu*. It has been suggested that Sammy, in compliment to Uncle Sam, would be appropriate. And some one suggested Teddy.

This expedition is one of the greatest experiences soldiers ever had, and our men are enjoying it. From the commander-in-chief down to the dough-boy, our khaki commands the attention on the streets that royal purple would get. The American soldier is the cynosure of all eyes; the glances are intent, affectionate, caressing. But this life in France is n't all ambrosia. Now that the workaday part has begun, the officers are realizing that they can't continue to live at the expensive hotels, and are looking about for quarters more in keeping with their purses. Comfort and cheapness do not go hand in hand, and the officers are having considerable difficulty locating themselves satisfactorily. I met a lieutenant-colonel to-day in the arcade on the rue de Rivoli who was wrestling with this problem:

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"It is impossible to live decently in Paris on the salary of an officer and have enough left to support a family in America," he said, mopping his brow. Before I had gone another block I met a private whom I had come to know on the *Baltic*. "Having a fine time?" I asked. "So-so," he replied. "But let me tell you something. I was so hot last night that I had to have a drink of whisky. I went out and looked for it and I found it. But what do you think it cost me? Fifty cents! F-i-f-t-y c-e-n-t-s for one drink of whisky!"

CHAPTER X

OUR ARMY IN FRANCE

ARRIVAL

July 1, 1917. As our party rode through the fair French country, every acre bursting with ripened plenty, there were many quarter hours of anxious silence, and it was an immense relief to find our gallant fellows all safe when we arrived at a port.

We felt like making a round of the commanders and shaking hands on their outwitting Boche prowlers, and cabling congratulations to Washington on excellent arrangements well carried out. In normal conditions it would be something of a feat to bring so many boats and men across the Atlantic without even a minor mishap; to do it in the teeth of hostile submarines was to win America's first round against Germany.

Aside from feeling that we had scored handsomely on this particular venture, there was solid satisfaction in the practical demonstration that troops in large numbers could be sent across the ocean, and that in the course of a few months an American army big enough to count in the final decision would surely be landed in France.

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There was soon opportunity for more enthusiasm. We saw looming through the mist the shapes of other transports coming up to the dock. One of them passed so close that every face was visible. The docks were literally yellow with men. There must have been a thousand in sight. We could have shaken hands with those nearest us. There was not a sound from them, no singing, no shouting. Even when I hailed them and asked them about the voyage, there came back, and only from two or three, a single word, "Good," or "Fine." They had not found themselves in this strange country. They had had a long voyage, packed like sardines in transports menaced by a silent and invisible enemy. They were a beautiful lot of youngsters, clean-limbed and bright-eyed.

Just as the transport was abeam, somebody on the bridge called out through a megaphone: "Don't stand at the rail! You're not here for ornament!" There was a scampering, and two or three dozen men ran up a companionway below the bridge. When they had reached a barrier at the top they all vaulted it with the lightness of antelopes.

We spent a good part of the day walking about among the newly arrived soldiers and were constantly struck with their intelligence and independence. They came from a civilization in which equality and fraternity were genuine. They were

real human beings; there was no stamp of the humiliation that comes from habitual acknowledgment of social inferiority. But this attitude does not interfere with their accepting military discipline. West Point traditions are unbending in that matter.

The troops were glad to touch earth after the long voyage, but among the recruits there was some reaction. A seaport town in a strange country on a rainy day does not redeem the promise made to the imagination of an adventuring youngster.

It was pay-day, and in the afternoon the streets began to be crowded with khaki-clad figures, and as the effect of the voyage wore off, there was increased curiosity and animation. "*Banque*" was the first French word the soldiers had to tackle, and it gave them no trouble. "Bankwee" was their way of saying it.

One of General Pershing's orderlies, who stood watching them go into a bank to get French money, growled patronizingly, as one knowing the country and having enormous experience, "They won't have a cent left to-morrow."

Intensely interesting it was to watch this swarm from the West, to feel the vivid contrast with the European order and civilization, and to speculate on the effect of the linking of the two. It will be enormous and permanent. In parts of France to-day you see Mongolian types surviving from in-

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vasions centuries ago. Americans will leave their imprint here, and take home with them influences that may modify American thought.

The arrest of two stevedores for using profane language furnished an amusing incident. They were carried off to the lockup in deference to French bystanders, though the objectionable language might very well have been thought by the said bystanders to have been American for "*Vive la France.*"

Another amusing feature was the curiosity in one another shown by various kinds of negroes. I saw some of our good Southern darkies trying to make friends with black soldiers straight from Africa, and of course they could n't understand a word either said, though all of them looked exactly alike.

The general and his staff arrived at the port at an early hour in the morning. The attitude of residents was one of mild interest and curiosity. There was no outburst such as greeted General Pershing in Paris. They were met by local officials and a fair-sized crowd, and drove at once to inspect the camp. Everybody was pleased at the results accomplished in so short a time. The camp seems sanitary and adequate. Naturally, work has only just begun; a war city will spring up here within a few months.

We met one or two friends among naval officers, and I had the welcome opportunity of going aboard

a destroyer. It was beautifully shipshape after the long voyage, and both officers and men were fresh and fit, despite their constant vigilance. To look into the faces of such men and hear their sensible and confident, but never boastful, talk, is to get re-Americanized.

PARIS

July 4, 1917. The appearance in Paris of organized soldiery from America come to fight the Germans side by side with the French, and their marching through the streets of Paris to ragtime music produced by their own bands in the presence of tremendous crowds, all on the anniversary of American independence, constituted one of the great historical occasions of all time. Next will come their occupation of their part of the line at the front, and then, let us hope, the realization of Judge Walter Berry's climax in to-day's speech, "Their arrival on the Rhine."

I saw the show from many vantage-points from eight o'clock this morning until the finish.

Everybody I saw was most impressed by the crowds. They might be bigger and noisier in New York, but I have never seen so many wearing their hearts on their sleeves as to-day. There were seas of faces everywhere, war-bitten, trustful, eager. Of young men there was almost complete absence. Women of all ages, young boys, old men, and tens

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of thousands of little children lined the streets. They had picked up broken bits of English, like, "Welcome," "Glad you're here," and "Happy to see you," which they flung almost with sobs of laughter with the flowers they tossed upon the troops and into the carriages.

A smile from any one wearing an American uniform awakened in their eyes an expression of delight that only Latins are capable of. I saw one old soldier in tears which he made no attempt to conceal while the ceremony was in progress at the Invalides.

Although the infantry were mostly recruits, they made a splendid impression. It was a pity that it was impracticable to pick out a body of regulars only for an occasion from which Paris will have received a permanent impression.

There was a wait of half an hour or more at the Hôtel de Ville for rest and freshening up. There I fell in with a Frenchman, a drill-master, who had been handling American and English recruits. He commented favorably on our lot, which he had had opportunity to inspect closely. "As human beings and raw material they're the very best," he said, "but they need a deal of training. The hardest thing to teach them is not to be too brave. They must learn first to hide. That's the prime essential in this war. Bravery and human flesh are no good

against machine-guns or barrage fire. Those splendid fellows will want to go right at the enemy just as the English did, who are only now learning how to strike without risking themselves too much. Methods in this war are largely those of stealth; you must use men in combination with plenty of artillery, machine-guns, and air-planes.

General Pershing rode with Major Margetts, passed us, and drew up for review on the Boulevard Diderot, where it is crossed by the avenue Dumeril beyond the Bastille. A wee girl brought a bouquet, climbed on the running-board, and presented it to General Pershing, who smiled his pleasure. The spectators in this part of the city were of a class who would be ugly in a revolutionary period, but they were all smiles to-day. When the troops marched past, they were almost entirely hidden behind the crowds, mostly women running alongside. At the hospital entrance of the cemetery General Pershing joined Marshal Joffre, and they stayed together throughout the ceremony and sat together afterward. There was a tremendous press inside the cemetery. Many of the women were carrying babies, and the men were holding up floral pieces above their heads. Brand Whitlock's address was a classic, and his characterization of German *Kultur* as "the camouflage of civilization" was most apt. Colonel Stanton gave us

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twenty minutes of old-fashioned Fourth of July eloquence, while General Pershing made his usual soldierly, two-minute address.

FIELD HEADQUARTERS

August 19, 1917. The contrast of the great numbers of Americans with this Old World environment in which they find themselves never loses its vividness for me. To study this contrast between new country and old country with all the advantage of juxtaposition excites an interest little short of thrilling. Never was there such a spectacle in all history as that of the fresh millions of free America flocking to the rescue of beleaguered and exhausted Europe.

My heart was full when I mingled with my khaki-clad compatriots in the little valley that constitutes the field headquarters, but it was the fullness of home feeling and familiarity, rather than pride. Having seen much, as I have recently, of the martial breed, I was just a bit disappointed to find myself in an atmosphere much less surcharged with war. Perhaps it is yet too early to expect otherwise, but as I went up and down among these young fellows, talking to as many as I could, they seemed still mothers' boys to me, specially my own Southerners with their soft accents. As soon as they knew that they were talking to a friend from home, they set up a cry for a popular brand of



THE TOWN HALL AT PÉRONNE



AT BAPAUME

tobacco which cost ten cents, or perhaps less, in America, but which can't be bought here for less than as many francs per bag. All other kinds of tobacco are plentiful; only what the soldiers want is scarce.

It is wonderful how these young chaps have settled down into the village life. Of course they don't speak French, but they manage to understand and make themselves understood. The population of the village is pretty much limited to women and children, and they have been captivated by the free and fearless friendship that the American boys promptly tendered to them. In the quiet summer night the French women sat five or six on a bench in front of their houses in the main street. I drew many of them out on the point of how they liked the change from deserted village conditions, which had prevailed previously. They were frankly charmed. They liked the American boys, indeed, loved them, they were so affectionate and considerate. "*Gentil*" was the word most used. It had been a great change for the better since they had come to bring life and movement to their town and later, Heaven grant, to bring an end to the cruel war to which this one small community had contributed its whole manhood; over sixty would never return.

My room was in a neat little house tenanted by a young widow with five small daughters. She

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kept a store in the front part, let the rear room, and lived on the second floor. This house was a kind of headquarters for our soldiers. They petted the children, who in return taught them French, and the exchange was accounted mutually profitable. I talked with the mother, and she said that the character and conduct of these young fellows had been a revelation to her. She specially commented on their inborn regard for women which one does n't see manifested so positively in a European country, and said they were always wanting to do something for her, and as for the children, they idolized them.

I saw soldiers drawn up in line awaiting a visit of inspection. As at the port when they arrived at the end of June, so here they won my spontaneous admiration as raw material for an army. They were all in good health and spirits, but not yet, so far as I could judge, inoculated with any particular militarism. I could n't help being reminded of an encampment of State militia.

I was not content to be constantly shown around, but wandered about alone part of a day, seeing as much as I could in a short time. I inspected two kitchens, and found them clean, with excellent food and cooking. I climbed to a hayloft in which twenty-five men were billeted. A half-dozen were sitting on the floor eating a midday dinner of beef stew, white bread, and coffee. It looked and

smelled good. This loft was taken care of by an old "Dick Deadeye" of a Frenchman, who was evidently enjoying his experiences to the full, and referred to the soldiers as his "*amis*," but I was somewhat disappointed to notice that "Dick's" general friendliness extended to the spiders, who had spun their webs at will under the roof.

I dined at the division officers' mess in one village and at the battalion officers' mess in another, and in both had good food and enjoyed real American hospitality. At one of these meals I had a chance to get the regular-army officers' side of the question of promotion, as I had before heard the reserve officers'. I sat next to a captain who had enlisted thirty-two years ago. He served thirteen years as a private and non-commissioned officer. It had taken him nineteen years to pass from second lieutenant to captain. Perhaps a case like this may suggest a new line of thought to your reserve officers of a few months who grow impatient at delay in promotion.

I went from one village to another until I found myself at the very end of the American field headquarters. My visit had fallen out fortunately, for in this last lot I found what I had been wishing for. Here it was not a case of hundreds of young soldiers strewn about anyhow; there was organization, atmosphere, authority; you might be shot, but it would be for cause and not by accident.

I suppose I would not be permitted to identify the troops to whom I refer. But I know that General Pétain identified them. They had waited from eight in the morning till five at night to be inspected. When the generals came, these troops, showing not the faintest sign of fatigue, went through the appropriate portion of drill with beautiful precision and snap. What was the difference between this regiment and the others? As far as I could learn, the proportion of regulars and recruits was precisely the same. Apparently the difference lay chiefly in the possession by this regiment not only of its own officers, but its own history and traditions. Pride in a past stimulated new men to strenuous exertion. It was obvious that this regiment might be profitably used as a pace-maker for other regiments. Just as here the regulars gave the cue to the recruits, so could the example of the regiment as a whole be made potent to arouse a spirit of emulation throughout the whole new army. Here are soldiers ready at the blowing of a bugle to go in against the Germans. Their village is a Spotless Town. They wash their own clothes every night; their leather and metal are bright with polishing; they move smartly; they are every inch of them soldiers from head to heel.

As the army organization progresses, the experience of this regiment, as well as of all regiments in the English army, would seem to point

to the adoption of names for different units. Tradition is evolved out of a name and preserved in it. Pride in your regiment works wonders. Who can recall without a thrill such names as Coldstream Guards, Black Watch, Grenadier Guards, Gordon Highlanders, Dublin Fusiliers, Royal Fusiliers? The only approach to a parallel that we have in our army seems to have helped to produce a result that is most excellent, even when judged by expert European standards.

I dined at the officers' mess of this regiment, and if anything could have increased my sense of satisfaction, it was the information elicited by comparing notes at the table. Of the six regimental officers present four were Virginians.

"Oh, carry me back! Carry me back!
To old Virginny's sho!"

HUGE TONNAGE NEEDS OF OUR ARMY ABROAD

The American army in France will need some transporting. Here are figures that are at least approximately correct.

It is estimated that one hundred pounds of freight per man per day must be unloaded at the port of debarkation. Therefore, when at the end of two years we have, say, one million men in France, we must unload daily one hundred million pounds or fifty thousand tons of freight.

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Three thousand tons can be unloaded daily from a good-sized ship; hence seventeen ships at the wharves, each of them unloading three thousand tons, will fill the requirements. In the United States seventeen ships must be loading fifty thousand tons a day. This makes a total of thirty-four ships at the docks. Taking as a basis a six-thousand ton (dead weight) ship, we see that seventeen ships must leave New York every two days and seventeen ships leave some French port every two days in transit with army freight. Assuming ten days as the time of passage, there would be one hundred and seventy ships (six thousand tons) en route to and from the United States, which added to the thirty-four at the docks will make a total of two hundred and four ships, assuming no loss or delay.

To indicate the quantities of certain articles required, fuel for cooking for six months, on a basis of half a cord a day per hundred men, would amount to thirteen thousand, five hundred cords and owing to the scarcity of fuel, part of this may have to be brought to France.

With one million men there will be approximately two hundred thousand animals. At fourteen pounds of hay a day, there would be required for six months over four hundred and fifty-six million pounds of hay, which must be imported, and also three hundred and sixty million pounds

of oats. Rations will require eight hundred and fifteen million pounds. Ammunition will run into billions of pounds.

This freight calculation does not consider what would be required in building and rebuilding railroads or cantonments. The space required for storehousing at the base would be about as follows: Rations, etc., two hundred and fifty acres; fuel, one hundred and fifty acres; forage, four hundred and fifty acres; remount depots, two hundred and fifty acres; cantonments for casualties, etc., eight hundred acres; sick and wounded, one thousand acres; engineer, ordnance, and signal corps, fifteen hundred acres. Allowing for roads, office-buildings, barracks, etc., the total would be about five thousand acres.

CHAPTER XI

THE AGONY OF FRANCE

The ruined towns of Belgium and France have been written about so much that we have all become case-hardened, and I was surprised at the fierceness of my own reaction to such wanton acts as appear in the ruins of Péronne, Bapaume and Arras. I was reminded of what Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson had said on the destruction of priceless architecture by the *Boche*. He set it down as a greater injury to mankind than the loss of life. The latter was replaceable, but the spirit that, coming forth from the great silences of a past without railroads, telegraphs, or other modern conveniences, had expressed itself in painting, poetry, and architecture, would perhaps never return to the world, and so the works that it had created and left behind could never be produced.

Take Péronne, for example. Here, in a vale on the Somme, a country town was built four or five hundred years ago with a poetic taste and artistic enterprise not possible to-day in any city of any size and wealth. When the Germans saw that they could hold Péronne no longer they dynamited every

single building that had been left, including the beautiful cathedral and city hall. In the former was found a facetious notice in English: "Don't be annoyed, but admire."

Péronne was literally pounded to a pulp. There was not a cubic yard of it left whole.

Nor does this state of ruin fully convey the extent of *Boche* meanness and devilry. Take the placard, "Don't be annoyed, but admire," and apply the spirit in a thousand ways, little and big, and even then there will come only a hint of the *Boche* nature in war. For example, sewage deposits were thinly covered over with coal to deceive the French into thinking for a moment that some supply of fuel had been left.

When I saw and heard these things, I recalled with less skepticism the stories I had heard from the Americans who had come away from Berlin. To give a single instance, one doctor reported this scene to which he had been an eye-witness: there was an idiot in the village near a prison camp. One day an automobile ran over him crushing his legs at the knees. He lay in the street, screaming with agony, while around him gathered a crowd that laughed loudly at what they regarded as sport.

I have since heard similar stories from officers personally known to me who have given me chapter and verse. For example, the binding and burning of wounded prisoners by the *Boche* is vouched for

by a second lieutenant with whom I played golf at St. Andrews before the war, and in whose bonafides I have the utmost confidence. I have never before felt quite willing to accept the stories of war cruelty at par.

One needs to go no further than the physical evidence of barbarous destruction at Péronne, Ba-paume, and Arras to justify the feeling that the German has so long and so fully surrendered himself to cumulative war impulses and war education that he is at last a different being from the rest. Kipling's classification of the world's people into "human beings and Germans" is not wide of the mark, and a visit to the cities wantonly ruined by the Germans with their overwhelming testimony of unspeakable brutality compel an acceptance of extremist views in respect to the method of dealing with Germany. The good in that country must suffer with the bad, for it is the bad who have been permitted to have full, unbridled sway.

It was a relief to return from such scenes to the pleasant château where I was a guest, and the talk of fellow-visitors, among them General Georgiesco, the Rumanian lieutenant-general, who represents the supreme military command of his country at the British front.

He gave me an interesting idea of the strategic situation of France. The frontier of France, he said, bent back from Switzerland on the south-

east to the channel on the northwest. Forces defending the country, therefore were precisely in the position of a man trying to fight while leaning so far backward as to lose his equilibrium. General Joffre's problem was to square himself round to the German attack, and this he had successfully done.

General Georgiesco was at the front partly to inspect the Portugese troops, who are much in evidence in the Béthune neighborhood and near the base. They are eager for military duty and when well led shall make a good showing.

There were some members of the British government at the château. A subject of conversation was the new financial position brought about by America's coming in. The importance of freeing England from the strain of financing the Allies single-handed can hardly be overstated. It had reached the back-breaking point. America's open-handedness with her boundless resources has not only removed the danger of disaster through exhaustion, but has enabled Britain to turn with a comparatively free mind to her own particular problems of perfecting her great military machine and providing protection against the submarine.

RHEIMS

This ruined French town has become a place of pilgrimage, like Jerusalem or Mecca. To come to

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Rheims is a pious act. From every corner of the globe people find their way to this ghost of a city for spiritual rebirth, and to pledge themselves anew to the overthrow of brute force that has here shown itself at its foulest.

It is here that the conviction of German criminality becomes irresistible, for, alas! the sight of Rheims destroys the power to think of Germany in sections. The kaiser is a vandal and a murderer, and his people *particeps criminis*. It is all one monstrous, brutal Germany, the unprotesting good only serving the dominant bad the better by their supine goodness.

The cathedral is a pitiful spectacle. You almost burst into tears at sight of it. And yet the poor mutilated remains of one of the noblest of all the works of man may serve an even greater purpose than the church ever did in its perfect wholeness. Out of its destruction has sprung a spiritual temple, an intangible, but very real, structure in the heart of the world.

The battered ruin has done more to recreate reverence on earth than any church ever built. It also serves another great purpose. In every fight between right and wrong there is an uncertainty as to where one begins and the other leaves off. Moral confusion is often the worst feature of such a struggle. In this mightiest of all moral contests, Rheims is tangible, monumental, unmistakable testimony.

Rheims, Louvain, Ypres, Arras, Lille, Péronne—but the greatest of these is Rheims.

The cathedral as it stands to-day is the indestructible record of Prussian villainy. There can be no distortion of facts or truth. Lying and subterfuge will avail nothing here. The cruel wounds here inflicted write the doom of Prussianism.

And “when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood.”

I am visiting Rheims in a rain-storm. The scene is one of complete and utter desolation. The cathedral has been the target of German gunners, and everything in the line of fire, including an area apparently about half a mile by a mile, which takes in the heart of Rheims, has been shattered.

There seemed a sad irony in the fact that while such buildings as the beautiful city hall have been destroyed, the hideous new court house immediately opposite the cathedral has so far escaped. The famous equestrian statue of the Maid of Orleans is still intact, although there is a big shell hole within a few feet of it.

The state of the cathedral has been described over and over again. There has been no intense bombardment recently, but whenever the *Boche* finds things dull he fires a shot or two at the church. Each month the destruction is worse than it was the

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previous month. Every sort of projectile, from a three-inch to a sixteen-inch shell has been shot into the great pile.

One of the main Gothic columns supporting the transept has been shattered, and the whole central portion of the super-structure appears to be on the point of collapse. The famous rose-window has been shot out, but I am happy to learn that much of the priceless stained glass of other windows was removed to a place of safety.

My visit to Rheims was under a very distinguished escort. I was with Captain Gerard de Ganay, who is one of the heads of the great Creusot munition works, which bears the same relation to France that Krupp's does to Germany.

Of course we visited Cardinal Luçon. His palace has been destroyed, and he has moved to one of the parish buildings across the street. There he holds the fort, shells or no shells.

He is a hero without any heroics. He tells the story of his experiences with feeling, lighted up now and again with humor. We sat in a circle around him, and listened with enchanted interest, watching the while the play of his mobile face. Before saying good-by, I asked if his Eminence had any message for America.

"Yes," he replied promptly; and as he spoke one of the party translated his words into English. The translation follows:

Through the "New York Times" I send my salutations to the United States in the name of my city, my diocese, and my country. We thank you for your coöperation in the fight which we are carrying on for the defense of the principles of right, of humanity, and respect for treaties, which are the safeguards of the peace of nations. I thank you also for the charitable offerings which you have sent us for relieving the misery caused by the war.

The venerable prelate went with us to the door and even followed us outside, where he stood uncovered in the rain, so great was his interest in our visit. In saying adieu to him at last, I ventured to tell him how great a part his own courage and devotion played in the American conception of the destruction of Rheims. And I may add that at this assurance of our appreciation he was frankly pleased.

We went to the French trenches opposite the point where much of the artillery fire is rained on the cathedral by the Germans, and looked our *strafe* at them from the front line across a few acres of no-man's-land. All was very quiet on this sector, but a few miles further west there was intense activity, probably in connection with the great offensive since so successfully developed.

Not even in Alsace have I experienced a more charming welcome and hospitality than in these trenches in front of Rheims. The faces of the officers were literally beaming with trust and affection,

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not for me, but for my glorious country. As we turned back from the remotest front, the officer who had had charge of us bade us good-by, as his route lay in the opposite direction.

In a few seconds there came the sound of some one overtaking us at a run. I turned round, and there was the officer back again. "America forever!" he was crying, "*Au revoir* and America forever!" Who but a Frenchman would have such a pretty emotion and give way to it? It may be deep as a well or shallow as a brook, I care not. It is brightness in this vale of tears.

When we got back to the *boyau* trenches, where the headquarters of the sector were, we went into the semi-subterranean quarters of the captain and sat down, a party of eight, for a discussion of what we had seen. There was the inevitable bottle of wine to put good fellowship in flow. It was interested to observe that in the very heart of the Champagne country the tippie was Italian Asti.

After three quarters of an hour of comradely communion we said good-by and then turned and shook hands a second time with men who almost certainly had an early tryst with death and yet apparently never gave it a thought. They were a light-hearted company; it was we who were sad.

This sadness deepened as we reëntered the ruined city in the darkness. There was scarcely a light

anywhere. When we passed a house that had a light in it we surmised that it must be an undertaker catching up with his work.

I must not omit mention of a hero of my own craft. Within a few feet of the apse of the cathedral, across a narrow wind, is what is left of the office and plant of the Rheims paper, "L'Eclaireur de l'Est."

This paper comes out daily, about six inches square, folio, and it has never missed an issue. Its plant has been shot all to pieces. A pressman lost his life while operating a hand-press.

It used to be a fine little plant, with three or four linotypes and as many presses for newspaper and job work, and the building was commodious and suitable. When I paid my visit to-day, there was scarcely a whole piece of machinery in the shop. The roof and floors were full of holes, and the mechanics work in the rain. The floors and the contents of the building were sopping wet, and the conditions were altogether as miserable as it was possible to imagine.

There was one discord in this diapason of melancholy. Everybody was cheerfully busy. Every face beamed happiness and good humor. Back of it all there must be a chivalrous heart that is proof against trial. I was sorry not to have the chance of shaking the hand of the editor and proprietor,

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but he had gone out when I called. His was the indomitable spirit; that I could tell by the way the employes spoke of him. He has the name to go with such a character and career—Paul Dramas. Good luck and long life to you, Monsieur Dramas!

CHAPTER XII

IN SWITZERLAND

Bern, August 8, 1917. Switzerland is the rendezvous of nations, but the line between the belligerents is severely drawn. In Bern many of the diplomatic group live at the principal hotel. The secretaries from the German legation have a big table in one corner of the dining-room, where they talk gaily at meal-times, but as they go in and come out, passing former friends among the American secretaries, they are stone-blind, and so are the Americans.

Switzerland, and especially Bern, the capital, is at present a beehive of German propagandism. Politicians from Berlin, German diplomatists in the service, German business men with international connections, German-American journalists, are all putting out talk intended to filter through and create the impressions desired.

Those Germans charged with the management of this war are believers in "putting things over" or under, as the case may be, and the Zeppelin and the U-boat correctly present the war mind of Germany. Nothing comes about spontaneously.

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Great principles count for naught. Right and justice are empty words. The race is to the swift, the battle to the strong. A lie is as good as, yea, better than the truth if you can make it stick, for the strong and the clever can "make the worse appear the better reason."

That is the brand of German *Kultur* that one sees and feels in Switzerland, and it is probably predominant in these times in the direction of the affairs of Germany. I do not say that the whole German people have lost all sobriety, love of truth, and sincerity. But Germany is the country of discipline. There is leadership, and the people trust and obey it. It has thus come about that a leadership of lies, of lust of power and self-seeking, has had the support of the enfeebled moral sense of a people of whom the great majority are individually sound and right-loving.

Either because it suits the German stage-management, or because neither the fact nor the knowledge of it can any longer be suppressed, the impression is spreading in Switzerland that the scales are falling from the eyes of the German people. This impression comes to me necessarily second-hand and largely through Swiss intermediaries.

There is a law forbidding communications with citizens of an enemy country. Germans come to Switzerland by the thousand. Politicians like Herr Erzberger, leader of the Catholic party, come, hoist

a flag of truce, and invite peace parleys. Some may be acting in sincere good faith. Yet it is harder for a German to get a hearing than for the proverbial camel to pass through the pedestrian's gate of the city. The Germans have only themselves to thank. They have trifled with world confidence and have lost it.

What is here set down comes from German sources and must be discounted accordingly. I hear that there has been a marked change in Germany, specially in these latter months. The recent action of the Reichstag (by its action in July, 1917,) furnishes testimony that carries conviction to all who are familiar with German conditions. It is claimed that it shows two things of enormous significance:

1. That public opinion has established itself as a force in the exact sense that it is a force in democracies, and is already more potent than the kaiser.
2. That public opinion is for peace on terms humiliating to neither the Entente nor the Central Allies, that is, peace without indemnity, annexation, or commercial boycott.

Germany's standing out against indemnities is not to be referred to financial reasons. It means that she is not willing to put herself to her people, to her posterity, and to the world, in a position of having waged a wicked war. She feels keenly the isolation she has been forced into by having twenty-four nations arrayed against her. She knows that

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she will have to face a hostile and scornful world. But she can, and does, feel now as if her moral isolation is the result of the misunderstanding of the rest of the world.

The payment of an indemnity would write her down a felon in her own eyes and those of the world. She will shed her last drop of blood before accepting such humiliating terms.

All the claims of liberalization must be discounted by the undeniable fact that the kaiser remains strong with the people. His service to the country before the war was entered upon, his devotion to work, his religious character, and the family life led by him, supplemented by the fine character of the kaiserin, make it difficult for any sentiment against the Hohenzollern dynasty to gain headway.

Probably a majority of the people want some form of democracy, but they retain a sense of loyalty to the present sovereign. The kaiser is personally much stronger than Pan-Germanism, which, specially outside of Germany, makes a noise out of all proportion to its numbers. The Pan-German papers that are so much quoted in London, Paris, and New York are journals of small circulation and influence, the most important having only about ten thousand circulation, as against, say, half a million for the largest socialist paper.

Relations with Austria are said to give no anxiety

in Germany, for the latter has an unbreakable grip on the Austrian Army. After the breakdown in the face of Brusiloff's drive the Austrian Army was reorganized by Germany, which, it is claimed, has a majority of the rank and file, and virtually all the higher officers in every regiment. Austria-Hungary is powerless, and if she attempted to make a separate peace, what Vienna could deliver to the Entente would n't be worth the offense that such a move would give to Italy.

The people of Germany are represented as being in a quiet state of mind and ready for all sacrifices, provided only that the Government shall seize the first opportunity for peace without humiliation. It is claimed that there is n't the slightest danger of strangulation by blockade. Oil is coming from Rumania, and more and more will be received; grain will come from the same source later in the season. There is the greatest care in the use of munitions, but this is a matter of policy rather than of necessity. In air-planes Germany is relatively stronger than a few months ago.

Paper money is abundant and serves every purpose, for Germany has very little international trade that calls for real money. The very poor are better off than in times of peace, as are the very rich.

To sum up the claims implied by current talk

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among Swiss people who have German connections, inside conditions in Germany may be briefly stated as follows:

First, Bethmann's resignation and Michaelis's appointment were the result of a real political crisis arising from deep-seated and significant conditions.

Secondly, Germany realizes the importance of America's entry into the war, and realizes also that the next six months will probably offer a more favorable time for peace than after America's army has taken its place on the western front.

Thirdly, The four-party coalition, which controlled the Reichstag by a large majority, represents public opinion in equal or greater proportion. The resolution adopted voices such a genuine desire for peace on the terms therein promulgated that Michaelis will be obliged to adhere to them or to resign.

Fourthly, There is a real public opinion in Germany to-day that, while not antagonistic to him, is in some measure independent of the kaiser. This is increasingly aggressive in its effort to enforce its demands, and means a distinct and definite advance toward liberal government.

Fifthly, June marked the low point in food supply. Green vegetables have somewhat improved conditions, and the near approach of harvest temporarily relieves the strain.

Sixthly, The opinion is divided as to whether the submarine is coming up to reasonable expectations, but the majority sentiment is that the benefit of unrestricted U-boat war does n't offset the danger and loss involved in America's coming in. The press under orders from Hindenburg has recently been emphasizing submarine effectiveness, and there is increasing popular optimism on that subject.

If man-power is declining, it is not visible to civilian observation. Supplies of war material are sufficient, and military conditions generally have suffered no impairment.

The accounts of the political crisis are interesting. There has been a growing impatience with Bethmann-Hollweg. He came to be regarded as invertebrate and inefficient, as well as a sort of Jonah. Germany had had numerous victories; for example, the defeat of Russia in 1915, the conquest of Rumania, the showing made by the submarines, and always the war map, which an abler chancellor might have turned to account in bringing the war to an end. In these circumstances a peace should have been concluded on some favorable occasion any time in the last two years and nine months.

From the battle of the Marne on, it was clear that the typical Prussian victory by onset alone was not for this time. The German public has grown hungrier for peace, but the chancellor failed to react to the German impulse; he conciliated, discussed,

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postponed, paltered, and, trying to please everybody, has pleased nobody.

Finally, public opinion working on the Reichstag brought about an untenable position for Bethmann. The four-party coalition was the direct result of the popular unrest, of the demand of the people for an energetic initiative for peace. There are three hundred and seventy-nine votes in the Reichstag. Of these the Centrists, or Catholics, have ninety-one; the Socialists, eighty-nine; the National Liberals, (business men,) forty-four; the Progressives, forty. This coalition thus controlled a large majority, but it was not altogether homogeneous.

The three main causes of unrest were the desire for peace, dissatisfaction with the voting system in Prussia, and the wish of other German states to have it regularized, and dissatisfaction with Bethmann. The trouble was that all the members of the four parties could n't be lined up on all three proposals.

It was at this stage that Herr Erzberger concluded to "start something," and the bomb that he threw led to an excitement and stampede that consolidated the position. In vain the chancellor pulled his wires. Even the mysterious hints set afloat that the Emperor Charles wanted him retained were unavailing.

There was some disappointment among members of the four-party coalition at Dr. Michaelis's speech

on his assumption of the chancellorship. In his official relation with the Prussian diet he will do all that can be done, which is to communicate the desire of the Reichstag for voting reform in Prussia. This is, after all, a matter for Prussia, just as it is a matter for Maryland to say who shall and shall not vote for members of her general assembly; at least, that is the contention of those who are opposed to any change in Prussia.

Unless there is some change in the military aspect that causes a revulsion in popular sentiment, the chancellor must proceed with the peace program when the Reichstag reassembles in September,—or at the call of the President before that,—or the coalition will compel the kaiser to name a new premier. The power of the Reichstag is not direct, but as it holds the purse-strings, it can, theoretically at least, dictate policy even to the kaiser.

The food situation is represented as less acute. June was the hard month. The people stood the strain because they believed that peace was coming. The idea of peace had got abroad and was almost an obsession. The Government had spread it, and the masses suffered patiently because they believed that the Government was moving toward peace.

When popular discontent over starvation and other sacrifices became menacing, speeches of allied orators or editorials from newspapers were quoted and emphasized to show that Germany must endure

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to the end on peril of her destruction. The answer of the Entente last December to Germany's peace suggestion has been used over and over again to show Germans that they must fight or die.

The attitude toward America is a mixture of fear and contempt, at least among the militarists who are in charge of this war. They would like to think that the Spanish and Mexican Wars furnish the scale by which American capacity for war is to be measured. But when they look at American resources in wealth and population, and when they turn to the direct evidence of German-born citizens in America as to her earnestness and purpose, their contempt fades into fear, and they quail at the prospect.

The talk now put out here is that Germany realizes that America is sure to come in with all her weight, and that because of this, Germany must take whatever steps for peace she has in mind within the next few months. It is declared that Germany carefully refrains from any act that might inflame America toward her and thereby accelerate her preparations. It would be possible, they say, to torpedo American transports and passenger ships, but submarine commanders have rigid instructions not to touch them.

Unless compelled by circumstances, Germany will do nothing to rouse American fighting spirit, and will hope that peace can be concluded before

America gets into the trenches "with both feet," or that the submarine can so reduce shipping tonnage as to make transport on a large scale impossible within the next six months, except at the cost of starving England and France or cutting off supplies for the Entente armies.

August 9, 1917. This was a day set for a visit to the English internment camp at Mürren. It is a four hours' ride by way of Interlaken and Lauterbrunnen; thence there is a climb of about two thousand feet by a funicular railroad, followed by a few miles' ride on the very edge of a precipice that commands a matchless view of the noble peaks opposite.

Mürren occupies a peninsula about one third of the altitude of the Jungfrau, 4167 meters high. It faces the great granite fortress that is the Jungfrau's base, of which the walls seem less than a golf drive distant, but are actually more than two miles. The top of Jungfrau would be five miles, as the crow flies, with the Mönch and Eiger in full view on the left. Between the granite base and the snow line are green stretches on which, they told us, chamois were even then grazing, but they were not visible to the naked eye.

There is nowhere in the world a finer scenic beauty than at and from Mürren, but one must n't speak of it to the soldiers. They're "fed up" on scenery. All the same, when it's all over and they

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get back to Blighty, and peace comes with its chores and hardships, many a time they'll recall what happy days those were at Mürren.

There are now about four hundred British soldiers, including about twenty officers, interned at Mürren. The camp was opened in August, 1916. All but a small percentage are wounded men, and most of them came from prison hospitals in Germany. They tell of their experiences in these hospitals with wry faces.

The men are mostly English, but Canada, Australia, and even America, are represented. Maxwell, a Philadelphian of Scotch parentage, who enlisted as a private with the Canadians, has charge of the shop where watches are repaired. There is also a carpenters' shop, a printing-office, which turns out a camp newspaper about once a month, a tailor's shop, and a chauffeurs' school. The latter has graduated a number of men who are running cars in various parts of Switzerland.

There is a dentist who has treated four thousand teeth in his camp. His wife helps him, and they have won the gratitude of the men for their devoted and skilful service. There is a good Y. M. C. A. organization, with nice quarters and a hall where entertainments are given.

As it was a brilliant day, games of cricket, association foot-ball, and hockey were in full swing this afternoon. "Not much sign of weakness and

wounds in that lot," I remarked to the lieutenant colonel as we watched the gay scene from a bench that commanded a view of all three games. "Ah! but you should have seen them when they came here!" he replied. The foot-ball team was practising for a go with the Bern team the next Sunday. There is a base-ball game now and again.

There are a great many glass eyes. I talked with an Irish officer who had one almost as good to look at as the good eye. "I had some made in Geneva," he said. "Jolly good eyes they make in Geneva!" He was a young fellow about twenty-four or twenty-five. At first I did n't recognize his race, and asked what part of England he was from. "I am not an Englishman," he snapped back. He was a Dublin man. When I inquired where he had been hit, he could n't remember the name of the place for a minute or two and screwed up his face in the effort. "Oh, yes, Thiepval," he said, "the bally name" suddenly coming back to him.

All the world remembers Thiepval and the gallant work of the Connaught Rangers on July 1, 1916, but a Connaught officer shot on that day has dwelt so little on the episode that he must have time before he can recall the name of the place. A rifle bullet entered his right cheek, passed through the eye, and came out above the bridge of the nose.

He was greatly interested in the Flanders battle. "Do you think it is going to be a really big show?"

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he asked. He was sorry that there didn't seem much chance of his going back home. He and all other officers I talked with were very keen on getting with the Americans to train recruits. They dread winter at Mürren not only because of the cold, but because deep snow covers the whole place except one street, which is kept clear and affords the only chance of outdoor exercise.

The officer under whose guidance I looked about was a captain in the Buffs. His battalion was wiped out at Loos in September, 1915, and he was badly wounded, and captured by the Germans. He was a stock-exchange broker and enlisted in August, 1914. His family have joined him at Mürren, and they have a nice cottage on the side of the mountain.

The village itself is extremely picturesque. The streets, which are little more than walks and the prettier for being narrow and winding, have been rechristened with London names, the usual Piccadilly, Fleet Street, Strand, Edgware Road, and Regent Street. Further to carry out the illusion of the big city on the Thames the plainer end is called Whitechapel.

The officers and soldiers are quartered in the well-known Hôtel des Alpes. The back building is given over to the Tommies, who have nice, neat rooms with two or three single beds in each. It makes you cry to see the walls of these rooms with

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INCONTU





A SOLDIERS' CEMETERY

their profusion of photographs from home, wives, children, fathers, mothers, sisters.

It was a pleasant disappointment to find such a gay company, and to see such good progress in recovery from wounds. The day impressed me anew with the wonderful recuperative power of man and his ability to adapt himself to almost any situation.

August 10, 1917. I went with the American minister to see some English Tommies start for home after a long internment in Switzerland. They were all typical wounded convalescents, this one lacking a leg, that one an arm, another an eye, a fourth paralyzed. There were two affected precisely alike and very strangely. Through shell-shock or otherwise they had been so shaken that every minute was agony unless both hands were immersed in ice-water. This relief had been worked out by wide experimentation in the hospital. They were provided with ice to last them to Paris. Except for the peculiar nervous trouble, both men were physically fit.

An interesting chap who was on the platform to see the soldiers off was a young officer with one arm, who is now an interne in Bern. He was an airman, and his machine was brought down by a German avion. It fell two miles and was shattered to bits. The pilot was killed instantly. The young officer was terribly mangled, and his case was regarded as

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hopeless, but he got well, except that his left arm had to be amputated. He is a cheery chap and very popular in Bern society.

Minister Stovall and I walked away from the station toward the hotel, recalling the contrast between these war days and the time when we last met at the Baltimore convention in 1912. A gentleman passed us and saluted the minister. "That is a former President of Switzerland," he remarked. Mr. Stovall has found the work here interesting and congenial. He keeps in close touch with his paper, the "Savannah Press," which, under his ownership and management, has become a power in the public affairs of Georgia.

Mrs. Stovall, like Mrs. Walter H. Page and Mrs. Sharp, and perhaps others among the wives of American diplomats I have not had the chance of meeting, has fitted into the diplomatic environment most admirably, and is generally esteemed.

Bern, August 10, 1917. I got some side-lights on Balkan internal affairs to-day. Those who sympathize with Serbia are extremely restless over the toleration of Bulgaria by England and America. It is a curious thing that, while Serbia and Bulgaria are both Slav and have the same religion, they hate each other almost more than any other combatants. The Serbs think that it is the greatest mistake to treat with Bulgaria separately. They say that in

sympathy Bulgaria is as German as Bavaria, that she is the Prussia of the Balkans, and that, if there should be an inconclusive peace, Bulgaria would organize trouble within a few years.

A particular cause of irritation is the retention of the Bulgarian minister at Washington. He was a professor in Roberts College at Constantinople before the war, and his retention and the maintenance of relations with Bulgaria are referred here to the influence of Americans who are interested in Roberts College. "It is a great blunder," I am told, "to keep the minister there on the theory that he is a nice, friendly, college professor. For the purpose of injuring America in every possible way he is a Bulgarian, and Bulgaria is Germany, and Germany is the kaiser."

I met to-day an old "singe-cat" politician from America, who had spent some years in Germany in an official position. "If you figure on any democratization in Germany in time to affect the decision of this war, you will be beautifully left," he said. "You've got to lick Germany, or they'll lick you. There's no middle ground. This is a fight for a crown or several crowns, for all the old power, and then some. The kaiser is gambling with other people's money, and nothing will stop him short of spending it all in this effort to conquer the world.

"The discussion of liberalization inside Germany is predicated on conditions that exist in America,

England, and France. But these conditions do not exist in Germany. Previous to 1848 the Germans were mostly in a state of serfdom. What they have enjoyed under kaiserism is so good by comparison that they are satisfied. Germany is a country that in its relation to its rulers can be compared to only two other nations and races. As Confucius was to China, as Moses was to Israel, so is the Hohenzollern, from Frederick the Great downwards, to Germany.

"The trouble with long-distance opinion," continued my friend, "is that it ignores the all-important element of background, antecedents, local conditions. We judge Prussia, we judge Germany, in terms of American individuality and democracy. The Germans will stand for another century the political tyranny and abuse that our people would wake up to and throw off in a month. So go to work fixing the submarines and transporting an army; the treaty of peace must be signed somewhere in the vicinity of Berlin."

Bern, August 12, 1917. The American Legation at Bern is a nodal point. Every day refugees are here from some place in the near Orient, making their way homeward to America. This morning I saw a Jewish woman who was at the head of a party of thirty, thirteen women and seventeen children, who were en route from Jerusalem. She was

American-born, she said, the wife of an east-side rabbi in New York. She went to Jerusalem some years ago to be with her parents, who had grown old and needed her, but her husband continued to support her. Then her parents died. A few months ago a party was made up to flee from the typhus-cursed and poverty-ridden city and go home to America. It had taken five weeks to go from Jerusalem to Constantinople. The party had traveled by train, automobile, horse cart, and on foot, making their way as best they could and largely by their own wits. They had to wait six weeks in Constantinople, and then came here by a circuitous route. They were traveling on funds furnished by Jewish charitable societies. They will sail from Bordeaux for New York.

I met one of the many refugees from Armenia who are passing through. Their stories are too terrible to accept without some authentication. They report the most unthinkable butchery of the Armenian population by the Turks. The figures they give are more than seventy per cent. killed in the whole population. The roads are strewn with dead bodies. On the roadsides the jackals from the mountains, grown tame by usage, are constantly busy with the human carrion. Half-crazed, starving women wander on the highways without a shred of clothing. The stories of maltreatment of women, including refined girls at Christian colleges main-

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tained by Americans, are really too awful to believe. They make German behavior in Belgium seem restrained by contrast.

Still another visitor at the legation had come recently from Warsaw. He brought reports of appalling conditions. All prices were so high as to be beyond the reach of the poor. It was impossible to buy clothes at all. The bread ration was less than half the bread ration in Germany. A civilian could buy two eggs a month. There was tremendous mortality among babies. Owing to the low vitality of the population, typhus was killing off the people in great numbers. The native population had grown so desperate that they got the upper hand of the Landsturm soldiers, who had been put over them and who themselves were but poorly fed, a begging soldier being a not infrequent sight. The natives were so rebellious that the German soldiers did n't have the courage to stand up to them and often suffered ill-usage at their hands.

August 13, 1917. I fell in with some Russians to-day, and was much interested in their discussion of the situation in their country. They are not optimistic. They think it will be many a year before Russia is ready for a democratic government. At present the best results for war could be got out of the right kind of czar. Nicholas was the wrong kind. If you lack intelligence and enlightened pa-

triotism, then power is the only thing that can hold together many countries in one country. The czar had no love of power. If he had the chance now to be emperor he would n't take any great amount of trouble to get back. If he were very good or very bad, if he loved power, if he had any sense of worldly realities, he might have saved Russia. He doubtless abdicated, believing that it was best for his country, but Russians of the type I am quoting think that he had no right to abdicate, and that by his act he forfeited all claim on the loyalty of his subjects. He had taken the vow to reign; he broke it. The czar represented in his own personal character the vice of mental shiftlessness, which is general in the Russian bureaucracy. It is related that when the Russian foreign minister received the ultimatum from Tokio that resulted in the Russo-Japanese war, it was a Friday night. He threw up his hands in despair and said, "It will not be possible to see his Majesty until next Tuesday, and that will be too late!" Not that his Majesty was attending to anything of importance, but his time was disposed of by some sort of routine, and the minister knew that on no pretext could the routine be interrupted. When finally the czar could be seen he rejected the idea of war being possible. It was many days before he could be persuaded that the Japanese war was a fact.

Once the governor of one of the Russian provinces became entangled with the Petrograd authorities on a matter of overwhelming importance. He could n't get it settled in treaty with the minister of the department; so he undertook a long trip to the capital for an audience with the czar. The sovereign received him most pleasantly, knowing the object of his mission. But he did n't permit him to talk on the all-important subject. He knew that it would be necessary to send for ministers and entertain perplexing considerations. So he began an animated conversation on other matters. How was his Excellency's wife? Was she interested in Red Cross work? (The Red Cross was one of the czar's hobbies). She was president of the local society. Ah, the empress would be interested! So he sent for her Majesty, and there was a great to-do about the Red Cross work in the governor's district. When the time came for bringing the interview to an end, not one word had been permitted on the governor's real errand, and he went home with his trouble on his back.

"How about Kerensky?"

When I put that question it was like throwing a ball of yarn among a litter of kittens. Finally, one of the Russians got the floor as against the others; to make sure of keeping it, he stood up and, making motions all the while with his hands

like a Swiss bell-ringer, gave his analysis of the Russian situation in such a torrent of words that it was difficult to follow him.

He rated Kerensky as a shrewd politician, but lacking touch of genius. He said Kerensky had himself proposed in the Duma, two years ago, the precise separate peace with Germany that was now so much reprobated. Kerensky was so fettered by party ties, which he neither wished, nor knew how, to throw off, that he would find it impossible to control the Russian situation. While he was playing the party game, that situation would get away from him. Kerensky had encouraged the democratic methods in the army that now made discipline impossible. He could easily sow the seeds of insubordination, but he could n't put things back where they were by threatening to shoot disobedient soldiers.

Brusiloff was put out on account of his popularity and strength. They were afraid he might be made military dictator. Nobody in Petrograd wants efficiency against Germany enough to take any chance of a military dictatorship. Korniloff would probably not be Brusiloff's successor on the terms he had laid down, because the power he demanded would make him dictator. It is exactly a dictatorship that Russia needs; it would be the road to quick and sure Allied victory.

The big mistake of the revolution was lack of a

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prepared plan. You can't throw an enormous country like Russia on its resources over night. The people had been more or less prepared on the subject of social revolution, but of political they knew nothing. As soon as political revolution leveled down whatever powers had been standing, the social revolutionists took possession with their big following and semi-matured ideas. The only hope of Russia's coming back and presenting a solid front on the side of the Allies is in a military dictatorship.

That was the last word.

August 12, 1917. I met a real democrat from Germany to-day. He had n't been there very recently; perhaps his "room is better than his company" in the kaiser's bailiwick. But he is very intelligent and has a large acquaintance in Germany with whom he is in constant correspondence. He is a zealous worker for the adoption of democratic ideas on American lines. I inferred that while his mind had been tending in that direction for some time, his actual conversion had been brought about by President Wilson's state papers.

The late cabinet crisis contained no comfort for this democrat. It was true that there had been some growth of liberal thought in Germany since the war, but it was not strong enough to defy or even to disregard the kaiser, representing, as he did,

the tradition and fact of royal power and the military system.

The people are stirring more or less for democratization. Their thought gives the impulse to the Reichstag. But public opinion as a force is not yet rooted. The initiative comes from the people, but the militarists override it. A half-formed public opinion proposes: a highly organized, thoroughly intrenched kaiserism disposes. That was the formula for the recent action of the Reichstag and the sequel.

The kaiser is a neurasthenic. He changes from week to week. At times he is something of a democrat himself. He is worked upon by war conditions and by personal influence. Russia's breakdown has withered his budding faith in democracy and driven him back to the old real thing.

"The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be.

The devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

The people of Germany are strong when they serve the kaiser, but grow weak against him. They are yoke-oxen. The very discipline that cements them prevents the development of initiative and dependence. But the present informant sees better things in the future. Even the Germans can't stand everything. They will be aroused against the tyranny over them either in case of military de-

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feat or in the continuance of, or further decline in, economic and food conditions.

This man thought that Sweden and Bessarabia would be decisive as to food supplies. The President should carry out the most drastic measures in respect to Sweden. From that country such quantities of material for munitions and food supplies have come into Germany that people have wondered how Sweden had gathered it and transported it. It was thought possible that the German Navy had helped in the transport from Sweden.

Germany was now making a drive on the eastern front for Bessarabia. The present crop of grain in that rich agricultural country would help enormously, but even if it were necessary to wait until next harvest, the possession of Bessarabia would encourage Germany. The people are quick to take heart, and hope goes almost as far as actual food.

My informant thought that Germany could hold together until late winter, but if by that time Sweden and Bessarabia should be out of hand, it would be difficult to control the people longer, and revolt in some tangible form would follow.

The lack of information in Germany and the blind acceptance of authority by an intelligent community was attributed in part to press control. The representatives of the military, naval, and civil power sit together in daily conference and adopt policies for the press. Even a great journal like the "Frank-

furter Zeitung" is obliged to submit to this brutal dictation.

The press, on orders, prints next to nothing about America. That situation receives the silent treatment. The people would be influenced by America, owing to the bonds of kinship between the two countries, but they get nothing but a few half-truths.

A sample of the kind of misleading news that is put out and accepted by German people is the fiction that America is in a state of mental servitude to England. They firmly believe that America was captured by an extensive scheme of English propaganda antedating the war. The publication of extracts from Bernhardt's book by several American newspapers early in 1914 is cited as conclusive proof of the English propaganda.

The tenacity with which Germans hold to the utterly absurd belief in the mental subjection of America by perfidious Albion recalls a not dissimilar obsession in England that Count von Bernstorff had America in hand at one stage of the game. Of course poor Bernstorff never had a particle of real pull anywhere in America at any time. He did n't even always receive his "cash on delivery" purchases. It was German propagandism, a thing discarded off-hand by the rebelliously free mind of America, that impaired Germany's standing at the bar of American opinion from the very first. Her case was really never considered on its merits, for it had

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none after Belgium and the *Lusitania*. American perception was quick to grasp this.

My informant brought a report that will be especially interesting in America. It was to the effect that Count von Bernstorff was giving real advice and information in regard to America, and that he was himself showing distinct leanings toward democracy. Stranger things have happened than Bernstorff holding a seat in a German Liberal ministry. He knows America, if they will but encourage him to bring his knowledge to bear in the councils in Berlin.

The trouble is that the kaiser, like most of the breed of autocrats and tyrants, listens only to those who tell him what he wishes to hear. No minister can get along with him without sacrificing his own principles and convictions. Hindenburg and Ludendorff are not so subservient, but they are war chiefs and cannot be replaced. These two are said to give the kaiser when he is at the front an hour a day, and no more, for advice and consultation. That hour finished, the two generals leave on the dot, declining always, on the score of military duty, to accept royal hospitality, which would tend further to open military matters to what they regard as lay discussion.

The opinion was expressed that if anything should happen to the kaiser, the crown prince would never be allowed to take his place as absolute mon-

arch. There is enough "kick" in German liberalism for that. Moreover, the kaiser's policy, ending in this great war, has fully capitalized for himself all the loyalty to dynasty that there is in Germany, every drop of it.

The liberalism that must lie at the bottom of the working German's unwillingness to delegate to a single person future power to plunge him into war ruin, the liberalism of kinship and sympathy with the world, the liberalism of right thinking and right feeling of which even war brutality has not extirpated the roots, the liberalism of love of family, pleasant routine, music, friendly conversation, and quiet things—this is the liberalism that my informant hopes for in Germany, whether now or later, whenever final doom shall be pronounced upon the tyranny that now stalks over the land.

"He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity: he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword."

Bern. This is the city of the bear. Bruin is everywhere, on the monuments and gate-posts, in coats of arms and trademarks, and most real of all, in the bear den maintained from time immemorial by the municipality of Bern.

Napoleon took the Bern bears to Paris. When peace came, the Bernese clamored loud to have their bears returned, and the treaty so provided. These bears of the Bern bear-pit are a royal family,

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and can trace their ancestry back for centuries.

It is a sort of relief to turn in these war times to a less cruel wild animal than man, and fall down in bear worship. Really, there is something kind in bruin's face as he opens his mouth in what might pass for a smile, taking short breaths, with his red tongue hanging over his lower lip. At least there is no such expression as might be on the face of an aforetime gentle youth as he plunges his bayonet into the breast of an equally gentle youth differently uniformed.

I paid a visit to the bears' den, going down to the river level and walking from the upper to the middle bridge amid old architecture that appealed as no new architecture does or can. Why is it that just across the river, in the new and fashionable quarter where the legations are located, there should be such hideously suburban architecture and landscaping, when the most beautiful models in the world utter a wordless, but righteous, protest a few hundred yards away?

When I spoke of my visit to the bear-pit this afternoon, a lady recited the story that has become a tradition in Bern, but is historically accurate. She told it well, and it was much more stirring than the story of the horrible butchery by which thousands had lost their lives in Flanders only the day before. So cruelly does usage blunt the human feelings!

On a night many years ago one of the secretaries of the British legation, with a colleague from another legation, stopped at the bear's den. It was about midnight. They had been out to dinner and were much under the influence of wine. The Englishman in a sporting spirit vaulted over the iron rail at the top and then back several times. The last time he was tripped by his cane, which he held in his hand, and fell twenty feet to the bottom of the pit. He was not hurt by the fall, and the pit was empty, for the bears had gone into their sleeping cellars.

Neither diplomat was much alarmed after it was found that the Englishman was n't injured by his fall. He was sobered, and cautioned the other not to make too much noise while he explored the place to see whether he could climb out. Some time was spent in this hunt, which was without result; but there was still no sign from the sleeping bears.

The colleague then went off to find a rope or a ladder. At the end of half an hour he came back empty-handed, but with three or four other men, and ways and means were discussed, without any decision being reached. The Englishman, meantime, was sober as a judge, but his colleague was intoxicated and excited. It was now after one o'clock and the bears were apparently still asleep. The men went off on another hunt for ropes and ladders. They were gone a long time, knocking at

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doors and searching fruitlessly. The leader was now in a panic, and his own mental paralysis seemed to spread to all whom he met. He finally returned, bringing with him a crowd of helpless people, including a policeman.

Despite warnings from the Englishman, the crowd made a great noise, which waked up the bears, and they began to appear from their sleeping-quarters. They gathered around the Englishman with curiosity, but at first without evil design, smelling at him and yawning. The crowd kept on shouting, one suggesting one thing and another something else. There was running and cursing, but there was no *Jim Bludsoe* to yell out what should be done.

By three o'clock the bears grew more and more restless, and their behavior less and less friendly. Some one suggested that a coat be torn into strips, tied together, and used as a rope. It was done. The Englishman was pulled half-way up; the rope broke, and he fell back.

The bears now began to show signs of ugly temper. They were walking rapidly to and fro, approaching the Englishman, putting a paw on his shoulder, smelling at him longer at a time. It was suggested that the policeman use his pistol. He replied that it was useless, as the bears would not attack a man.

Meanwhile another rope of coat strips was made.

The Englishman grasped it, and the crowd began pulling him up. When his feet were a few inches from the bottom, one of the bears staggered up to him, and struck him with his paw in the small of the back. The rope parted, and he fell, his spine crushed by the blow. The bears fell on him and literally devoured the dead body. Then the policeman shot the bear that struck the deadly blow.

I saw the swaying shoulders and the paunch's swag and swing,
And my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous pleading thing.

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Nearer and nearer he staggered with paws like hands that pray,
From brow to jaw that steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away.

A model city is this city of the bears, the capital of the mother republic, a republic founded two hundred years before Columbus discovered America. A lady in one of the legations raised her hands in despair at the stupidity of the Swiss. You go into a shop, she declared, and ask for something. A man ambles off, comes back empty-handed, stares stupidly into your eyes, goes away, misunderstands again. What is it that gives such a wonderful product from a people individually dull, if dull they are? I turned from the lady to the young son of Minister Stovall and asked him the question.

"I don't admit that they are dull," he said, as a

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diplomat's son should. "What they do is well done because their tasks are limited and definite, and they have only to understand to be faithful."

I could see for myself that there was discipline. There are no unruly children running about. From my window, which also commands a view of the Jungfrau and the Oberland, I can see three or four playgrounds on the banks of the Aar. In the afternoons these spaces are always alive with youngsters. Their play is well ordered. They run, jump, throw the discus, pole-vault, and swim and dive in the river. It is real play, but it is orderly. All are in good earnest about it. The play does n't degenerate into horse-play.

In our America it would be almost impossible to maintain these playgrounds except under the severest supervision. They would be picked to pieces, strewn with litter, and the earnest work of athletics turned into some sort of buffoonery. Here the play goes on, apparently without superintendence, right up to dark.

The arrangement of this little city, the squares and public buildings, the municipal housekeeping, are a model of painstaking and good taste. The wonderful river combines utility and beauty. It twists and turns in its course through the town, making landscaping opportunities that have been taken advantage of. After it reaches the outside of the city it pursues its swift course a mile, then

bends sharply, and comes back to within three hundred yards. The thrifty Bernese have made a tunnel from bend to bend with forty feet of fall, and here the city gets its supply of electric power.

The water for drinking comes from the mountains, and, though analysis shows chemical purity, it is under suspicion of bringing the disease of goitre, which is almost a curse in Switzerland.

I wish that there might be systematized study of Swiss cities by Americans, and that we might apply some of their good ways. Everything moves quietly. There is no hurry, but there is no tardiness. It is the rarest thing for a street-car to be behind time. And, by the way, there is one obvious suggestion from their street-car methods. We have too many stops. Every other corner would be quite enough.

August 17, 1917. It is believed in many quarters in Switzerland that Herr Erzberger, through whose initiative the four-party coalition was formed in the Reichstag for the passage of the peace resolution that brought on the political crisis of July has carried, perhaps in unison with Austria, his irrepressible activities to the Vatican, and has brought forth the new proposal for which the pope is sponsor.

It is the Center, or Catholic, Party in Germany, controlling ninety-one votes in the Reichstag, which has lately constituted itself, under Erzberger's

leadership, the special spokesman of peace yearnings. Erzberger engineered the coalition of Centrists, Socialists, Progressives, and National Liberals that upset the Bethmann-Hollweg Government, and despite the fact that his movement struck the rock of military opposition, he has continued to proclaim his purpose to work for peace in every possible direction.

For weeks the movement with which Erzberger's name was identified has been discussed in a speculative manner in Switzerland, with divergent opinion as to whether it sprang from sincere motives or was part of the German game. It is only possible to average opinion as to inside conditions in Germany. There is an irreconcilable conflict of testimony, and every statement contains a mixture of a certain proportion of truth, which inevitably filters through with the propaganda spread by German agents, the counter-propaganda by allied agents, and exaggeration by repetition.

Underneath every proposal for peace, however impossible from the Allies' point of view, there is always the popular wistfulness to see the war ended.

This desire grows stronger with adversity and weaker with success, but when you get to details, the Germans shrink from conditions such as indemnity, which they regard as a plea of guilty to the felony of starting a wicked and murderous war.

In the general sentiment for peace the civilian

element has been reinforced by the discontent and the progress of the democratization idea in the army. Soldiers obey their officers and still fight well, but men who go home after peace will never consent to live under an autocracy that can capriciously involve their country in war.

Of this sentiment in the army the generals and the kaiser are well aware, and like the civilian unrest, it gives them constant solicitude. Even in Switzerland one meets few persons who claim that the autocracy will last beyond the present kaiser.

Out of these conditions the demand for peace arises in varying forms and degrees of intensity. The Catholics who under Erzberger's leadership organized the July revolt would naturally give their support to the latest peace initiative from the Vatican.

In Germany the government policy exactly reverses that of England. The German theory is that the Government can prevent the weakness and panic that the sudden suggestion of peace might produce by keeping that topic constantly under discussion. This is the pet policy of the Catholic party the leader of which, Erzberger, advertises that he is always ready to meet any advocate of peace from any belligerent Government, in Switzerland any day, and collaborate for peace on terms fair to both sides.

The British and American governments take the

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contrary stand, and advocates of peace are regarded as playing Germany's game. This indicates that despite the claims for German discipline, that country is less able to hold its people to war sacrifice than are the Allies, but it also indicates that the Allied peoples are taught to regard the initiation of peace discussion as an unmistakable weakening, whereas the Germans can shout peace on every street corner without suffering a loss of morale themselves or encouraging their enemies.

After spending ten days in Switzerland and talking with all kinds of people, I believe that it is vain to hope for a popular upheaval in Germany before the war ends. Germany is held in the vice of discipline. Fear is the chief element in its loyalty; but while the people stand in awe of the autocracy, the autocracy also fears the people. It may not be possible, owing to long-established mental discipline, for the people to develop and enforce an enlightened and matured public opinion, but waves of emotion are continually sweeping over Germany, and sharply react on the Reichstag and the powers behind the throne.

Hindenburg and Ludendorff, to whom are now delegated the powers of the autocracy, though in what proportion as between the two is not precisely known, came together from the front and assumed personal, direct control of the situation during the political crisis in July. Their authority was

recognized on all hands. Even the four-party coalition, which in the Reichstag had a majority for the peace resolution of more than a hundred, a body that derives considerable power from its control of money credits, modified its plans in conformity with the dictation of Hindenburg and Ludendorff. It was they who chose Michaelis and indicated the program he should outline, and it is they who will decide what program he shall actually carry out when the Reichstag reassembles.

In the tripartite distribution of power, by far the greater part resides in the autocracy, of which the kaiser is temporarily the figurehead. On the opposite side are the people, with the Reichstag in the middle furnishing a connecting-link.

The July crisis was produced by popular unrest, of which the chief immediate cause is said to have been the landing of American troops in France when the food scarcity was at its worst. This thoroughly alarmed the military party. The popular demand for peace and political reform came to the Reichstag with an impact that momentarily transferred the balance of control by which that body is normally held. The adoption of the peace resolution was the result.

The strong-handed intervention of Hindenburg and Ludendorff was favored by events in Russia during subsequent weeks, and also by using through the press submarine statistics, which had apparently

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been held in reserve until the disappointment due to the failure of the Government's promises when submarine frightfulness started last February had subsided. The German press pointed out that while England had not yet been reduced, as promised, by the U-boat campaign, the destruction of tonnage would yet accomplish that result and, what was even more certain, would render impossible the transport and supply of American soldiers in sufficient measure to affect the result of the war.

As the news from Russia has become less favorable for Germany, the press and propaganda have emphasized submarine warfare as the offensive against which the Allies are helpless, the silent and invisible blows of which are winning the war for Germany.

August 31, 1917. A reading of Mr. Hoover's clear and forcible appeal to the public, printed in "The Times" of August 11, 1917, moves me to call the attention of America to the example of Switzerland. In that country, more even than in France or England, there exists a plan carefully worked out by the authorities, and scrupulously put into effect by the people, for the conservation of food. There are so many things in the world to shake democratic faith that it is comforting to see the possibilities of reverence, order, and obedience to

authority under a republic so fully demonstrated as in the mother republic of Switzerland.

It is possible that what has been needed in America was an emergency under such leadership as Mr. Hoover's, and that our hitherto self-indulgent public will come out of their experience with disciplined hearts.

The regulations in Switzerland are not extreme, but they are thorough and are rigidly enforced, or, to put it more justly, are lived up to. The people have confidence in the wisdom of the plan and the impartiality of its administration, and they therefore make enforcement unnecessary by general, voluntary compliance.

People in France will in many cases beat the law by laying in big stocks on the market-day preceding the meatless days. This in Paris is not considered reprehensible, but in Switzerland it would be most severely reprobated by public sentiment, to say nothing of the legal consequences. For example, in Bern even the household of the American minister is on rations. On the first of each month Mrs. Stovall receives a card to fill in, stating the probable needs for that month. She sets down the quantities of the meats and vegetables that count, and sends the card back. The authorities then return the estimated allowance as approved by them.

This is not accounted a hardship by any one. On the contrary, there is general agreement that the

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method is necessary, orderly, fair, and in the public interest.

There are not only laws against profiteering, but public opinion is so alert on this subject that no market vender would dare attempt extortion. In the few cases where it has been attempted indignant women marketers have upset stalls and scattered their contents in the street.

The attitude of the people toward food and marketing interested me greatly. Marketing is a kind of sacred rite. Food is handled with caressing and cherishing care. In the morning hours the street-cars are virtually given over to the marketers, who carry their prizes in neat, small baskets and string bags.

It is astonishing how quickly a new-comer falls into the prevalent idea. I found myself soon taking the Swiss view of the preciousness of food. And what a wonderful flavor is imparted by a little stint! Like many other Americans, I like my breakfast best, and make it the chief meal. A favorite breakfast consist of fruit, bacon, coffee, bread, and plenty of butter and sugar. In Switzerland oranges are plentiful from Italy, so one is not limited there, though the price is high. But of bacon I could have only three very small bits; of butter, three slivers, equal to about one ordinary piece; and of sugar, one piece broken in the middle

to look like two. The bread allowance was equal to about two rolls. This is enough breakfast for anybody, and it was all anybody could get. And it was simply delicious.

CHAPTER XIII

A CORNER OF ALSACE RECONQUERED

July, 1917. The minister of war had elected that we should see a portion of that Alsace which French arms had reconquered. I was the first American, as it happened, to appear in Alsace since our country had come into the war. I was a little embarrassed to find that word of the visit had preceded me and that it was to be taken somewhat seriously as a mile-stone. I soon saw, however, that nobody could be embarrassed long, but only pleased and delighted by the gay and charming hospitality of Alsace.

Our route lay over the famous Vosges Mountains. Shortly after we had passed the crest, which here is only about eleven hundred feet above sea-level, our officer announced that we were now in Alsace, and there opened before us the lovely valley of the Doller. In a few minutes we were in the village of Sewen (pronounced Sayven), which is garrisoned largely by Senegalese. They greatly interest a Southerner raised among and by darkies. It never loses its strangeness to me that these Africans are unable to talk or understand American.

A big buck was cooking supper out on the roadside, and we watched him with an interest that was augmented by our guide's conversation with him in a patois understood by both. He was making a kind of burgoo of rice and horse-meat in an immense vessel about the size of a stereotype metal pot, from which issued a most appetizing smell. His tribesmen eschew pork, but when taxed with slipping some quantities of hog-meat surreptitiously into the stew, old Mose, as he might have been called on form, grinningly admitted the charge. His nose spread almost across his face, which was pock-marked; humor laughed in his eyes and expanded his lips. He was one of those negroes whom an experienced Southerner would at once pronounce as having "a heap of sense."

When I showed interest in the black men, several of them were called up, and we tried to induce them to carry on conversation in their native tongue, with only indifferent success, owing to their timidity. Their faces are scarred in infancy by lines indicating tribal affiliation. They carry a kind of cutlass that might have been old-fashioned three years ago, but which has become most useful in trench warfare.

We went up the Doller a mile or two to see a dam built by the Germans in 1884-87 and which supplies water-power to a portion of the valley. We had an entrancing view from this dam, one of

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many permitted us during our visit. It was difficult to realize amid such peaceful scenes that a horrible war was going on within a few miles. In the valley of the Doller as elsewhere in that part of Alsace now in French hands the crops, particularly potatoes and hay, are unusually fine, and the impression from any vantage-point is one of prosperity and plenty.

In the late afternoon we drove down the valley in the direction of the Rhine to Massevaux, where we were to put up. It is a beautiful town, with a population of several thousand. It has enjoyed prosperity from cotton and leather manufacture, and so far the *Boche* has spared it, contenting himself with an almost daily air-plane visit, perhaps by way of warning. The church has an organ which the inhabitants compare favorably with the famous one in the Strasburg Cathedral. They had arranged a recital in our honor in order to show its quality, but the time proved too short.

We drove to headquarters, over which floated the Stars and Stripes along with the French flag, to pay our respects to the commandant, and found that he was to give us a dinner in the evening. In the meantime we were conducted not to the excellent hotel, but to private houses. My friend went off to a house near the main street, while a captain took me to a fine old mansion in the square and introduced me to my hostess.



BRITISH TANKS



WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS IN FRANCE—A NIGHT PICKET

When I met my colleague later I said, "No matter how charmingly you are located, I am more so." But he stood up stoutly for his own host. My hostess was the youngest of four sisters left remaining of a prominent Alsatian family. The parents had died since the war; the only son was killed in Champagne. The three elder sisters were conducting a hospital in Belfort. My hostess kept her house open for French officers and soldiers. At one time thirty or forty were accommodated there, but the number was now reduced to six or eight.

From my hostess I heard the strongest plea for restoring Alsace and Lorraine that I had ever heard anywhere. She had only a small vocabulary of broken English, but she used it with a convincing eloquence. It was as if I embodied the whole United States, which had come to rescue Alsace if it could be shown that Alsace needed, desired, and deserved rescue. She made me feel that German rule had been intolerable, and would be far more intolerable if the Germans were victorious. The losses were terrible; her own house had been left headless, but better total extinction than the acceptance of Hun tyranny. This beautiful young girl made me feel as I had never felt before the reality of an alien oppression. "I feel as if the hoof of an unclean beast is on my neck, and I must throw it off if I die."

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I cannot exaggerate the trust in America which I found in this house, both in her will to put an end to German brutalism and her power to do it.

The dinner tendered by the commandant was attended by a dozen officers, and was a happy occasion. American flags entwined with the Tricolor were much in evidence, and the commandant made an eloquent speech in English. Afterward we all walked out together under the stars, and we said good night with assurances of sincere good-will all around.

We turned out early the following morning for the greatest experience possible in Alsace,—and for the matter of that, anywhere,—a visit to the battle-line on the very top of a mountain.

The route from Massevaux to Hartmannsweilerkopf takes one over the Roseberg, through Thann and Bitschwiller. At the latter village we were joined by the local commandant, a captain born in Mulhouse, or Mühlhausen, and changing to a higher-powered car, we began the steep ascent. In an hour we had reached the end of the automobile road. We had stopped at an ambulance station on the way up, inspected the hospital, which was hewn out in the side of the hill, and provided ourselves with steel helmets and gas-masks.

It was a fine morning, affording exquisitely beautiful views, and Fritz was taking full advantage of it to pay his respects to Hartmanns with

his 77's. When we started on the pedestrian part of the journey an airplane was buzzing in the blue sky above to give location and range to the German gunners three or four miles away.

We walked right into the zone of fire, on our way picking up bits of shell that had fallen in the road a few minutes before. Our officers shook their heads over the prospect of our going to the top, and at the first post the officer in charge pronounced against the attempt. The avion would certainly see us, and the German gunners would shoot directly at us. We took refuge in a dugout, where we listened in security to the bursting shells of the Germans, alternating with the rattle of the French fire on the airplane.

Our hospitable officers meanwhile brought champagne for our refreshment. The opinion was that the 77's would keep busy until lunch-time, but that Fritz would surely hold his midday feast sacred, and we might then proceed to Hartmanns, which lay twenty minutes' climb farther up. Actually, the firing ceased about eleven, and the hostile airmen having disappeared, we made our way up a mule-path to the communicating trenches. This path is not used in daytime as a rule, and every night the Germans shoot at it from their trenches on the other side of the valley.

When we entered the trench my guide ordered a stop in order to give me a drill in putting on the

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gas-mask, which, he assured me, might prove very useful. I was taught first to throw down my cane, then my helmet, with the greatest possible speed, and, thus disencumbered, to take the gas mask out of the bag in which it was carried on a strap over the shoulder and put it on, chin first.

It was a long walk for a tenderfoot up Hartmanns, and my captain spent half his time waiting for me. When we reached a point within a hundred yards of the top the trenches became a series of chambers hewn in the living rock. We crawled into one of these and looked through a loophole at the German trenches opposite. They were twenty meters, or about seventy-five feet, away, or about the distance across Broadway. The hole through which we looked was just about big enough for a pair of eyes and the muzzle of a machine-gun, which was always trained on the trench opposite. We could see the trench quite clearly, but not any signs of life.

The Germans were there, just as we were here. If they had shown an eyelash, we would have popped at it, and we were restricted to very brief peeps lest Fritz should become interested in us.

All this top part of Hartmanns has been denuded of its tree life and presents a desolate, bald-headed aspect. It is almost like fighting on the Cheops pyramid. At the very top a row of five blasted pines within a few feet of one another measures the

distance between the Germans below and the French above. The problem of getting up food and supplies is a difficult one for the French, who have a fine new military road nearly all the way from the valley. How the Germans manage I don't know. On the French road hundreds of pack-mules toiled up as we came along. Three years warfare on top of Hartmanns constitutes one of the tragic romances of the war.

We visited another chamber, affording a different view; then we went back into the open trench and made our way to within a few yards of the very top. We found a place protected from the Germans from which we could see the trenches at the crest at what seemed a few arms'-length. This view brought home to us even more vividly this extraordinary mountain warfare, carried on grimly in the face of nature's difficulties for possession of a toe-hold in Alsace. If the hardships were great now, imagine what they must be in the rigorous winters peculiar to the Vosges!

We went down a different way, stopping now and again to get the views. I was struck by the great supply of living water at the very top and all the way down. On the roadside here and there are baths made of rubble masonry for the soldiers.

We soon got back to the automobile road, and having driven to the ambulance headquarters, we got out for a walk to the observation-point that af-

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fords the widest and best view of the Thur Valley. It is near the top of a lower peak than Hartmannsweilerkopf. It is one of the most valuable of the tops controlled by the French and, with others, enables them to dispense almost entirely in this region with airplanes for observation purposes. It commands the German trenches for miles, and from it one sees several great potash factories (they are shut down at present lest the French be tempted to destroy them from the heights) and seven or eight towns in the valley. Although the two lines of trenches were visible, the valley lay calm and peaceful in the summer sunshine.

When we walked back to the ambulance headquarters I had a chat with a clean-cut young American named Colie from Orange, New Jersey. He had been here several months driving an ambulance, and like most of his kind had things sized up pretty well. You never meet one of these young Americans without a fresh access of confidence in all their breed. They will deliver the goods.

We slid down the hill past Bitschweiler and on to our lunch at Thann. The excellent White Bear Inn is under the management of M. Ortlieb, an Alsatian American. I asked:

"Do you know Chicago?"

"I have been there."

"Hoboken?"

"Yes; and Jersey City. New York still better, but New Orleans best of all."

"Do you know the St. Charles Hotel?"

"When it was built I opened it."

So small is the world!

After luncheon we were taken to Alt Thann to see what the Germans had done to the church. It was a pitiful ruin, even the head of the Saviour on the cross, inside the nave, having been shot away.

Indeed, the lovely town of Thann has been half ruined, almost a worse state than total ruin, by the *Boche*. The only parallel that I can recall is the town of Port Tobacco in Charles County, Maryland. It lived by being the county seat. When the latter was moved to a rival town, La Plata, Port Tobacco dried up like a locust-shell, and is to-day one of the saddest spectacles I know. When a roof in Thann is destroyed, no one mends it. What is the use? The Germans are within a mile of Thann and can ruin it at will. Now and again they send over a few score shells. They call them "forget-me-nots."

There is a cathedral at Thann. A saying in Alsace runs that the Cathedral of Strasburg is the highest, that at Metz the largest, that at Thann the nicest. The Thann Cathedral has some precious stained-glass, which fortunately has been taken away for safety. The buildings have been blasted

on all sides of the square in which the cathedral stands. The public school and the city hall are ruined; but the cathedral is still intact, and latterly the Germans have been less busy.

Our captain had been looking forward all day long to something, and when we started up the hill which overlooks Thann I could see "the love-light in his 'een." When we reached the observation-point he handed me his glasses, and, pointing to a steeple far away in the plain, said: "Look. There is Mulhouse." It was his native city—a city for which every heart in reconquered Alsace is wistful, a city once retaken by French troops early in the war, but then impossible to hold against the Germans.

Here my captain was born, as were his forefathers before him. They owned a great cotton manufacturing business. He was French in background and sympathy, and when he reached the age of sixteen he was told that he would either have to attest his German citizenship by serving in the army or clear out. He moved to Belfort and motored daily to Mulhouse to look after his business; but, in accordance with the German regulations, he was not permitted to sleep there.

Mulhouse nestles in the middle of the Rhenish plain. We were unable to descry the Rhine, fifteen miles distant. From our point of view the valley of the Thur was serene and lovely, an incredible

picture of peace in war. Yet within two and a half miles of where we stood lay a bare, brown strip in the midst of the green. This was the no-man's-land between the French and German trenches. Through the glasses we could make out the two lines gashed into the plain. On the French side there was cultivation to within a few score yards of the first-line trenches. Women were at work in the fields and teams of horses and oxen drew their loads along the roads.

We lay down on the grass, and the two literary men who were of our party talked of English poetry. They agreed on Shakespeare and Milton as belonging in a class by themselves, but there was a controversy over third place, which the Frenchman assigned to Shelley. The English critic was all for Wordsworth. Somewhat meekly in the presence of such literary overlordship, I piped up for Burns.

"He is not in the discussion at all," said the Englishman. "Poetry must be song or it must be revelation. Burns's work, while very good, is neither. He simply expresses human emotions. Wordsworth is clearly third among English poets."

Over our head the droning avion came again.

"We must be going," said the captain. "In a few minutes they will be shooting at us. It always happens, first the airplane, then the 77's. That

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is one advantage in dealing with the Germans. They always do the same thing."

As we turned to descend I noticed for the first time a ruined building that had probably served as a place of refreshment.

"The *Boches* did that last week," said the captain. "They may get playful any minute now."

At the bottom he bade us good-by and went back to his post at Bitschweiler, and right sorry were we to part with the gallant son of Mulhouse.

From Thann to Massevaux is an hour's drive on a road which for most of the way parallels the trenches at a distance easily within shell-fire. The run was made without incident, and from Massevaux we proceeded to La Chapelle to dine with the division commander and his staff.

The general I found to be an Alsatian, and I thought I could see points of resemblance to General Pershing. He showed a deep feeling for America, and we were greatly impressed with his steady, soldier-like character. The dinner was dominated by the Stars and Stripes and by cordial talk of good-fellowship and coöperation to beat the *Boches*. An interesting feature was the presence of a lieutenant who had lived a year in Manchester, Vermont, and who acted as interpreter for the happy occasion. "I never had a minute's doubt as to where America would land," he said.

We got an early start the next morning and

drove back to La Chapelle to pay our respects to the general, and the English-speaking lieutenant then took us in charge for a drive to another portion of the front. It was evidently desired that we should see as much as possible. The portion of Alsace under French occupation is only a fraction of the whole, but the French feeling is great.

Our guide wanted us to see a school where the children were being taught French; so we went to a village a few miles distant for that purpose. We could hear the guns booming and shells bursting in the distance, while the shrill little voices were piping recitations under the leadership of a uniformed master. The old German teacher was there, too, as a kind of assistant under the new régime.

There was something very pitiful in the picture of these frail children of war. How long! oh, how long! For centuries it had been the same in Alsace and Lorraine, first one harrow and then another driving over a race that is fundamentally neither French nor German. They are Celts to the core. The Celtic tongue rebels against "the language of horses," and the result is the Alsatian patois. Now the children were learning French. The struggle of their childish optimism against hard conditions reminded me of Robert Louis Stevenson's constant wonderment at that ever-present quality in God's creatures. The poorest of them, even the ants and insects having only a brief span of life, and that

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always under the menace of destruction by exposure and starvation, yet pursue their tasks with what seems to the human observer a cheerful energy.

So it is with the unfortunate inhabitants of these war-devastated countries. In the trenches, behind them, among all who endure real hardships, you find that optimism, which is the very finest thing that God has planted in the hearts of men. These little children ranging from five to twelve, and the treble of their voices in recitation and song, will be among my ineffaceable memories.

The lieutenant-colonel in command of the first line at this front was a splendid Paris-bred officer under whose guidance we proceeded to an observation-point not much over a mile behind the French and German trenches. But with a German avion droning in the sky above we dared not stand long in a group.

At the colonel's headquarters I was provided with a pleasant surprise. The colonel had me step down first from the car, and a band which had been drawn up in front of headquarters immediately struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner." We all stood at attention with swelling hearts. The leader was introduced to me and told me that he had reproduced and written out the music from memory the night before, and had taught it to the musicians that morning so as to play it in honor of a visiting American.

Another French soldier was brought up to be introduced. He was a naturalized American citizen, Alphonse Nicole, who was living in San Francisco when war was declared. He came back to fight for his native land, and had been promoted to sergeant. His eyes shone as he spoke of what his adopted country had done to help put the *Boche* under.

Throughout the Alsatian trip I had wondered at the immunity enjoyed by the towns, with German trenches so near. The colonel told me that it was because the Germans hoped to get these towns back and also because the wives, children, and other relatives of German soldiers inhabited them. This condition gives a certain appearance of unreality to war in Alsace except at strategic points like Hartmannsweilerkopf.

We drove to Belfort in time for lunch, and descending at the Grand Hotel, in the center of the town, we were surprised to see that the whole façade had been peppered with shell-fire. The omnipresence of war was again shown when we entered the hotel. The woman clerk fell into conversation with my colleague, and told him that at the beginning of hostilities she and her nephew had been employed in the Criterion in Piccadilly Circus. The nephew at once enlisted in the French Army. In one of the battles of the Chemin des Dames a year ago he had disappeared. She had heard

nothing since, and had given him up for dead.

And so it is everywhere in France. There is a certain alleviation in the universality of the bereavement and suffering. It is the normal state. There comes from it a consolation that recalls a story of Buddha. A woman who had lost her only son besought him to bring the dead back to life.

"I command you," said Buddha for reply, "to travel over India and seek for a grain of mustard in a house that has not known death."

After a long absence the woman returned.

"And have ye found the mustard seed?" asked Buddha.

"No," replied the woman; "but everywhere I have found sympathy and consolation."

Alsace and Lorraine are the dominating topic in France at this moment. We are all of us very free in thinking how we would manage Germany if we were in control of it. If I were the kaiser, it seems to me that I would give France a title deed to Alsace and Lorraine right now. It would be a sensational move but it would do more to enable Germany to come out of the trouble she has made for herself with a comparatively whole skin than anything else she could do. If we are to have an end of Prussian militarism,—and we are,—it will be German energy and enterprise rather than frontier lines that will give that industrial com-

munity a hold on the indispensable mineral resources of Lorraine and Alsace.

These provinces are the double tap-root of conflict, ruin, and misery in Europe. The few thousand square miles and two million population of Alsace and Lorraine have cost not less than twenty million lives, and for centuries the insoluble problem of their rightful ownership has been the ever-present death's-head over the prosperity and happiness of millions of human beings.

I came away from Alsace with one strong conviction. A plebiscite to determine allegiance is impracticable. Among other reasons for this belief are the following:

1.—The present population of two million includes about four hundred thousand Germans imported into the provinces after the Franco-Prussia War. While these are residents, they have never become assimilated into the people. They obtained possession of the property of the French unfairly, and their moral status is tainted.

2.—About two hundred and fifty thousand French were driven back to France by the unfair policy of Germany, and these, though properly a part of the provinces, would not be allowed to vote.

3.—Germany, having been in occupation, was in the position to force men into her armies, and the

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vast majority of serviceable Alsatians and Lorrainers are German soldiers.

4.—Most of the inhabitants who have scattered over the world since the Franco-Prussian War are French sympathizers who could not be happy under German rule. This has further deprived Alsace and Lorraine of the means of making vocal their natural preference for France.

5.—Who could hold a plebiscite and guarantee its fairness? It would be difficult, perhaps an impossible problem.

Monsieur Painlevé in his interview in "The New York Times," Premier Ribot in his Fourth of July speech, every spokesman for France, on every possible occasion, sounds the same note: "A great moral question cannot be arbitrated. Alsace and Lorraine are ours and must be returned to France unconditionally and forever."

CHAPTER XIV

TO THE RESCUE OF ITALY

In Italy one sees much of the famous Bersaglieri, wearing their head-gear of cock-feathers, and moving about as light as lapwings. These men go through several processes of selection and are one of the finest picked bodies in any army. The thing that weeds out all weaklings who may have any desire to go with these troops is that they march at the double-quick. A man has got to be young, strong, sound in wind, heart, lungs, and legs to pass this test. I was told that three whole divisions, or sixty thousand of these splendid fellows, were wiped out in the retreat from the Isonzo.

The Italian people have been eager for their king to show up strongly and every inch a king in these trying times. Personality in the king would do almost more to unify Italy than any other one thing. The king is modest, faithful, and capable, but too timid for the self-assertion which the Italians long for in him. Self-sacrifice at the front is no trouble to him at all, but he hates to come out in addresses to the people, and that is precisely what they want him to like and to do. The king's shrinking from publicity is probably in some measure due to his

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short stature. When his queen is on her knees and he is standing up, their height is precisely the same. The queen is a model mother, but she, too, has little fancy for the public and spectacular side of the royal office.

Paris, October 31, 1917. After forty-eight hours of strenuous work on the Italian situation and other very important matters, the French prime minister Painlevé gave me an appointment at the War Office at 10 o'clock last night, and made a statement on behalf of France and the other Allies. Before discussing general questions, M. Painlevé spoke very earnestly of Italy.

"France and England," he said, "will fly to Italy's aid with all means available. We are not only impelled by military interest. We can never forget that our valiant ally, Italy, voluntarily took up arms and exposed herself to such perils as these in order to defend the sacred cause of right for which we are all fighting.

"The recent French offensive, flawless in its method and execution and irresistible in its plan, is significant of the sustained fighting power of France, of that reserve force which can still be drawn on after over three years at grips with the most formidable military organization the world has ever seen.

"If we have our troubles in France, they are

superficial, and tend to cure themselves by their own manifestations. There has never been a minute since the Marne that France has not been more than equal to every obligation imposed by the war. Our burdens have been heavy, but never beyond our strength. In fields and factories our women and children have proved worthy rivals to our soldiers in constancy and courage.

"All the belligerents have been subject to the exhaustion of a long-drawn-out war, but America's participation puts the Entente on an entirely different basis from the enemy. The incalculable fresh resources, moral and material, thus thrown in on our side raise the average of endurance and striking capacity as against the opponent not thus recruited, and worn to the breaking-point by the prolonged military and economic stress.

"That is the vital point in the situation as it stands to-day. France, England, and Italy, supported by a new ally of unmeasured material wealth, but still richer in spirit and unbreakable will, are shoulder to shoulder in one sure purpose.

"There is to be neither halt nor parley until the German brute force is shattered and world-terrorism is ended. Momentary trials which are afflicting Italy, and against which the force of Allies will make successful headway, may delay, but not modify, the issue of this formidable war, which henceforth is inevitable. Germany may make other

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spectacular moves in the far-off and temporarily indefensible areas, but we are dealing solid blows on the western front.

"Whenever Germany is sincerely ready to consider peace it will be because she is beaten, and when she is beaten, the victors will write the terms in conformity with justice and the rights of humanity, steadfastly refusing to admit any compromise with violence. This note of high resolve struck by President Wilson in all his recent utterances has been accepted and adopted by the European Allies. We stand together in complete harmony, and we are convinced that there is no other road to peace save by victory.

"The arrival of the Americans in the trenches," M. Painlevé concluded, "is greeted with the greatest joy by their French comrades in arms and by our whole nation. It is a beginning not only of the utmost symbolical importance, but of enormous material significance. Before long I intend to pass an evening in one of the trenches occupied by the American troops in order to bring to them personally and on the spot the greeting and good wishes of France."

Turin, November 5, 1917. I had my first chance of seeing how Italy was taking the crisis. Crowds lined the route for miles to see the soldiers off for the front, but there was no excitement.

I occupied a compartment with an Italian officer returning from Petrograd, and as we were invaded in the free Italian way by fresh sets of passengers going short distances, with whom the officer conversed freely, we got a good line on the feeling of this part of Italy. The people had been shocked to the core. They were unprepared. The very worst they had reckoned on was the halt of the Italian advance for the winter, which was causing considerable grumbling.

When Cadorna's frank *communiqué* was read by the crowds assembled in the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, the famous Milan arcade, last Sunday night, scores momentarily gave way to their grief, weeping hysterically; but soon a common instinct of courage and loyalty asserted itself, and the whole crowd joined in shouts of acclaim for Italy and the king. The latter possesses the love and confidence of the people, who also continued to trust Cadorna. Reasons for this loss in a few days of all that had been taken with sacrifice, and cherished so passionately as the homeland free from alien rule, are sought elsewhere than at the *com-mando supremo*.

Milan, which is Italy's chief commercial city, is also the center of the war spirit. The public here is uninformed about details of the military operations, does not even know the present army headquarters, but faith is pretty general in Cadorna and

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in Allied coöperation. I have not heard one word of criticism of any ally except Russia. I feel safe in saying that this part of Italy and, so far as I can gather, other parts, have stood the shock of the disaster well, and that there is not going to be the kind of collapse that alone could make Italy put an eventual Allied victory in danger.

Rome, November 8, 1917. My observations here confirm previous insistence upon the urgent need of centralized methods of managing the war. At bottom this war is the biggest business enterprise ever undertaken, and while the kaiser handles his end of it as such, each of the Allies is more or less playing its own separate game. With vast resources, the Allies have discussed and postponed critical decisions until they have lost the advantage.

To mention one recent instance; if the Korniloff movement had been handled by the Allies as the kaiser would have handled such an opportunity, the Russian situation might have been stabilized and the Italian drive rendered impossible.

There had not been a single Allied action, with the exception of the Battle of the Marne, which ranks as a great aggressive stroke. The Allies are not organized to initiate and execute big policies. Instead of looking ahead and planning on a big scale, they yield where pressure is applied, with the result that they usually trail along a few days or

weeks behind Germany. Purely local and political matters divide and divert attention in the Allied chancelleries.

Coming on top of many previous heartbreaking lost opportunities, the present menace in Italy is quite serious enough to rally the Entente powers at last into substituting for the town meeting some plan under which they can see the war situation as a whole, and concentrate with foresight, originality, and driving power, as we understand those things in America.

In a word, after three years, it is time to quit playing amateur against professional. If America gives the lead, all the rest will follow. There are directed against us none of the petty jealousies peculiar to Europe, and all the Allied countries have complete confidence in our disinterestedness and sound leadership.

November 13, 1917. To understand the present situation in Italy, we must consider three essential facts:

The first is geographical. The remark is attributed to Napoleon: "Italy is a wonderful country, but too long." From Turin to Naples and back is as long a trip for a Caproni as from Turin to London.

The second fact is racial and dynastic. The kingdom of Italy is only fifty years old, composed of

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units widely separated, and differing in race and in historic antecedents.

The third fact is that there is a kingdom within a kingdom. The Vatican is in Italy, but not of it. It is necessary to be careful on this delicate ground, where much controversy is raging. Enough to say that no one can grasp the present condition who does not realize that in Italy two separate and inherently antagonistic powers occupy the same ground, the one spiritual, with the temporal in retrospect and prospect, and the other purely temporal. They rule over the same subjects, for virtually all Italy is Catholic. History has bequeathed this condition.

If all Italy had the spirit of Milan, no question would arise as to its power of resistance to the German invasion or as to a separate peace. The capital of Lombardy is the chief jewel in the crown of the Italian Kingdom. Not even in America does city pride exist more strongly than in Milan.

When I arrived three days ago I found everywhere deep disappointment that the Isonzo line should have given way, and dread of the possible consequences; but there was neither panic nor indifference. I attended service at the great cathedral. On every face was written anxiety, but also earnestness and determination. An enterprising and energetic people have built a fine city and are filled with zeal for future efforts. They watch with

anxious eyes the approaching Germanic tide from the Venetian plain, realizing also the possibilities of new eruptions from the Cadore and the Trentino. Tears gather in their eyes as they contemplate the city which they have been building with such labor, and love so well; but there is no white feather in Milan. The Milanese will die, if necessary, in the proud belief that their city is the center of Italy's will to war.

Rome is a different story. There is no danger here of German murder and pillage. The censorship is strict, and the masses are ignorant of the seriousness of the Northern situation. Furthermore, Rome lives much in the past, and her climate is relaxing. Rome has a great many "knockers." There are circles which take pride in holding "well-balanced" views. From such sources flows a constant stream of cynical sanity, which is destructive of the war spirit. Only in the house of spiritual frenzy will men make the sacrifices imposed by the defense of the nation.

In Rome one encounters few fine enthusiasms. The German invasion is discussed in an entirely different temper from that which one meets in Milan. Warm-blooded optimism is non-existent. There is polite appreciation of America's response to Italy's needs.

By common consent Baron Sonnino is Italy's leading figure. He is of Jewish origin, and Eng-

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lish on his mother's side. I had introductions to a family in Rome which is on intimate terms with him, and I hoped to get an interview, but found that it was quite as impossible as to interview the Grand Lama of Tibet. He has never once talked to a newspaper man even privately, and is the most aloof of all the world's statesmen. Sonnino's brilliant mind illuminates everything within a certain radius, but the circle on which he throws its light is small.

It is reported that the Swiss are heavily mobilized on the Italian frontier. The reason given by a well-informed authority is this: in previous wars Italian and Austrian troops have not been over-scrupulous about territorial boundaries. Switzerland is determined in the present circumstances that there shall not be the smallest violation of her neutrality.

November 14, 1917. From different sources, including military experts returning from the front, I am able to piece together the following explanation of the break on the Isonzo, that led to the Italian rout.

The positions held by the Italians, won by the greatest valor and by immense losses, seemed almost impregnable except to protracted siege. The terrain opposite Tolmino on the Isonzo front was precipitous, and the position along the top of this

small mountain-range was strongly fortified with cannon of large caliber. The slopes and foot of the ridge were fortified by trenches with wire entanglements and other obstacles. The Isonzo River flows at the foot of this fortified ridge. Along the top of the ridge ran a new and excellent road, macadamized and drained. This position in front of Tolmino appeared to be very strong, and I am told that this view was held by the supreme command of the Italian Army. They have been criticized for placing troops there who might have been infected by the peace propaganda, but it can be stated in their favor that troops with any spirit whatever could have held this position sufficiently long for reinforcements to be sent them in case of wavering.

It would seem, however, that the Second Army, unknown to the higher command, had been honeycombed by sedition, fostered by very subtle socialist and other propaganda, which was coupled with an intense desire for peace and for an opportunity to return to their families, for peasants composed the largest part of this army. Some of the troops it has also been stated, when captured or when searched, had on their persons copies of the Socialist paper "Avanti."

It is known that a very heavy bombardment was turned on the trenches in front of Tolmino, and that a shell fell within every hundred feet of trenches

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every fifteen seconds for two hours preceding the attack. The Austro-German attack was aided by mist and fog from the river valley. This, however, was a normal condition, as in the morning, even in August and the beginning of September in a good season, this mist was usual, particularly along the upper and middle Isonzo Valley.

It has been stated that the trenches of the Italian position that were carried by the Austrians were first bombarded with a new gas, which nauseated the men in the trenches during the first part of the bombardment, and compelled them to remove their masks. Four to five minutes after this first bombardment of nauseating gas, asphyxiating gas was used, which caught the men with their masks off, and confusion as well as a great many casualties resulted therefrom.

The intelligence work of the Austro-Germans was excellent. It was reported that the first shot fired during the bombardment destroyed the telephone central of that section of the front. The disaffection was not confined to men in the front line trenches only, but was prevalent among the reserves, and many positions in the front-line trenches were held until the Italians were virtually annihilated; for the reserves, who should have supported them, had already retreated. Thus a gap in the line was left where there was virtually no resistance. It is said that the way to Udine was

absolutely clear, if the Germans had only known it, thirty-six hours after their first attack.

As there are very few roads in the mountains, when one portion of the defensive line in the lines gave way, undoubtedly these roads became heavily congested, and the rolling up of the line on both sides of the gap, once begun, could not be arrested. About twelve kilometers of the defensive line fell at once and through this gap poured the Austro-German offensive, virtually unresisted except by a few isolated organizations, such as the Bersaglieri and Alpine regiments, who were almost annihilated. When the opening through the line became so large that it could not be closed, it caused the withdrawal of the armies on both sides. The withdrawal added to the confusion.

I have also been informed that wireless and telegraphic codes were captured by the enemy or obtained by treachery. The supreme command at Udine could not communicate in any way with the lesser commands except by means of messengers.

Though twenty-five hundred guns of different calibers were captured, many of these guns were old and of obsolete patterns, and a great many, while they were a loss to the Italians, could not be used against them, as they had destroyed many parts before they were captured.

The great difficulty at present seems to be not so much lack of men, but the great loss of arms,

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equipment, guns, and munitions of every description.

A few days ago a royal decree was promulgated by the supreme command, giving five days' grace for all soldiers separated from their armies to report to military authority. If they did not do this within the time specified, they would be treated as deserters and shot in the back, according to the army penal code.

CHAPTER XV

GREAT BRITAIN AT BAY

December 1, 1916. When I embarked for Liverpool, on Saturday, November 18, I found awaiting me on board the clean, comfortable, swift, and safe American liner *St. Paul* a letter from a man prominent in affairs, well known among his intimates for a childlike curiosity exceeding that of a certain famous Chinese diplomat. This letter set out a score or more of questions, and, as they show forth a typical American interest, I have sought material for categorical answers.

What, if any, effect has the increased rate of taxation had upon the apparent life and habits of Englishmen?

In the sense of imposing real hardship, very little. The manner of life has been much altered, but fundamentally, chiefly in quarters where alteration has meant improvement. It is as it was with the philosopher in the garret. The garret was very small and crowded, and a visitor exclaimed:

"Why, you have n't room here to swing a cat."

"I don't want to swing a cat," the philosopher replied.

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The well-provided classes discover that with small sense of sacrifice they can give up much luxury that had been masquerading as necessity. Life has become compressed and restricted; the contrasts which usually differentiate plenty and poverty and give the sense of satisfaction and comfort to the fortunate are now furnished by the suffering and self-denial of those directly connected with the war, the soldiers and their near relatives, while this latter class in turn are sustained by the heroism of their sacrifice. Society has thus established a new balance and goes on without complaint, perhaps even with a larger measure of inner happiness.

What is true of the upper and middle classes would be true of the lower in similar circumstances were it not for the fact that the flow of money to labor is in vastly increased volume since the war. There is, therefore, no economic pinch in that quarter. The danger lies in the formation of habits the indulgence of which will become impossible after the war and the necessary readjustment to the return of normal conditions.

Are the English people doing anything the better to conserve the resources of the country? Are they, for instance, cultivating more of the ground, that was formerly given up for parks and hunting purposes? Are they making any definite efforts to restrict waste and unnecessary use of food and materials?

The acreage under cultivation in 1916 showed a decrease as compared with 1915, owing to labor scarcity. Farm labor is too heavy for English women. They cannot stand it, and the males have been drawn off to military duty and munition-making. It cannot be denied that England is still backward both in organized effort to promote production and to stop waste. A measure for the latter purpose is now going through the painful process of parturition in the cabinet, amid the sneers and gibes of the opposition press.

What particularly impressed you on your arrival in England after an absence of fifteen months?

The changelessness of England. As *Mr. Britling* remarks, "Nothing is ever changed in England except the mind of England when that mind is made up to change something."

The country-side looks much the same as it did when I last saw it. London is much darker at night, the parts lying beyond the main arteries being very dark indeed. The streets are pretty bare of pedestrian traffic after, say, eight o'clock. The busses and cabs go swiftly through the darkness, with a comparatively small percentage of accidents. The bus service is well maintained, but cabs are scarce. Women have not yet developed as drivers. The spirit of the people is about the same.

London, July 18, 1917. The change at the Ad-

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miralty, by which Sir Eric Geddes succeeds Sir Edward Carson, calls attention to submarine conditions, and there have been sharp revisions of opinion in the last few hours as a result of a reëxamination of facts and figures.

The prime minister's recent assurance of safety from the submarine had a sedative effect on the public mind, but discussion by well-informed persons, particularly in banking and commercial circles, during the last few days has brought out conditions that are disquieting. Confidence about the submarine situation appears to have had no foundation more substantial than the hope that some scientific means was surely in the way of being found to put the submarine finally and entirely out of business. The syllogism was: America is a wonderfully inventive country; America is now a belligerent; ergo, America will provide a solution for the submarine menace.

That part of England that wakes up somewhat ahead of the rest has suddenly grasped a fact that is so simple that it ought to have been realized and acted on long ago. The average man has been thinking about food,—it has been plentiful,—or thinking about Germany's threat to reduce England in two months. Five have elapsed, and England is no worse off. What has escaped attention, and what is now brought to the fore by the change at the Admiralty is the inexorable fact, which any-

body with knowledge of the rule of three can cipher out for himself, that at the present rate of construction and destruction there cannot possibly be at the end of a few months shipping enough, unless British commitments elsewhere are considerably curtailed, to feed England and France and maintain the present armies in the field; and as for conveying America's armies to Europe and maintaining them, it will simply be out of the question.

The loss of ships by submarines totals six hundred thousand tons a month, or from two to three times the total of new construction. There is no possibility whatever of construction capacity overtaking the present rate of loss in time to avoid a peace being forced on the Allies. What is wanted, therefore, is largely to increase the destruction of U-boats.

The British Government is, and the American Government ought to be, eye to eye with the staggering fact that the Allies have got to find a way to curb the submarine or lose the war, a way not yet found and not even approached except experimentally. Damage by submarines has been reduced by American coöperation, and every single ton of craft effective against submarines ought to be sent to European waters without a single hour's delay.

It is crystal-clear that in American waters protection is not needed from the submarine, and to keep destroyers on the Atlantic seaboard is sheer

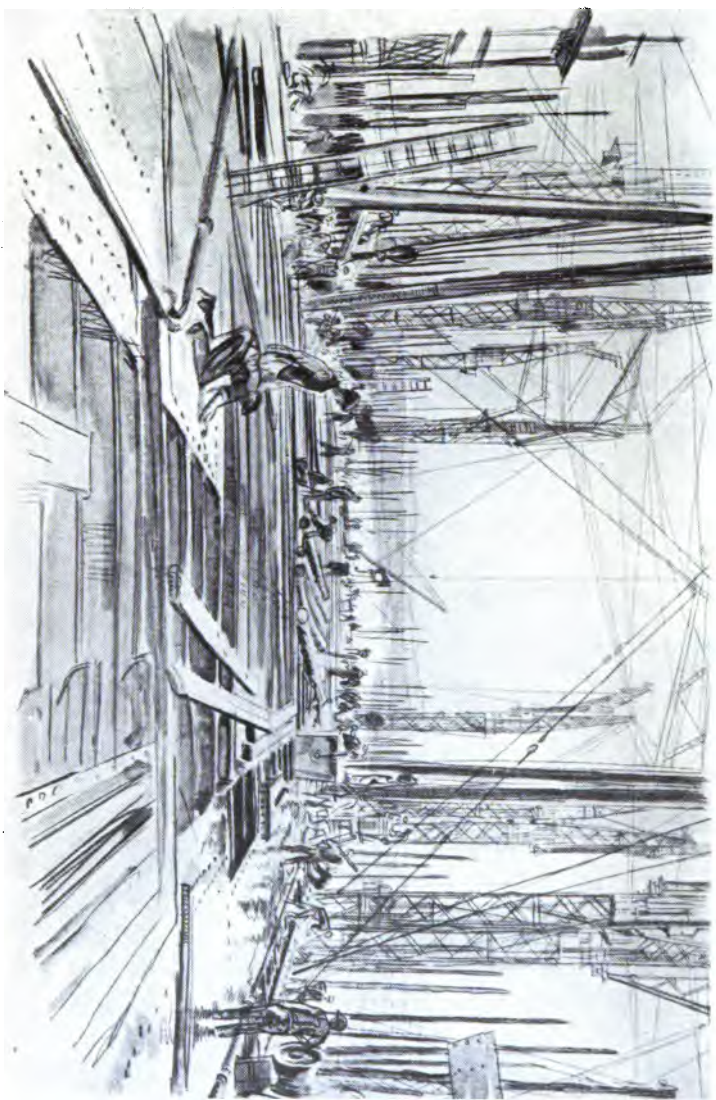
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waste when the situation here is so critical. The English fleet over here protects all interests over there. For the purpose of this war, the Irish Sea is just as truly American as Long Island Sound.

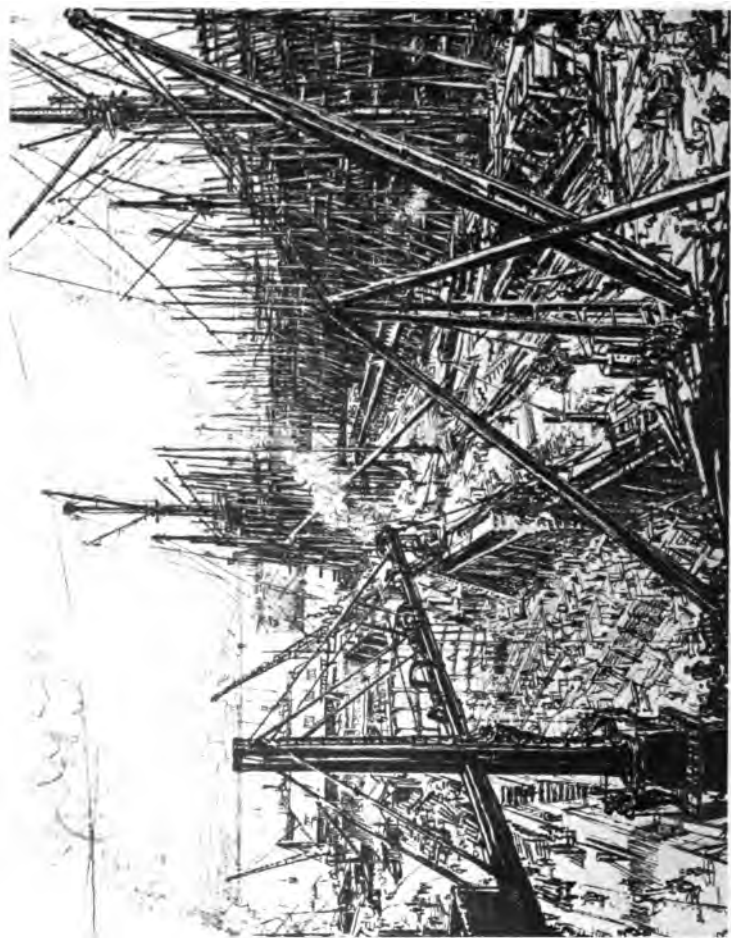
It is around the Irish Coast that the fight to make a world safe for democracy is at its deadliest crisis. No military victory, short of marching into Berlin, can take the place of a death-blow to the German U-boat.

September 6. Although I had been in London when the Zeppelins were calling in the outskirts, I had never before been in the very midst of an air raid, and the experience of Wednesday night was a novel one. The strangest thing about it was how we should all be so cool in such exciting and dangerous circumstances.

The first notice was the passing of the fire-engines in the street below. Of course we got out of bed for that. A policeman on a bicycle immediately followed, wearing on his body a "take cover" sign and sounding his bicycle-bell. Within a few minutes we heard four explosions which might have been right around the corner. Bombs were falling a distance of nearly four miles, and exploding as they struck the earth. My flat is on the fifth floor of a six-story building, and has a big bay-window that commands a fine view. I stood there for a few minutes watching the search-lights and trying to



SHIPBUILDING ON THE CLYDE



A SHIPYARD ON THE CLYDE

make out the Gothas, the droning of which was distinctly audible, and otherwise see something of the show; but was finally obliged to yield to feminine insistence, and repaired to an inside hall on the third floor, where the occupants of the building had taken refuge.

This hall had no windows, and as the building is of concrete, was comparatively safe; but I might as well have been in America for seeing or hearing the air raid. We stayed there for three-quarters of an hour, and then went back to the flat and watched the search-lights from the bay-window for a few minutes. The "all-clear" policeman had n't come along, but it looked as if the raid was over. Traffic in the street below seemed normal, and the only evidence that something unusual had happened was the presence of groups of people, including a party of children, staring up into the heavens. There was a brilliant moon, but the light, low-lying clouds floated about in the sky. Some one in my party remarked that they "sinned against the moon."

I decided to go to bed, but before I went to sleep there were further explosions. I stayed in my flat this time. I telephoned several newspaper offices to find out what was going on. From one came the answer: "Something is going on, and we rather think it is serious, but we have no reports yet." I wish I were permitted to specify localities: it would

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make the answer from that newspaper office very interesting for its proximity to damage and loss of life.

The second visit of the Germans was brief, and I went to bed and to sleep without knowing the nearness and extent of the danger. The next morning when I visited some of the places where the forty bombs had exploded, I realized that I had been immediately in the path of the German planes, and that a bomb exploding at my corner would probably have killed everybody who happened to be standing at a window in the vicinity. The explosion carries with it a shower of shrapnel, which smashes window-panes, and the broken bits of glass are as fatal as the shrapnel itself. The bomb that fell at the hospital entrance broke every window-pane in the block, and there were literally hundreds of shrapnel-scars on the stone and brick walls, pits ranging from an inch to six inches in depth and diameter.

London, September 7. The claim made by Admiral von Scheer that any child could take a pencil and a piece of paper and reckon the destruction of England through the submarine, and the general belief in Germany that Hindenburg has only to hold things level while the submarine defeats the Allies, have caused fresh discussion of this all-important question in England, though with intelligible figures

lacking and only the jargon of sinkings by ship to go on.

It is a discussion in an intellectual vacuum. The figures published by "The New York Times" on July 19, showing an average monthly loss of six hundred thousand tons, constitute the only real information that has reached the public for six months. The figures quoted by the prime minister in answer to questions by Kennedy Jones dealt with British shipping only, and in such a way as to be very confusing. I am able to state that since the period dealt with by the figures published in "The New York Times" on July 19,—namely, the first six months of the present year,—there has been a reduction in the losses at the rate of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand tons a month.

A number of different elements have entered into this reduction, but undoubtedly efficient American coöperation has been the chief single element in it. The convoy system is working as well as can be expected in view of the shortage in escorting vessels.

The absurd reports published in several New York newspapers on August 19, quoting Admirals Jellicoe and Sims as authority for the warning, that the German high-seas fleet may elude the British cordon and strike with all its strength in American waters, and that a submarine offensive will be instituted by Germany on the American side of the Atlantic, are believed here to come from German

sources, and to be put out for the purpose of preventing the dispatch from America of the escorting vessels, which are necessary to perfect the convoy system.

Admirals Jellicoe and Sims are both known to hold views absolutely opposed to any such theory as that attributed to them in the publication of August 19. All respectable naval authority here is in agreement with the opinion that the appearance of any kind of German fleet in American waters, or that a serious attack of any sort or description, is utterly out of the question.

Whether such reports emanate from Germany or whether Germany's purposes are unwittingly served by the incompetent in America, the fact remains that all naval activities are now centered in the submarine zone in European waters. It is there that the Allied naval effort must be concentrated. It would be a mistake to draw too much encouragement from the reduction in the tonnage sunk by German submarines in July and August. The favorable showing is partly due to the great effort put forth by Germany in the month of April, when the figures were roundly eight hundred thousand tons in four weeks, which established an artificial basis of comparison. In the first six months there were also raider losses aggregating 151,000 tons. The total figures for the six months, including raider losses, was slightly in excess of 3,600,000

tons, not including steamers damaged or beached, but not sunk. Of these losses in the first six months of the year about fifty-eight per cent. were British, twenty-five per cent. neutral, and seventeen per cent. Allied.

When the losses are six hundred thousand tons a month and construction is two hundred thousand tons a month, there is a resultant net-loss of four hundred thousand tons a month, and if this went on long enough, Admiral von Scheer would be justified in his statement. We cannot be sure, but we can fairly hope, that the reduction shown in July and August will be maintained; but even so the Allies would still be taking an enormous gambler's risk unless the situation were greatly improved both in respect to reduction in tonnage sunk and construction of new tonnage.

The next six months will be extremely trying, and it is of the highest importance, that every nerve be strained to strengthen convoy protection along the lines laid down by the Allied naval authorities. The difference between strenuous concentration of effort for providing adequate escort and a division of resources for a purely imaginary submarine or raider attack by Germany in American waters might prove to be decisive in the success or defeat of Germany's supreme effort with the U-boats.

America has done well in the submarine campaign, but effort should be constantly increased.

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To deal with big realities appeals to the American spirit and the submarine campaign is the very heart of the European War situation. Everything that I have heard in Switzerland, France, and England confirms my belief that Germany is building her hopes on the submarine, and the very moment that destruction of shipping is reduced to a point anywhere near construction, Berlin will beg for peace unless victories on land should make a radical change in Germany's position.

London, November 17. The message sent out by the Associated Press, giving the opinion of an English journalist now in America to the effect that last week's showing marked the definite and conclusive defeat of the submarine is much deprecated in circles here which understand the realities of submarine warfare. It is regretted that such importance should be attached to a single week's return. Those who understand the subject best state that there is just as much reason to generalize in the reverse direction. "More likely they are spitting on their hands for the next go," said an American to-day. While there is general gratification at the unique figure, the event is being celebrated as isolated and casual rather than as marking final victory over the submarine.

The common sense of the situation clearly is that while distinct progress has been made in fighting

the submarine, we are still far from safe. In the month of October the rate of destruction was considerably higher than in September, a fact that disposes of the ill-founded view that the submarine chapter of the war is closed. The under-sea operations have a pendulum-like movement. August was comparatively heavy, September showed a big drop, the actual figures for four weeks being even lower than the estimate I cabled to the "Times" from Paris on October 9. The Germans must have become alarmed and made extra efforts, for toward the end of October the English and American defenders observed a greater number of submarines at work on the Atlantic than had ever before been known, though owing to the organized defense the aggregate sinkings totaled only one half the high mark of April.

The Germans evidently exhausted themselves in the October effort, as the low returns in the early part of November clearly indicate. The boats broke down, the crews were worn out, and the effect of the strain was otherwise shown. The delicate machinery constantly needs repair, and crews to man the submarines are increasingly difficult to obtain. We are experiencing a similar difficulty in America, where, despite the inexhaustible amount of raw man-power, men for the new destroyers coming out shortly are hard to get.

The best opinion here is that such optimism as

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is displayed in the despatch above referred to will have a mischievous effect. If America accepted that dictum, it would certainly turn out to be the reverse of true. The submarine is not only not yet unbeaten, but can be defeated only by the most strenuous sort of effort, with America and England working shoulder to shoulder.

The men who have been sent here to study the subject and coöperate with England are doing fine work to that end. They bring the American point of view to London and impress it on the British, and they will take home a full understanding of the most important single subject of the war, and will be prepared to enlighten Washington's efforts. None of those making this study minimizes the seriousness of the situation or attaches more than casual insignificance to one week's figures. I can state as the general impression of many experts that if England and America stick right to it strenuously and sleeplessly, and a fair average of luck attends their efforts, we shall put the submarine danger behind us about the middle of 1918. We must always reckon with the possibility of Germany's springing some kind of surprise, but there has been opportunity to take the measure of the new submarine cruiser, the forerunner of the craft which Berlin intimated was to be let loose on the high seas in great number as successors to the *Seeadlers* and *Moewes*. One of these craft has been actually

cruising for sixty days on the high Atlantic, and its entire bag totals five ships, two of them small Brazilians. They cannot duplicate the *Seeadler's* feats, because they cannot have both a large cruising radius and speed, and as the designers considered the cruising radius primarily essential, the submarine sent out as a demonstrator found the sea too big for good hunting at slow speed.

The Germans probably keep closer to realities in the submarine campaign than we do. They are undoubtedly having much difficulty in sustaining their activities. They are aware that Italy and Russia cannot save them if their submarine power is broken. They know that in eight or ten months the Allies' building programme of airplanes, destroyers, and cargo-ships will put the submarines out of business as a determining factor. Hence their activity on all fronts, and especially the present desperate effort to win the war game by taking the ball round the end in Italy.

September 9. London is packed and jammed with people. No such crowds have ever been seen here before. In business hours I think that Oxford Street, between Oxford Circus and the Marble Arch, shows the greatest congestion. At night and on holidays the press of humanity centers in the Strand between Trafalgar Square and the law courts. In this latter region the soldiers fore-

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gather. Frequently each laddie has his lassie. The Strand is often so crowded that the pedestrian traffic overflows to the roadway.

One interesting feature of the crowd is the great number of women carrying babies, usually very small ones. It seems to me that I can notice a different expression from what the young mother used to wear when seen carrying a child in public. Instead of looking gloomy or depressed, she seems radiant. This is a change which, if it has actually taken place on a sufficient scale to authorize generalization, must be attributable in some subtle way to the psychology of the war.

London, September 17. In France, where one comes into contact with the army chiefly, an impression lodges in the mind that this war might be brought to an end if only the Allied navies would "go to it." In London the atmosphere is distinctly naval. I did not get a chance to advance the characteristic land-lubber point of view more than about a minute before the argument was taken up in vigorous sailorman fashion. "Why don't the English and American ships go in and clean them up? If success or failure right now hinges on the U-boat, why not send naval forces to batter to bits the bases on the channel coast? Expensive, yes, but what are ships for but to be risked and lost?"

The counter-attack was so sudden and sharp that

I am afraid I put rather more of the onus upon the absent army critic than was altogether fair, whereat a navy man who does n't think meanly of his own literary accomplishments undertook to prepare for my signature a letter stating the case in such simple terms as would leave no room for misunderstanding, and here is what he wrote:

Since my return from Switzerland a few weeks ago I have been looking into the submarine situation again. You may have seen in "The Times" some of my articles concerning the present shipping situation, which is, as you doubtless know, still so serious that no effort should be spared to diminish the loss and increase the amount of tonnage.

I intend to pound away at this until its significance is more generally understood in America, where the political speeches of Mr. Lloyd George tend to create a dangerous optimism.

In the meantime there is another feature of this business which exercises no inconsiderable influence upon public opinion, and that is the influence of the inevitable mob strategy, which manifests itself in all cases of prolonged and serious war operations.

Few persons refrain from expressing opinions as to how the enemy could be routed. All respectable newspaper editors must supply their readers with such opinions, and with criticism of the responsible military leaders.

Many suggestions as to how to end the war are published, and thousands are submitted to the authorities. These are variations of schemes indicated by various catch-phrases. Of these Winston Churchill's "Digging the rats out of their holes" is the chief. Another very seductive one is, "Why not stop up the hole in the nest instead of chasing the wasps after they are out?"

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The influence of these and similar phrases is such that even educated men do not hesitate to criticize the strategy, and even the common sense and courage, of the Allies, and as this tends to diminish efforts already under way, I made up my mind to obtain some facts and authoritative opinions on the subject. These have proved so very illuminating and are so readily comprehended, even by the civilian mind, that I am sure that they will interest you.

1.—In order to "dig the rats out" or "stop up the hole in the wasp's nest," the German bases of their fleet and submarines must be taken by attack from the sea.

2.—This can be done only by reducing by bombardment the fortifications that protect the bases.

3.—The guns of modern land defenses are not visible from the sea. Many of them are powerful mortars at the bottom of pits. Ships, of course, are clearly visible from shore batteries and their captive balloons and airplanes.

4.—The effective range of these guns is over twenty-three miles. This has been shown by actual shooting at ships in this war.

5.—No man-of-war's gun has a range of more than seventeen miles, and the enemy target is invisible.

6.—It is therefore apparent that a naval attack from the sea would be even more suicidal now than in Nelson's day.

7.—It might be compared to a blind pugilist with arms two feet long, trying to fight one with good eyesight and with arms three feet long.

8.—Coast positions, large areas (like Bruges and Zeebrugge), are bombarded from time to time; but this can be done only at very infrequent intervals when the wind is in the right direction for screens to be laid to mask the bombarding vessels.

9.—Few civilians know the above facts, which have been developed during this war, but I have yet to meet a single

responsible officer who believes that it is possible to reduce land defenses by a sea attack. All competent naval historians express the same opinion.

10.—But even assuming that this were possible, a glance at the map will show that the German fleet and submarine bases could not be approached by shipping unless the powerful defenses of Heligoland were destroyed and the island captured and held.

11.—But even assuming that this island were turned over to the Allies with all its defenses intact, it would not be held as a base by them, because, being only a few miles from the German bases, it could be attacked every night and all night by numerous airplanes carrying bombs of over two hundred pounds. Heligoland is one mile long by one-half mile wide.

12.—There is practically no defense against such night raids. In the recent midnight raid on London only two of the numerous anti-aircraft guns even saw the planes.

13.—Moreover, the island could be successfully bombed by daylight, because the Allies could not bring to bear enough fighting-planes to resist the overwhelmingly greater number that could be sent from the near-by German bases to protect the bombing-planes.

14.—There has been a recent naval conference in London in which all the principal Allied countries were represented. Their conclusions have not been published, but there can be no doubt that no member present believed that "the rats could be dug out of their holes."

15.—Many schemes have been proposed for building a mine or net barrage, or both, to prevent the German submarines from coming out of or going into their bases. Many attempts have been made, but up to the present time it has not been found possible to prevent submarines from passing through the narrow strip of water between Calais and Dover, yet it has seriously been proposed by all sorts and conditions of

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people to build a barrage from Scotland to Norway, over a distance of about 230 miles, in very deep water and across a strong tide.

It is, of course, unnecessary to state that the assumptions of sufficient knowledge to decide how the naval war should be conducted on this side presuppose a condition of mind that I cannot well understand. The Allied nations have been fighting three years for their very existence. When the civilian sees that his particular task of the strategy of the situation has not been carried out, ought he not naturally to assume that there must be impelling reasons why this is so?

But the civilian critic makes the opposite assumption. He is absolutely convinced that his ideas are right. They could be right only on the assumption, that the combined military experience of all the Allies was not sufficient to comprehend what seems so apparent to him, or else that seeing the situation as he does, they lack the energy and courage to carry out the appropriate measures. No other condition would appear possible to a man who knows anything about history.

In view of the divergence of opinion between the two services, to say nothing of the irrepressible conflict of theory within the navy, the foregoing statement of the ideas upon which present policy is grounded should be interesting.

The other day I had a chance for personal observation of the wave of domestic economy sweeping over England. I went with Lord Northcliffe to see the lord chief-justice bid adieu to the bench and bar. On the way we were to stop at the Northcliffe home, and instead of going to St. James's Place, as of old, the driver was told to go to Number

8, Buckingham Street. We passed in front of Buckingham Palace turning to the left near the Hotel Rubens, and then left again into a street that was more alley than street. We drew up in front of a row of small tenement houses, and Lord Northcliffe got out, saying, "This is my home, and the next door but one is Lord Lytton's." I was extremely interested and went inside to see more of this change of state as compared with St. James's Place.

On the first floor there was a room about eighteen feet square, which was the dining-room, furnished neatly and plainly; in the rear was a "den," and then a largish hall with a stairway. The house fronts about twenty-five feet and has three stories. I should say that a hundred dollars a month would be pretty stiff rent for it.

"What did you do with the fine house in St. James's Place?" I asked.

"We let it to a man who had spent five million dollars building a magnificent house. It was too expensive to maintain in war-time, so the owner closed it up and came down to what he regarded as contraction and economy in St. James's Place. We, in turn, moved to this little house, displacing people who find a flat good enough, and their predecessors in the flat doubtless occupy lodgings. We keep three servants here when we can get them. With the money saved by living in Buckingham

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Street instead of St. James's Place, Lady Northcliffe is able to keep and support a hospital of her own. So, far from finding it a deprivation, my wife and I like it. It is less trouble, and there are fewer complications."

December 31. Private control of railroads in England is a thing of the past. Government control was adopted as a war measure in August, 1914. It has worked so well that the principle will be retained when peace returns. So much is certain. When the war broke out, the Government had to get immediate control of the carriers in order fully to command facilities for transporting troops, arms, and supplies. There was not time for elaborating a plan, so the roads were just taken over in the simplest way.

The net earnings of the previous year (1913) were guaranteed, with certain minor deductions, for the whole period of government control, and the ten general managers of the larger systems were constituted an executive committee with entire managerial charge.

The whole scheme falls under the department of commerce and transportation, known here as the Board of Trade; but that body names a member of the committee of ten—Sir Herbert Walker—as its representative, holding for itself only reserve powers of control.

When the new order set up in the hurry and confusion of that fateful August shook down to something like permanency, the managers were surprised to find what a good arrangement it was. Now, after well over two years of trying out, there is a practical unanimity in the opinion that the old conditions will never be entirely restored.

Those railroad heads in America who do not need Dr. Vanderlip's prescription for hardened arteries and who, like the doctor himself, are ever scanning far horizons for signs of the times, have been watching the experience of England for such light as it may throw upon the serious problems which confront the carriers on that side of the Atlantic.

It happens that there is one man in the railroad service in this country who can speak comparatively and with authority of railroads in America and in England. He is the general manager of the Great Eastern, Henry W. Thornton, a product of the Pennsylvania Railroad school, and, before coming here two and a half years ago, for some time general superintendent of the Long Island Railroad. As general manager of the Great Eastern his position corresponds to that of a railway president in America, his responsibility being directly to the board of directors.

Mr. Thornton is one of the Executive Committee operating the roads, each member of which has the military rank of lieutenant-colonel. I may add

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that Colonel Thornton has won the regard and confidence not only of the Great Eastern interests, but of the British public. He brings with him the American push and go, but fits into his new environment as if to the manner born.

"The arrangement between the Government and the railroad companies," said Mr. Thornton, in reply to my inquiries, "has proved a good bargain for everybody. Under it stockholders receive the same return, with some minor deductions, that they had in 1913, upon which year the bargain was based. The Government in turn fares well, because the hauling done for it, if it had been paid for at the regular rates, would have amounted to a great deal more than the difference between the present earnings and what it costs to run the railroads and pay the stockholders."

"Will the old condition ever be restored?"

"Never," replied Mr. Thornton, with emphasis. "The position will be different after the war, but exactly what it will be nobody can tell. It will probably be something like semi-nationalization or government partnership. I do not think that either railroad shareholders or the Government need be anxious about the future condition. It will be better than the old relation, because we have had an opportunity to develop the subject under conditions which were peculiarly favorable to this purpose. We ought to work out something that has

all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of government ownership."

When asked to comment on the situation in America, Mr. Thornton said that, disregarding the position in England, and looking at it only as applicable to the United States, the Interstate Commerce Commission seemed to him to labor under the disadvantage that it was too far away from its subject. It was like a judge on the bench: it did not share in the consequences of its acts; its responsibility was an academic one.

The railroad interest, according to Mr. Thornton, divides itself into four distinct parts.

- 1.—The interest of the shippers.
- 2.—The railway staff, including labor and all employees.
- 3.—The proprietors, including the shareholders and bondholders, and the general financing.
- 4.—The Government, which in Europe already has, and in America will come to have, a military interest.

The various interests are diverse and often in sharp opposition. The shippers always want low rates and care nothing about the other interests; the shareholders look to dividends; the employees want more wages, and do not worry themselves about the other points of view; the Government had a many-sided interest, which may be one thing to-day and quite another thing to-morrow. Its

main interest, of course, is to represent the general public, from which all railway revenue must be derived.

"The problem is to bring all these factors together," said Mr. Thornton, "so that they will appreciate the different points of view instead of always standing each for its own. My study of the American problem has carried me almost to the conviction that instead of the Interstate Commerce Commission there should be a body composed of men representing the four interests to which I have referred.

"It might be well to carry the scheme even nearer to government control. Assuming some form of financial participation on the part of the Government, there is at once a stabilizing of railway securities. They are taken out of the field of speculation. The raising of capital becomes easy and its hire cheap. The Government has then a stake in the proposition. Moreover, each of the interests involved watches the other, and sees that no interest gets more than its share."

"What about the general public in this scheme of control and management?" Mr. Thornton was asked.

"The public is represented by the Government, and that ought to be adequate in a democracy. What I have outlined in the way of a possible solution of the railway problem in America may

not fit when laid down on the ground, but it seems to me that you have got to devise some scheme of automatic justice in a railway management, or else you will have a breakdown somewhere that will be very serious in its effects on the whole country.

"Our problem in England is much easier, because it is simpler here than it is in America to concentrate authority. I have no doubt that if the reorganization of the Interstate Commerce Commission were attempted, there would be a general demand to have local bodies with subordinate authority in the various sections. That would have its advantages, but it would interfere with concentration of authority and ease of control.

"The big thing, it seems to me, is that the Interstate Commerce Commission should have a real and practical interest in the administration. For example, in the labor fight recently neither the President nor Congress was directly interested in what happened after the settlement was secured; what they wanted was to get from under the difficulty. A continuing body, charged with permanent responsibility, would have an entirely different outlook on the question.

"A body composed of the best available men, appointed for life and adequately paid, would be in a position to get the best results. For example, a labor leader (and there are many good ones in

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America) might go into this body prejudiced, but his association with the others would broaden and mellow him. Precisely the same thing could be said of the representative of capital.

“It has worked that way in England. Never anywhere has there existed such severe competition as there was here among the railroads, and yet the ten general managers, when brought together to operate the railroads of England, have all come to see one another’s point of view, and as a matter of practical experience, every decision reached by them has been unanimous.”

CHAPTER XVI

THE NIVELLE OFFENSIVE

Paris, February 27. The article entitled "The Battle of 1917," which appears in "Collier's" of January 5, just received in France, purporting to give a true account of General Nivelle's offensive on April 16, 1917, may cause considerable mischief unless corrected. Aside from the injustice to the Ribot Ministry, and M. Painlevé in particular, against which M. Painlevé has already entered his protest, the article puts the French Government in a false position.

The main contention of the writer is that the French Government stopped the whole offensive, despite the British Government, because of a panic into which members of the French parliament present at the Chemin des Dames on April 16 and seeing war slaughter for the first time in their lives were thrown. Collier's story says that these politicians returned to Paris that night, and that their alarmist pressure subsequently induced Painlevé, then minister of war, to call off the offensive movement when the Germans were about to retreat to the Meuse.

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I have investigated this statement carefully and found it untrue. With the collapse of this claim, the whole structure of the story falls to the ground. The main contention being disproved, the rest of the article becomes mere gossip, some of it having elements of truth, but much of it imaginary and inaccurate.

The only excuse for going back to Nivelle's offensive would be the righting of some wrong so great that, if unrighted, it would interfere with Allied success. As the Paris government did not order the Nivelle offensive stopped, no such wrong could have been committed. The discussion is, therefore, purely a discussion of why Nivelle failed, and is simply raking over the dead embers of the past without good purpose and, indeed, with very pernicious possibilities.

If Nivelle or his friends have permitted disappointment and chagrin to drive him into fomenting a controversy, that fact brings new justification of the action of the French Government when for the best of reasons it removed him from command as not being a big enough man for the job. The greatest opportunity which any general has had in this war was given to him. He asked for power to organize and execute a tremendous *attaque brusque* as a climax and finale of all the secondary and preparatory movements. That power he received. He had the limit prescribed by himself.

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His offensive failed. There was no order from Paris that it should be stopped. It was stopped by its own failure.

Various elements that enter into this failure could be the subject of interesting discussion, but once it is admitted, as it must be, that the war office did not interfere, the matter loses all color of scandal, and discussion can proceed in an entirely different vein. If Nivelle's generals were doubtful of the soundness of his plans, he cannot blame others for it. Actually, he set out on a path that only a genius might dare to tread, and fell. The effort to shift its blame to other shoulders cannot be made good.

In the appended parallel columns I have contrasted the facts with various statements made in the article in "Collier's."

First column gives statements made in "Collier's"; the second column gives the facts of the case.

1. This offensive was really
a great French victory.

2. On Jan. 15, 1917, there
was an allied council in

1. It was not a great
victory, but a *succès d'estime*, creditable to the courage
of the French soldiers, but
costing dear in men, and it
fell far short of the ambitious
hopes with which the plan of
operations was conceived.

2. This is the initial gross
error by which the value of

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London, attended by Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Generals Haig and Nivelle, Premier Ribot, and the French War Minister, M. Painlevé.

8. (Missing from the cable dispatch, supplied from the published article.) Following is his (Nivelle's) plan: The chief French attack . . . was shifted to the Valley of the Aisne over east of Soissons. . . . While this front was, therefore, to be the chief French offensive sector, the other main point of the battle was to be conducted far to the north by the English troops before Lens and stretching down to Arras.

There was to be a secondary English attack before Bapaume; further to the south, and just below that, a secondary French attack was planned, under General

the whole story can be measured. At that time M. Ribot was not premier, but M. Briand. M. Painlevé was not even a member of the French Government. M. Lyautey was war minister. M. Painlevé only became war minister on March 20. M. Painlevé did not enter the Briand government of December, 1916, because his views on military questions were different.

8. The important point is that Nivelle's Aisne attack was a definite, deliberate attempt to break the German lines. He was trying to repeat on a seventy-five-mile front—at a point where the broken nature of the ground rendered the German positions exceptionally strong—what had been done on a six-mile front at Verdun. He proposed to burst right through, capture the German heavy artillery, and fight an open battle. According to the plan, the French cavalry ought to be at Laon on the evening of the first day and the infantry reach the line of the Oise—a forty-mile ad-

Franchet d'Esperey, between Roye and the Oise. Thus it is easy to follow the gigantic conception of this battle. It was to be so big it could never be known by a single name. In fact, it was called by Nivelle "The Battle of 1917." It was to be the battle of decision that would end the war.

Far north the hammer was to strike first. The English were to lead off; then the secondary blows, both English and French, were to follow on succeeding days, with the last move to be made by the main French forces in the east. It was the belief of Haig and Nivelle that by these great converging attacks the centre of the German line must retire. But the conception of Nivelle was even bigger than all this, for it included a third phase of the English attack, which was to spread further north into Flanders. This actually did happen — but three months late.

vance—on the fourth day. The success of the operation depended on the violence and rapidity of the attack. If the rupture was not obtained in twenty-four, or at most forty-eight hours, the attack was to be abandoned as involving heavy losses without useful results. Such was Nivelle's plan. If this rupture offensive did not succeed, it ought, according to General Nivelle, to be abandoned at the end of the second day. The grand attack failed and was spontaneously abandoned—through sheer impossibility to continue it—by Nivelle himself on April 18.

Another important point is that in the original plan one of the essential conditions for the success of the rupture offensive had been simultaneous attacks by the Russian and Italian armies. This condition was not fulfilled. On the contrary, the Germans brought troops from Russia until at the moment the battle began they had one hundred and fifty-three divisions in line, thirty more than at the

4. Why did not these two French armies pierce and even smash the German line? The answer to the question is this: By nightfall of April 16 the French armies were no longer under military authority, but were in a domain purely political.

battle of the Somme. Thus Nivelle's plan from the outset was facing circumstances which diminished the chance of success.

4. The French armies did not pierce the German line for the following reasons:

A.—It was impossible to concentrate sufficient artillery on such a wide front to insure adequate destruction of the defense system.

B.—Broken ground, numerous steep ravines, deep grottos, and masked clumps of trees afforded ideal shelter for the German gun and mitrailleuse positions.

C.—Lack of dominant "observatories" on the French side made it necessary to depend solely on airplanes for artillery observation, and the bad weather which prevailed at the time of the attack rendered what chance of success the effort might have had infinitely smaller.

D. As M. Hervé stated in "La Victoire" of April 5, the Germans captured a non-commissioned officer near Sapiigneul and they found on

him a detailed plan for the attack of the French right north of Rheims.

Nevertheless Nivelle did not modify his plans in this sector, and the Germans, knowing the French scheme, were able to take counter-measures and concentrate a disastrous cross-fire on the advancing troops. In fact, through this incident, the French were here led into a regular death-trap. The attack before Craonne and the Chemin des Dames began at 6 A. M. By 7:30 it was already clear that success was impossible. The attack was not stopped by political interferences, but by its own failure.

5. Over a dozen members of the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies . . . came out from Paris to take in the spectacle of the attack. . . . But I do know that by nightfall, as a result of what they saw for the first time in their lives—a real battle of blood and steel—they were all in a mad panic. Throughout the day they had fran-

5. The party included M. Clemenceau, the present prime minister, whose courage and coolness at the front are notorious. They were in an observation post near Juvincourt, and the comparatively little they saw of the battle appeared to be progressing satisfactorily. They had no panic. None of them telephoned to Paris

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tically telephoned to the Government in Paris that the French armies were being slaughtered and demanded that the offensive just under way be ordered stopped.

6. The offensive did not actually cease at once, but from that first day it was so hampered by political interference that it could never again get into its stride. Yet, despite the German order to resist to the death in the first line, the French had by nightfall that first day taken the first and second German lines.

during the day. The only ones who returned feeling anxious were those who saw Nivelle's face that evening and drew ominous conclusions from it. No pressure was exerted on the Paris government, and there was no order from Paris to stop the offensive.

6. According to Nivelle's own plan, the offensive must succeed in the first day or not at all. According to the program, the cavalry should have reached Laon the first evening, but no rupture took place—the *attaque brusque* had failed. The question of political interference never even arose, because it was obvious by the first night that the rupture was impossible. The attack was stopped in the sense that a man is stopped when he charges a concrete wall. The French did not take the first and second German lines. Along two-thirds of the front of attack they took only the first line, demolished by artillery preparation, and were checked by the German fire

from the second line, the strength of which had been little impaired. To continue the attack would have been nothing short of suicidal. On April 17 the "offensive of rupture" conceived by General Nivelle was stopped deliberately by himself. Henceforth he could not hope to try operations the object of which was to break the German line. That plan was abandoned in favor of the local operations of the usual offensive, and the dream of breaking through to the Meuse had vanished.

7. [Missing; apparently elided by censor.]

8. [Missing; apparently elided by censor.]

9. These figures (of the losses) were 54,000 wounded and 15,000 dead for the entire period of nine days from the beginning of the attack. . . . These heads of the French Nation went back to their argument for stopping the offensive to the figures of Godart—95,000 wounded and 25,000 dead, an exaggeration of over 70 per cent.

7. [Missing; apparently elided by censor.]

8. [Missing; apparently elided by censor.]

9. This was all thrashed out before Parliamentary committees and in secret sessions of the Chamber and Senate, where M. Painlevé won almost unanimous approbation. The proceedings are a matter of record, and will be published after the war. Suffice it to say that the official figures were not underestimated. Regarding

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10. [Missing; apparently elided by censor.]

11. On April 29, Paul Painlevé, minister of war, sent a telegram to General Nivelle, ordering that the entire offensive be immediately stopped.

12. It is now a matter of definite knowledge—and

the killed, the author of the article only reread the documents and reports that have been indiscreetly shown him. He will see that there has been cunningly hidden from him [apparent elision by censor] out of the column of "missing," the total of which was out of proportion to the small number of prisoners.

10. [Missing; apparently elided by censor.]

11. No such telegram was sent. So far from stopping the offensive action, the facts on record show that on April 30 began the brilliant attacks of Mont Moronvilliers and Mont Cornillet, which continued successfully for six days. On May 4 began the attacks on Craonne and the Chemin des Dames, which also lasted six days and won for France Craonne and a great part of the Chemin des Dames along an eighteen-mile front. No order was required or given to stop the attempt at rupture, as it had already failed.

12. This assertion is pure fantasy. There is not the

A BRITISH BATTLESHIP AT NIGHT





CAPTAIN GUYNEMER

proof—that on that day the German general army order was to prepare immediately for a quick retreat to the line of the River Meuse.

13. Lloyd George created what may be called a scene in his remarks to the French Government.

14. Before this April 16 offensive began, the Minister of War invited nearly all French group commanders to Paris to discuss and criticise the plans of offensive.

15. The Minister of War sent the telegram to Nivelle ordering the offensive to cease after Haig and England had

least ground for supposing or suggesting anything of the kind.

13. Nothing of the kind occurred. This conference was indispensable for the purpose of readjusting plans, in view of the failure of Nivelle's attempt at rupture.

14. An ingenious perversion of the truth! At the moment of assuming office on March 20, M. Painlevé naturally consulted the French war chiefs—Nivelle first of all—with regard to the plans formulated during the ministry of his predecessor, Lyautey. Not to do so would have been a gross dereliction of duty on the part of the new minister. The differences of opinion between Nivelle and the Generals commanding groups were already known to insiders before M. Painlevé's accession to the ministry of war.

15. No such order was ever given, and the offensive did not cease at all.

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been assured that it would be continued.

16. The Minister of War stated in public session of the Chamber of Deputies of July 7 that "henceforth the French armies would seek only limited objectives" . . . and so, it is charged, he thus gave public and official notice to Germany that from that date she need fear nothing of importance from France.

16. Reference to the minister's speech kills this statement. M. Painlevé did say there would be no more wild and costly attempts to break the German line. He did say that General Pétain was a wise and prudent commander. His declaration was that henceforth the activity of the French armies under Pétain would be as energetic as possible, and directed by methods that would be sure to be fruitful and sparing of human lives. Results justify his assertion, notably the repulse of the German attack on the Chemin des Dames in July, the successful participation in the British operations in the Flanders victory, the operations at Verdun in August, which retook the famous Mort Homme and Hill 304, and, lastly, the splendid success on the Aisne Canal in October, where the total losses in killed, wounded, and missing were inferior to those of April 18.

17. When Paris papers of

17. The public can judge

April 18 reached Berlin, the Germans discovered, to their amazement, that panic existed in France.

18. The conclusions (of the court-martial) were favorable to Generals Nivelle and Mangin.

by the facts the exactness of the writer's assertions. It is enough to read, no matter what French paper you see, that the operations were everywhere regarded until the end of April as a brilliant victory. One could offer a prize to any reader who would find any sign of panic in the French newspapers of this period.

18. The military court did not wish to be hard on fellow-soldiers, who had tried a big enterprise and failed, but the result of their inquiry was that Nivelle, instead of being generalissimo, now holds a secondary post in Africa, and General Mangin, who in April commanded an army of four hundred and fifty thousand men, no longer commands any army.

The following note from M. Paul Painlevé, former Prime Minister of France, was received by "The New York Times" by cable on February 4 last and transmitted, as requested, to the editor of "Collier's":

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Paris, Feb. 8, 1918.

To the Editor of "Collier's Weekly:"

Having read your article about the 1917 offensive, published Jan. 5, I desire to make to you the most indignant protest. In it there is not one statement regarding me, there is not one figure, which is not contrary to the truth. When it will be possible for me to give a public explanation I will prove by official documents the vast gulf which separates the real facts from the monstrous legend which your misplaced confidence has accepted. I count now on your sense of honor to publish this protest.

PAUL PAINLEVÉ.

CHAPTER XVII

IN CONCLUSION

This war is an enormous business. It needs to be studied as ordinary big businesses are. Henry Ford once told me that one of the problems in the Detroit factory to which he gave a large share of his personal attention was that of individualized capacity. He had a pretty theory which, as stated by him, lodged in my mind and stayed there, that every man was peculiarly fitted for some given task. His job as an employer was to find what a man could do and get the doing out of him. Men are not different from the lower animals. Instincts or abilities are specialized in each breed and even in the individual members of a breed. A bird-dog that performs ideally in the field would be a sad failure trying to herd sheep.

If there were a score of Henry Fords studying the millions of men in the field and seeing to it that they were drawn out on the side of their bent, the Fords aforesaid would each and every one earn the money that the Detroit member of the family makes. Nowhere else is this problem quite so important as in the air service. This service attracts

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the venturing, but that process of selection is too rough to stop at; there should be a second comb-out which would restore to other services all except those with true flying instinct. As the war takes on permanent form its processes are standardized. The air-man becomes more and more true to type, but there is still a haphazard mixture of big, strong infantrymen with the air forces, and high-strung, race-horse types in the trenches. The six-foot, two-hundred pounder, who as an infantry-man would, if lost, find his way home with a *Boche* under each arm, perhaps lacks the nervous organization for quick perception and action. On the other hand, the sensitive, feminine-looking man, who could make his fifty record in the air, might die of nervous agony in the funk-holes and on the firing-step.

Let me illustrate with Georges Guynemer. I have heard soldiers say that so far Guynemer is the greatest soldier of the war, perhaps of any war. I never saw him face to face, much to my regret. But I saw his performance on the fourth of July when he was flying in a car, chic in its new paint and gaudy in its French colors. He was cutting capers over the Place de la Concorde as the newly arrived American troops marched. It was a beautiful and historic sight. Look at the photograph of the boy who performed marvels in air-fighting. His girlish face, on which he was unable to raise a moustache, does n't at all suggest the soldier in the old sense,

"bearded like the pard." What if such genius had been sacrificed in the mud of trench warfare. And yet the like thing is being done every day through lack of that kind of knowledge which only long experience and high expertness make possible.

I have recently heard a story that sounds like fiction, but it came from a good source. Some people at Compiègne, the family home, told me that Guynemer was carefully examined when a lad for an abnormal heart, and the doctor found that that organ was singularly like a bird's. If there be such a thing as "bird-heart," it is a good disease for air-men to have.

Paris, September 1, 1917. In to-day's paper the new Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Kuehlmann, is quoted as urging the Reichstag to study the "psychology of our enemies." In Switzerland I was told that this is a subject on every lip in Germany. When two or three people meet on a street corner in Berlin, if they are political Olympians, the talk is apt to drift that way. They discuss it as "analytical psychology" and approach the subject as they would chemistry or physics.

Of course the proper psychology has little of the analytical or intellectual in it. It is largely a matter of instinct. Most things of that sort in this life are felt rather than heard, seen, or thought out. We detect psychological considerations as

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cats in the dark detect things with their whiskers. We use something that corresponds to antennæ a great deal more than we use our wits or our brains. Who would ever think of resorting to analysis to determine whether a certain person was a gentleman? I might mention a hundred parallels. In two-thirds of all our activities we are with the cat in the use of our antennæ.

But the German is bare of this delicate hirsute mechanism. He is obliged to refer to the mind all those questions which with human beings—and cats—are answered almost subconsciously. Perhaps it is a vague sense of his own deficiency that has provoked the German into an absurd affectation on the subject. His helplessness in the field of psychology has led him into blunder after blunder in all his dealings with the world. I remember asking Ambassador Gerard why Germany always seemed so clumsy and gauche in these relations. He replied, "They overanalyze."

Their psychology, however, is all right where only they themselves are concerned. Nobody there goes by feel. All through the trying times of the last three years the leaders, or bosses, have set out the food for the thought of the Germans precisely as if their minds were their stomachs. The kaiser, Bethmann, Hindenburg, and Ludendorff have regulated the whole matter by laborious prearrangement. The press is controlled with meticulous

care. A committee which, I understand, is composed of a navy man, an army man, and a civilian, meets daily and prescribes policy by the dose. There is also a large program, covering a month at a time, that is made up by the higher authorities.

For example, it might have been decreed that in July the press should only soft-pedal on submarine sinkings, playing up instead the Russian collapse and assurance of future food supply through the conquest of Bessarabia. "Let's keep the U-boat until August or September, when the public may stand in greater need of buoying up," might be the line of the policy laid down. They utilize everything in psychology, as in the recovery of fats from the gruesome offal of battle-fields. In the present Government Kuehlmann is the high priest of the school of philosophy which I have here expounded. It may be remarked that his unctuously pious phrases have produced shouts of derision among his old associates in diplomacy in London and elsewhere. His choice of a rôle is quite the funniest incident in the whole opera bouffe performance of Berlin diplomacy.

From Munich come reports of acute reaction against Pan-Germanism. It is said that talk of prosecuting the war with a view of annexation, indemnity, and world-conquest, if indulged in by any one, is bitterly resented. Prevailing opinion in Munich is for peace with a whole skin. In fact,

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even a slight loss of epidermis could be borne with patience in the Bavarian capital.

It is said that the great university of democracy of Germany is in the trenches. All sources of information agree as to the democratization of the German Army. When the common soldier is no longer in the strait-jacket of military discipline he is going to be a convinced antagonist of the brutal system of putting millions of men face to face with suffering and death through no wish of their own and for purposes which, as far as they understand, do not even remotely concern them. I have an echo of this idea in a letter from a clear-thinking American.

It is a terrible discredit to the intelligence of this generation that a war such as the present one must be continued at such cost. Still, I suppose it is necessary and must be continued until each of the nations involved has put itself in such a position that it can speak effectively as a nation concerning its foreign relations. This, of course, is already possible in the United States, France, and England, and, I assume, in Italy. I fancy it would be a very simple matter to make it so in fact in Austria and Hungary, but apparently the German people as a nation still have no determining voice concerning their foreign policy.

It seems strange, and is criminal, that a small group of people in a nation like Germany should be responsible for the continuation of the war, because, as I view the matter, if Germany should put itself in a position where the Government was responsible to the Reichstag, there would be no real obstacle in the way of peace. Possibly, if that

matter could be brought home to the German people, it might help bring about an early understanding. In the meantime, of course, there is only one thing to do, and in the foot-ball parlance it is "to stoop low and hit the center hard," and that is what we are trying to do over here at the present time. I believe that every one feels that the harder we hit, the sooner will the war be over.

I read the above paragraph to one of the best-informed men in Paris, and he said:

"It is curious what a center shot your correspondent makes in quoting the foot-ball phrase. That is precisely what Haig is doing in Flanders, Pétain at Verdun, and Cadorna around Trieste, stooping low and hitting the center hard. That is precisely what America should do. There is, no doubt, a particular center which would feel the impact of her blow, and she has a titanic striking power. If we hammer hard and all together we will make Germany reel."

Paris, March 16. I have received inside information calling renewed attention to the submarine situation. There has been too much optimistic generalizing on this subject. I am urged by expert authorities to point out to America constantly how useless will be all her strength and how utterly hopeless all her plans for defeating Germany unless the submarine is mastered. And it is not mastered yet. For eight months I have been digging out, and by hook or crook getting censors

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to pass to America, tonnage figures on submarine sinkings. Public appreciation there of the seriousness of this phase of the war has constituted a driving force to increase the effort in building destroyers and shipping. But twice as much tonnage was sunk in 1917 as was built. The year 1918 therefore opened with an accumulated deficit. It is safe to say that if we had twice the tonnage actually possessed by the Allies to-day we should still be far short of supplying Europe's needs and transporting the American army.

All estimates about the future are vitiated by the element of speculation. After a year of sinking twice the tonnage that was constructed we are still losing more than we are building. Optimists sharpen their pencils and figure on a certainty of construction overtaking the destruction by next June, and then unexpectedly British labor develops some strange distemper that slows down results in the shipyards. I am reliably informed that the hours necessary to produce a given unit have increased since the war in the proportion of eight to thirteen. There are so many possibilities in the submarine field that all estimates should have a liberal margin of safety. The Germans may upset the present naval balance by transferring their Baltic forces, released by the Russian collapse, to the North Sea and the Atlantic, thus crippling the convoy system and increasing the loss by subma-

rines. Or they may make their U-boats larger and more of them. The field of invention is as open to them as it is to us.

The submarine situation should be opened up and dealt with frankly on both sides of the ocean. Much of the trouble now experienced in England with labor and war weariness is due to ill-advised concealment about the submarine. Democracies can fight best when they know the worst. Political coddling produces enfeeblement. For months London has been more concerned about stopping the air raids than beating the submarines. Remissness with the Government is a more potent force than righteous indignation against Germany or the firm resolve to win at all hazards. In a word, we deny in practice the very principle of publicity that we are fighting this war to vindicate and establish.

The leaders here who are bearing the burden of this war are anxious for America to understand and keep steadily in mind that, whatever may happen in any arena, the submarine remains the bull's-eye at which allied effort must be aimed. Assuming that the western front can be held for the time being, as asserted by General Foch and other authorities, Germany can be defeated militarily, despite her eastern conquests, by swift and effective measures against the submarine. Germany's strategy is conceived with a view to diverting popular interest to other and comparatively irrelevant

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matters, like air raiding, while the silent U-boats cut the allied jugular. With the western line holding intact, the problem chiefly is one of sustaining the life of the European Allies and transporting an American army strong enough to deal the death-blow to Prussia. The extent to which America is relied on for the extinction of the submarine may be judged from the expectation generally entertained that the United States from now on will contribute nearly three-fourths of the new construction. Until now preliminary preparations have largely absorbed American effort, but henceforth shipping is expected in such quantity from the American yards as to restore normal conditions within six months, and assured transport thereafter.

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